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notes and they are all checked.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster

William Brewster

Concord, Massachusetts

1896
March 31

Clear with strong but curiously warm north wind.

I took the 9 a. m. train for Concord where I expect to spend two or three weeks. On reaching the Hayes' I found everything unchanged in that immediate neighborhood. The snow had practically disappeared, save for a few drifts in sheltered places, and the roads are dry & settled but the fields are still as brown as in midwinter.

There were a number of Song & Tree Sparrows in the woods near the greenhouse & Robins scattered about among the trees. In the orchard I saw a pair of Bluebirds & heard a Nuthatch giving the vat-vat-vat call. Grace Hayes saw another Bluebird (or Heron's Hill) and thinks that they are much more numerous this season than they were last year for she has seen or heard them in many different parts of the town.

After dinner, with Pat's help, I fitted up the Falls River canoe and paddled down to Great Meadows where I took a short sail. The canoe leaked badly & the wind was too gusty for comfort so I presently returned. As I passed the Buttricks the wind fell and Red-wings suddenly appeared as if by magic in the tops of the elms & willows along the river, singing. In the orchard a low, muffled tapping attracted my attention to a small, neat & perfectly fresh Downy Woodpecker's hole in a broken branch. The bird was inside quite out of sight but it emerged & flew off as I came under the tree.

1896

April 1

Clear with light breeze from the N. & N.W. Cold last night, the surface of the ground freezing, but warm at midday.

At day break this morning a single Song Sparrow & Red wing were the only birds that I could hear from my window. They soon ceased and silence prevailed for half an hour or more but when the sun got fairly above the hill to the east there was a great outbreak of bird music on every side, numbers of Song Sparrows & Red wings, a Robin, several Juncos & Tree Sparrows, a Bluebird, a Nuthatch etc. but alas! no Meadow Lark.

After breakfast I walked into town. Song thrilled along the road side hill at least one Song Sparrow & I was worn out of sound of their harshly-sweet voices as expression of the sentiment of early spring. In the middle of the village I heard what must have been another Bluebird and what was certainly a second Nuthatch. No Swallows nor Peewees although I looked & listened for both & what is really surprising, no Flickers nor Meadow Larks. Nor have I either seen or heard Rusty Blackbirds as yet.

When I got back at about 11 a.m. the Song Sparrows, Juncos and Tree Sparrows in the weed grown garden at the Hedges were making the most delightful music dozens of birds singing at once. The wild, sweet voices of the Tree Sparrows rose above all the other sounds. A Bluebird was warbling not far off.

Hearing the Nuthatch I followed up the sound & found a pair of birds at their hole in an apple tree near the east end of the greenhouse. The ♂ gave his mate a large white

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April 1
(No 2)

grab which she accepted & ate. The ♀ seemed very nervous about her nest (perhaps because I was near), peeping into or entering it every minute or two. Once she took in a long strip of inner bark which she brought from a neighboring elm.

Spelman arrived at 1 P.M. having ridden up from Cambridge on his bicycle by way of the turnpike. He had seen four or five Bluebirds, a large flock of juncos and a pair of White-winged Crossbills, the last in a patch pine, then & warbling in a soft undertone.

At 2 P.M. we started down river. It was calm at first but a south-east wind arose as we reached Great Meadows across which I sailed down-hauled. It was nearly dark when we got our things in order at the cabin & our supper cooked & eaten but we took a short walk the last thing being nothing but a solitary Black Duck flying over the meadows & hearing no bird song of any kind. There was also no Hylas peeping. It is evident they have not begun yet.

A Song Sparrow, a Fox Sparrow & a Phoebe, all along the river path were the cabin were the only small birds noted during the afternoon.

1896

April 2

It rained heavily during the latter half of last night and steadily during most of to-day; a warm rain & S. E. wind through the forenoon but cold with flurries of hail & snow & a N. wind in the afternoon.

After Breakfast we started out in the canoe crossing first to the Bedford shore where, near the station, we found a large flock of Tree Sparrows & a number of Song Sparrows & Red-winged Blackbirds in an orchard flying about & singing.

We next paddled down river and into Bedford Swamp. In the flooded meadows near the grove of pines we saw a pair of Black Ducks and in an oak on the edge of the pines a Red-tailed Hawk. The latter flew off in silence when we landed. We looked a little for a possible nest but it soon began raining so hard that we reembarked and returned to the cabin.

In the afternoon we walked to the Mason field and back by way of the Davis Swamp ridge seeing nothing but two Partridges and a Chickadee or two. The afternoon was gloomy and depressing enough & the woods seemed forlorn & deserted of animal life yet at least one Gray Squirrel was out for we found his fresh track in the newly-fallen snow.

The only Ducks (besides the two Black Ducks) seen to-day were a pair of Golden-eyes and three Gadwall all on the flooded meadows below Davis's Hill.

1896
April 3

Concord, Mass.

Clear and cold with raging N. wind, a most uncomfortable day with icicles hanging on the bushes over the water and the ground in the woods frozen hard & covered with a thin coating of snow. The wind blew so very hard that it scattered the most shattered woods in the pine woods and in the open fields it was as piercingly cold as in mid winter.

We were at Concord but as only a few very long hours were flying and the ^{ent} morning looked unpromising and disagreeable we did not leave until nearly eight o'clock. After breakfast we walked to the Mason field following the path over Davis's Hill & through Prescott's pines. On the meadows between Ball's & Davis's Hill we found a flock of eight Black Ducks and stalking them as they approached the stone wall which skirts the edge of the meadow approached within about 100 yards and watched them for a long time through the glass. Three or four of these birds had their wings & backs covered with what appeared to be war paint. They all looked rather forlorn during winter but drift on Gadwall about on the huffed water.

We saw nothing of any interest inland save a solitary Redpoll which was feeding among some reeds in the Mason field.

In the afternoon we launched Gubrow's canoe and paddled nearly to Carlsbad bridge keeping close in shore to escape the violent wind. On the meadows below Birch Island were a flock of 15 or 18 Gossamers, a number of five drakes among them. They were excessively shy rising nearly a mile away & flying off down river but when we were talking a walk in Swifts woods there of the island & even swimming only 200 yards from where we left the canoe.

1896

April 4

A duplicate of yesterday saw that the wind dies more in the north and did not rise until about 5 a.m. During the remainder of the day, however, it blew a rising gale & the temperature, despite the warm sun, remained so low that the bushes were thickly hung with icicles when the waves washed them. At intervals during the day when the winds lulled for a moment, we could hear the tinkling of these ice pendants all along the shore in front of the cabin, the bushes, rocked by the waves, causing them to swing and flatter each other lightly.

The early morning was comparatively calm & the air, although frosty, bracing and delicious. When I awoke at day break Red wings, Song Sparrows, and Fox Sparrows were singing.

On the 2nd & 3rd a single bird of the last named species was seen in the thicket along the river very late in the forenoon. Yesterday there were signs of these sparrows and this morning early a score. I threw out a lot of unworked oatmeal last evening and the whole flock was on the boulders, before we dawn, eating the oatmeal this morning. When I stepped out they flew up into the oaks and began singing as only Fox Sparrows can sing a single bird beginning, then another & another & another joining in until five or six were singing at once. The frosty air thrilled & rang with their wild, rich notes. I have never heard a finer outburst of Fox Sparrow voices.

During the next half hour I rambled about in the woods & over the hills watching & listening by turns but doing nothing but a Crow (who visited the old nest in the pines on Ball's Hill alighting on the edge & inspecting the inside greedily, and making only a few Song Sparrows & Robins & a Redpoll Linnet.

1896

April 4. Mrs. Ephraim and Mr. Salford by the 10 a. m. train
 (No 2) & her husband after some difficulty brought her across
 the meadows & were in his canoe. After dining on
 the cabin they walked to Concord finding it
 impossible to paddle up against the wind.

I started in the Stella Maris canoe at 5 P. M. and
 had little trouble although I shipped a good deal
 of water in crossing the meadows. It was so cold
 that the spray from the bow of the canoe
 as soon as it struck and everything soon became
 covered in ice. Nevertheless a few Red wings & Song Sparrows
 were singing in the submerged thickets along the
 banks of the river. I reached the Higgins just as
 the sun was setting.

Early last February an unusually heavy rain raised the
 river to a height which it has not reached before for many years. Immediately after this the weather turned cold and thick
 ice formed. Then the water flowed rapidly and the ice
 falling with it caused enormous damage to the trees
 and bushes which, every where along the river and in the
 flooded swamps, had become frozen in. Of one hundred or
 more cedars which I had planted in the Ball's Hill
 swamp not one as far as I can ascertain is likely
 to live & grow. Many of these trees were broken short off
 by the weight of the ice & all were badly
 scraped more or less badly. Some of my first young
 pines are also killed.

Damage by
 winter flood.

1896

April 5 Sunday. The north wind started up strongly again this morning but its force was entirely spent for it was melted to a pleasant breeze before noon & the day as a whole was sunny & fine although by no means warm.

I spent the forenoon in the house writing. Before breakfast the sunny sheltered slope around by the orchard north of the house was alive with birds. I counted a dozen Robins and over fifty Blackbirds on the ground & saw most of the Blackbirds appeared to be Rusties but there were a few Red wings among them. Many of the Robins were fresh.

I heard Song Sparrows singing below my windows the whole forenoon & at intervals the Nuthatch called.

Later in the afternoon I walked to Dutton Lane starting in flock of a dozen or more Tree Sparrows from a sandy field on the Hayes place but being wither, they have been there & a very few Song Sparrows. As I was passing the Dutton house Mrs. Dodge (the former owner) came out & joined me. He took me back into his woods & showed me a very tall & beautiful paper birch, one of the largest I have seen in Concord. As we were passing an older tree where a small brook takes its rise I remarked that it looked like a good place for Woodcock. I looked there found a Woodcock's nest & eggs there this morning.

As I was leaving Clark's pasture on my way home a Great Horned Owl began hissing & hooting on a tree in the field in W. Stopped & listened for several minutes. This long lasted much of the time ^{then} of the Woodcock singing. It was twilight at the time (6.45 P.M.)

Great Horned Owl
hissing &
twilight

1896

April 6

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy. Dead calm most of the time up to 4 P.M. when a fresh S.E. breeze sprang up & lasted until after sunset. Warmer than any day since the 1st but with a chill in the air nevertheless.

When I started for the Buttricks at 8.30 A.M. the sun was shining brightly & the river perfectly calm. Song Sparrows, Robins & Red-wings singing in every direction. A Downy Woodpecker drumming in the elm in front of the 'Keyes', another in the Buttricks' elm and a third near the Manse. A Phoebe in full song near my boat house at North Bridge. A pair of Chickadees in the Buttricks orchard, the ♀ heard at work excavating her nesting hole which she had carried in & down apparently about 3 inches. I watched her for sometime & started her with whistling by an imitation of his Phoebe note. A Bluebird came into the orchard & warbled softly sitting on the topmost spray of an apple tree growing his wings.

The fly began to cloud over before I left the Landing & when I reached the meadows it was wholly gray. A light southwesterly wind arose and wafted me across the broadest part of the meadows when it fell calm again. I had failed to within about 100 yards of a pair of Goswunders without apparently causing them much alarm but when I took down the sail they rose at once & flew out of sight down river. As I was approaching them I watched them through a strong glass. They spent most of the time preening their feathers turning well over on their sides, the old drake showing the rich salmon of his lower parts which thus engaged. Occasionally one or the other would stretch up his neck and pointing his bill nearly straight up open & shut the mandibles as if tasting something. Loons & Grebes frequently do the same thing. These Goswunders

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(No 2)

reminded me of Loons in other respects. They have nearly the same way of carrying the head & neck while swimming and the same bold, alert expression. The drake was a different creature. When he flew I could see the cold red legs & feet stretched out behind under the tail.

Then came ^{many} ~~other~~ Fox Sparrows at the cabin to-day. They had eaten all the oatmeal and when I threw out some more they quickly began feeding on it. Occasionally one would sing in undertone but there was no loud or joyful song to-day.

As I was standing in this patch near the cabin just after dinner I heard a low hoarse croaking very like that of a Purple Finch singing both over. At first I took it for the voice of a bird but presently I realized that it came from the ground within a few yards of me. Presently there was a sharp rattle and several dry rattles more violently repeated evidently by ~~something~~ of some creature forcing its way beneath stones. This was repeated every time the rattling & movement of the leaves usually preceding one of the warbling periods & being nearly always followed by an interval of silence. Once several large leaves were flung upward toward me. Although I failed to get so much as a glimpse at the creature I was satisfied that it was a Mole. It would stretch along the side of the hill near to the corner of the house & stretch of nearly fifty yards in the corner of two or fifteen minutes. Its notes were highly musical although it was too loud enough to be heard more than a few rods away. It did not utter either the fine, rising quacking which one usually hears from their little mammals. The song was much like that of a singing sparrow but I do not think a Mole would have

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April 6

May 1

behaved in this manner.

About the middle of the afternoon several Leopard Frogs began croaking over on the Bedford shore. They are the first frogs of any kind that I have heard this spring. I cannot understand what makes the Hylas & Wood Frogs silent.

The first Osprey appeared early this forenoon coming in from the North & passing out by Noyes' dam was flying at a height of several hundred feet & apparently migrating.

As I was starting for home at 5 P.M. I heard the cry of a Hairy Owl & looking up saw two of these birds circling at a height that they looked no larger than Swallows.

I had a bird's nest seen the windows but the wind fell as I approached Flints' bridge & I pulled the window of the way. Robin was singing freely about the houses over the bridge but none have appeared yet in the Ball's Hill region and I do not think that on half the birds which will breed in & about the town have arrived.

The Red-wings & Gray Sparrows were singing together just before sunset but the former are not so numerous as they should be by this date.

As I was crossing the Great Meadow I was surprised to see peached on a bush on the little island near the middle of this extensive & now flooded meadow a solitary Meadow Lark. There was a male Red-wing in the same bush. Is it possible that the meadow Lark was intending to nest in their bush?

Concord, Mass.



1896

April 7

A blustering & rather cold day with violent E. wind and great black cloud masses alternating with patches of blue sky through which the sun shone for brief intervals.

Before the wind rose birds sang freely. I heard the usual Song Sparrows, Robins & Redwings at sunrise, through my open window, and also Mew'd Grackles. A Downy Woodpecker comes regularly every morning between 6 & 7 and ~~drums~~ drums for ten or fifteen minutes on a small, dead snag in the elm in front of the house. Poor fellow! his drum is of the feeblest for the stick is lacking in resonance. He ~~keeps~~ at least one other drumming place - in the orchard - but the elm is his favorite. He seems to regard weather but little although the drumming period is shortened when the evening is very cold or stormy.

I started for Ball's Hill at the usual time but was detained at North Bridge for over an hour which I spent watching a pair of Nuthatches. The ♀ was busily engaged most of this time in bringing out some long, fibrous material (which looked like fine strands of inner bark) from a hole high up (40 to 45 ft.) in the old elm which stands at the east end of the bridge. This hole was apparently an old knot hole which had been enlarged by Red Squirrels for its edges showed the waxes of their teeth. I think the Nuthatch was securing this material for the nest for the material looked like the bark strands which they use but I was puzzled by the fact that the Nuthatch instead of dropping these strands carried them in large bills full to the upper side of the branch where she spread them out and tamped them down with some care. She had evidently been ~~at~~ work for some time for when I arrived the upper side of the branch was covered with

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(Wed.)

the strands for a space two feet long by six or eight inches wide. It occurred to me that possibly she had spread them out here to dry for otherwise why did she not fling them down to the ground? Moreover she deposited them on the sunny side of the branch. After finishing this work she flew away with her mate. When I returned from my trip down river late in the afternoon only one small patch—less than a tenth of the total material—remained on the branch. The rest might have blown away but this is not probable for the tree was well sheltered by the pine grove to the eastward along the river and although the wind had risen to its full strength before I left the spot in the morning the strands were not disturbed by it.

My passage down river to Ball's Hill would have been different had it not been for the strong current. The wind opposing this raised large white-capped waves over which the canoe tossed & plunged as if on a large lake.

I saw few birds & none of especial interest.

At the cabin my flock of Fox Sparrows had dwindled to four birds none of which sang while I was there.

I spent the day indoors putting things in order & taking no walk into the woods.

The sail home in the late afternoon under double reefed sail was most exciting. No ducks or water birds of any kind to-day.

A Phoebe at North Bridge this morning flew in under this structure and alighting on a beam sat there for a moment giving his wings & making a noise almost exactly like the rattling of a stringfish but lower & softer. This was repeated several times between intervals of singing.

1896

April 10 Cloudless, the air very clear, no wind until late in the day when a fresh S. E. breeze started & lasted until after sundown. The warmest day of the month thus far the thermometer to 60°.

I spent the 8th & 9th in Cambridge attending to Concord East weaving. In Cambridge many of the leaves were quite green but the grass here has started only along the edge of the river where the water first broke over the frost & then receded leaving the ground bare.

After exposing a dozen plates along the river there more than a dozen I started for Ball's Hill at 10 A. M. returning at my usual time (4.30-5.30) in the afternoon. Arthur Gilman & a young friend of his appeared at the Cabin at about noon & dined with me. They had walked down from Concord and reported a Pine Warbler singing on Ripley's Hill and a Tree Toad at Belmont yesterday. I saw three of the latter & a Kingfisher on my way down the river. After dinner we walked to the Mason fields where we started a Carolina Dove. It alighted in a tall oak and cooed three or four times. Gilman had never seen this bird before.

There were two Fox Sparrows at the Cabin to-day both alone & probably both females. There was also a ~~female~~ Phoebe, singing and accompanied by a mate. I hope they will nest on the Cabin walls.

Bayard Frogs moving all over the meadow to-day. A single Hyla piping in Davis Swamp. Dr. Emerson tells me that he has heard a Hyla on the night of the 10th. First winter maple blossoms out to-day. These flocks of Geese passed over Concord yesterday.



1896

April 11

Colder with strong N. wind, the sun veiled in thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 8.30 a. m. Starting down before the brisk west wind, the Sparrows were full song near the Keyes' and in one or two places along the river. A Great increase in Song Sparrows since yesterday. I saw & heard them every where. At the cabin three different notes rising at one time. This is apparently about the height of their migration.

Yesterday afternoon I saw a pair of Bluebirds inspecting holes in the storks along the river opposite Hutchinson's Landing & this morning the same birds (probably) were similarly engaged lower down (just above the Holt).

At noon a pair (perhaps the same) flew over Ball's Hill the whole flocking. On the way down river I saw five Tree Toads, four together alighting on storks & passing into holes, tramping vigorously.

Both yesterday & to-day I heard a Field Hawk, yesterday near the house, to-day at Davis's Hill.

The Ducks appear to have about all gone although Ellerson & his friend saw two which they took to be Blue Ducks, yesterday, near the Holt.

Quail were out to-day running through storks & thistles also. I saw two Mockers running in bushes yesterday & one to-day.

Late in the afternoon a Carolina Chick gave the Cuckoo call in the bottom bushes opposite the cabin & a Dove cooed several times on the Bedford floor.

As I was paddling across the meadows, on the way home I saw a pair of Geese swimming near a cluster of bushes.

1896

April 12

Concord, Mass.

Clear with light S. wind. Ther. 62° at noon.

At sunrise this morning I heard through my open windows Robins, Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Fox Sparrows, Juncos, a Grass Finch, a Purple Finch, Redwings, Cowbirds, and a Phoebe. By far the best chorus thus far this spring. The Meadow Lark and Flicker are missing here this year. Both are apparently very scarce in Concord. I have heard only two Flickers one opposite Ball's Hill in W. Bedford, then other (to day) near Roteman's Pond. Of Meadow Larks I have seen a pair a little below Fickett's bridge & a single bird in the middle of Great Meadows.

Photographing this forenoon walking to Roteman's Pond by way of Dutcher's Lane & Bow Meadow. On my return I traversed a part of the Spruce Swamp on the west side of the Roteman's pond wood road. The Spruces are all standing but they do not seem to have grown much since I first saw them. The tallest trees are 40 to 45 ft. high. They all look very green & vigorous. I was surprised to find hemlocks among them standing in water several inches deep. in a swamp there is always water.

During my tramp I heard from a pair Grass Finches and numerous Song Sparrows. At Roteman's Pond a Flicker, a single Red wing & a Chickadee were the only birds singing within my hearing. I looked for Partridges, found together in one place, two in another.

Saw numerous Chatterboxes (six or eight together in many groups or flocks) and heard innumerable Wood Frogs (the first) but only one Hyla (very third).

It was so warm in the sun that I sought the shade whenever possible.



October 1, 1904



1896

April 13

Cloudless with light S wind. Oppressively warm the thermometer rising to 82° at noon and standing at 80° at sunset.

I went to Cambridge for the day - more's the pity! - so had no opportunity to observe whether this unusual warm was brought with it a flight of birds. It had an extraordinary effect on the general appearance of the country, however. When I walked across the Cambridge to the Lowell Station this morning I could detect no signs of green grass here along the water edge. At evening when I returned along this road the southern slopes of the hills and large tracts of meadows were strongly tinged with green and in many places the grass was wholly green and appeared to have grown an inch or more. Thus the change from brown to green fields came in one day.

I heard a Meadow Lark in Hudson's meadows this morning. At Cambridge Robins had greatly increased in numbers since my last visit. Thus I saw five in Hubbard Park & two on our place.

A dozen or more Hylas jumping this evening in the Mill Brook meadow but I have not heard a really full chorus from them yet.

1896

April 14

Much cooler the forenoon cloudy with a chill N. E. wind, the afternoon calmer with occasional glimpses of the sun through thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. spending the day, as usual, at the cabin & strolling about in the woods.

The warm wave of yesterday has had a most marked effect on the birds. The country was simply alive with them to day. Indeed I have seldom observed such a sudden and material increase in so short a time at this season. The arrivals were Yellow Palm Warblers (12 to 15), Ruby Crowned Kinglets (3), Yellow-rump Warbler (1), Swamp Sparrows (2), Savanna Sparrows (1), Barn Swallow (2), Wilson's Snipe (1), Field Sparrow (2).

But this list does not tell the whole tale. The numbers of Robins, Song Sparrows, Grass Finches, Phoebe, Pine Warblers had increased from two to five or six fold and as for White-bellied Swallows I saw not less than three hundred. In fact the last-named birds covered the whole of the Great Meadows as well as the meadows below Ball's Hill flying close over the water in places where the wooded points gave shelter from the east wind and scattered about numerous enough over the more exposed portions of the meadows. It was delightful to see these graceful birds in such numbers, reminding me of old times when they used to congregate similarly about Fresh Pond. If they were so numerous here to-day what must have been their abundance on the Sudbury meadows. Among them I saw at least one pair of Barn Swallows.

On the Great Meadows about opposite the Hotel I saw what I at first took for a number of mounds of mud left by the ice. A rather careful scrutiny through my

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April 14
(Wed.)

field glass failed to assist this afternoon but presently a long neck was stretched up & then another and another and I saw that they were Black Ducks, a fine, large flock containing no less than 21 birds. In the misty atmosphere they loomed so that the more distant ones looked as big as Geese. Several pairs apart from the main flock (but included in the above count) were swimming close in shore along the edge of the meadow, feeding. The feeding birds being near the middle of the open water. I watched them awhile & then paddled gently past them under cover of the wire bank (which is as high & dry in most places.)

Just below Holden's Hill I came upon a Carolina Duck swimming in the middle of the river. Before it saw me and sank its body it looked as large as a good-sized Duck. Indeed I took it, at first, for a Golden-eye.

Walking to Bensen's I heard & saw numerous small birds. A flock of seven Yellow Robin Warblers, ^{two Barn Swallows,} two Ruby-crowned Kinglets, two Swamp Sparrows, two pairs of Phoebe, a Field Sparrow & very many Song & Grass Finches. Several of the last were singing in the pines on the ridge - well back from the field in the upper branches of the trees. The Partridge was denning on his old log on the north edge of the Davis Swamp. Returning I flushed a Snipe in Holden's meadow. Will Bartlett started two Snipe in front of the Huges' this afternoon.

As I was starting up river at 5 P. M. a solitary Goose flew past me honking loudly & finally alighting on the meadow near the Bedford shore. (It was a flock of about 20 migrating this morning. The Black Ducks were all when I left them this forenoon ^{or night from there} ^{they being down the river.})

1896

April 15

Cloudless, the early morning dead calm, a brisk N.W. wind during the remainder of the day. Very warm, therm. 78° at noon.

Near the Hughes' this morning I heard Song & Fox Sparrows, a Chipping (the first - another later at Benson's house) Purple Finches, a Chickadee, Robin Jay, Nuthatch, Downy Woodpecker, Meadow Lark (in the field above the barn) Flicker, several House Wrens, Red-wings and Robins. As I was crossing the meadows to my boat house a solitary Purple Martin flew overhead very high up, whistling incessantly. I had hoped to find the White-bellied Swallows on the meadows but during the passage to Ball's Hill I saw in all less than half a dozen & only a straggler or two during the remainder of the day. The immense numbers flocking on the meadows yesterday forenoon must have continued their migration at about 4 P.M. when I saw upwards of fifty pass over Benson's pasture heading due north but flying in their usual leisurely, drooping manner feeding by the way. At the time I suspected they were leaving us and a little later when I paddled up to Concord I did not see a single individual. I wonder I learn when this great flight arrived. Probably they came in early yesterday morning.

Departure of
the great
flocks of
Fox Sparrows
at 4 P.M.
yesterday.

Nearly all the other migrants which were here yesterday had also disappeared by this morning. I have not seen a single Yellow Robin or Yellow-rump Warbler to-day and the Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Pine Warblers, Robins & other common birds were reduced to about the numbers which usually breed here. I heard two Ruby-crowned Kinglets, however, & two Fox Sparrows.

1896.

April 15
(No 2)

At about 3 P.M. I heard a Bittern jump in the old
haunt on the southern edge of Great Meadows. At sunset and for
half-an-hour later he was jumping regularly & vociferously.

The lone Goose is still here. The train which passes at
5.30 P.M. started him from somewhere on the south shore
of the meadow and a moment later he flew directly over
the east end of Ball's Hill as low down that I could
easily have shot him as I stood in the door of the cabin.

Falcon came on this 5.30 train having arranged to spend
the night and to -dinner with me. After dinner we took
a walk through Brown's field and back by Holden's meadow.
Swamp Sparrows were trilling, the Bittern jumping, and a
Robin singing when we started but it was nearly dark when
we got back. Wood Thrush were calling in all my little
pond holes and a fair number of Nighthawks were perched on the
Bogus Field on the river meadows were making by far the
most noise and they kept it up all night without the
 slightest cessation making it difficult for us to sleep. There
were also three Geese trilling near the cabin, an early
date for them to begin if I am not mistaken.

At about 11 P.M. we heard a Great Horned Owl hawking
& evidently passing over the cabin low down. I have
not either seen nor heard one of these Owls before this
spring.

The entire night was very warm - like a summer night
in fact. I doubt if the thermometer fell below 70° but
I did not look at it after 5 P.M. when it stood at
85°.

1896.

April 16

Cloudless but with a heavy atmosphere slightly obscuring the sun. Deal calm most of the day but with a light E. wind after sunset. Ther. 82° at noon. An oppressively hot day for the season.

Vegetation advanced with rapid strides to-day. Poplar & horse catkins expanded their minute blossoms and *Hepatica* was in full bloom. All over the Great Meadows the grass was green by covering, thrusting its blades an inch or two above the surface of the now shallow water.

Within the last two days the pitch pines have turned from yellowish-green to a dark, clear green so exactly like that of the white pines that it is now impossible to distinguish them from them by the color of their foliage alone. Late this afternoon mosquitoes appeared in sufficient numbers to cause us some annoyance. Yet there are still snow & ice in sheltered places. In Davis's Swamp under the pine ridge we saw this forenoon a field of ice covering half an acre and 3 or 4 inches in thickness.

We arose soon after daybreak and climbed to the top of Ball's Hill just in time to see the sun rise under a narrow belt of clouds which were tinged with beautiful colors. Red-wings, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, a Fox Sparrow, a Robin & a Grass Finch were singing within hearing, the Ptarmigan jumping about the windows, and a Partridge drumming on the Blackstone ridge. Crows cawed, Jays screamed and a few Bores & White-bellied Swallows twittered. A Flicker drumming & a Downy drumming. Presently we turned towards the South and beheld a flock of sixteen Canada Geese coming directly towards us at a height of not over 300 feet, flapping slowly as if tired and keeping dead silence until they were nearly

1896

April 16
(Chs 2.)

one us when with a few low musical notes (probably notes of command from the leader) they changed their course and crossing the river just below the mill quickly passed beyond and right to the eastward. Faxon thought they saw the ocean and were waiting for it. There was something profoundly impressive in the silent, majestic advance of these great birds when we first caught sight of them.

As we were eating breakfast a Flicker began flitting on the hill and then breaking off suddenly uttered these flitting notes by two or three intervals before each pair. By the change of direction in the sound we knew that he was flying and rushing to the door saw him cross the river & landed on an oak on the Bedford shore. Keeping up the interrupted flitting during the entire flight. Neither Faxon nor I have ever heard a Flicker flit as wing before.

Some afterwards while at Davis's Hill we made a similarly word observation on the Pine Warbler which for the first time we heard utter what seemed to be a real flight song made up of the usual trill with a number of low notes and warbling notes preceding the trill. There were then birds (probably two males chasing a female) darting and twitting about among the upper branches of a pine.

Near the north end of Davis's Hill we came suddenly on a Green Heron! He was perched on the branch of an oak over the river and we looked at him for several minutes through our glasses at a distance of not over 70 yards, making absolutely sure of the identification. If I have not mistaken I have never before seen a Green Heron in Mass.

See nearly
Green Heron

1896

April 16

(No 3)

before May.

We continued our walk across the Mason field to Lawrence's woods, where a Red-shouldered Hawk was screaming, and down to the edge of the meadow where our appearance started up a pair of Black Ducks & the Solitary Goose which has lingered hereabouts to long. It is remarkable that he did not join the flock that passed early this morning for he must have both seen & heard them. He looked very proudly as he rose and flew off down river.

Returning we heard a Solitary Vireo in full song in some dense young white pines near the Mason field. During this walk we noted three screaming Partridges, one on the Mellen ridge, one at the northern end of Davis's Swamp, the third in Lawrence's woods.

Foxon left for home by the 4.15 train. I took supper alone in the cabin and waited for the ~~train~~ Concord some time after dark. The Miller was pumping and a few Robins, Red-wings, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, and Grass Finches singing but none of them with much vigor or enthusiasm.

Twilight was falling when I reached the head of Great Meadows & looked to listen for birds. It seemed as if there were nothing but the brood of frogs which were making such a clamor as I am sure I have before. It seemed as if there must be thousands of them and their "mewing" and "grinding of teeth" coming from far & near formed a continuous roar suggesting nothing of melody or of musical setting going on. However I presently

1896

April 16

(No 4)

heard the rasping cry of a Swift and saw two of these birds rise against the sky and fly off eastward. Ten minutes later five Swifts came whirling past me in a close bunch and alighted I thought. I waited some time longer hoping to hear a bird or two drum but they were not apparently in the wood for this although it seemed an ideal evening - so very warm and with a young moon high in the west. Perhaps it was too warm on the oozy marsh, just uncovered by the rapidly falling water, made have offered too great attractions.

Evening on
Great Meadows

When it had become nearly dark the lone Goose came flapping heavily past me within about 200 yards bounding incessantly and crossing the path of a pair of Night Herons (the first I have seen) which were beating ^{down} on wet wings preparing to alight. I thought the Goose alighted, also, but I could not make sure. When I left the meadows the Hays were walling (if possible) more clamor than ever and at the Hays' they & the Hads (very numerous to-night) kept up an incessant din until I fell asleep.

Digging a hole in the sandy path near the cabin this morning I turned out five or six young Painted Tortoises which were about as large as silver dollars. They were in the nest for with them I uncovered the shells of the eggs which had contained them. Their shells were dry & they looked old & giving as if the hatching had taken place months ago. The young turtles were on a semi-transparent state & the first seen did not seem to increase their activity as I turned them over.

Young
Painted
Tortoises

1896

April 17

Fair with increasing cloudiness, the sun wholly obscured by 7 after 3 P.M. Much cooler than yesterday. Ther. 62° at 8 a.m. A rather heavy thunder shower late in the afternoon with strong S. wind.

To Ball Hill for the day, paddling down & sailing back. The thunder shower was coming up when I left the cabin at 4 P.M. and on reaching Thurt's Pond I was forced to stop and put up the canoe tent or hood under which I sat, comfortably enough writing up my notes for over an hour. There was a heavy flight of Rusty Blackbirds to day and while the shower was in progress a flock of upwards of fifty were flitting about over the meadows over me occasionally rising & alighting in a wrangle to sing. I saw two other flocks during the day, one of about 15 just above Thurt's Bridge, the other of 6 or 8 over the Holt. At Beane Dam Rapid, as I was on my way up river, a flock of about thirty White-bellied Swallows came sailing down from a great height & began feeding close to the water. I think they were migrating & were forced to descend by the shower. A pair of Hooters also passed over me at about this time. In the morning while paddling down river I saw in the distance a large, light-colored Duck swim in under the bank near the point. Keeping close to shore I came so close to it that it was not until I was ^{fairly close} ~~fairly close~~ ^{from the bow} of the canoe when it started out and flew off down river. It was a fine duck indeed. It is seldom that one of these birds can be captured in such a place.

1896

April 18

Clear and dead calm most of the afternoon but with a strong N. W. wind up to windy noon. The afternoon very hot - falling then thermometer rising to 82°.

Purdie called at the Hughes' soon after breakfast having agreed to spend two days with us at Ball's Hill whither he drove after a brief talk leaving us to follow later by rail. Starting at about 11 a.m. I bided some maddeningly quick times for the breeze was strong & steady.

Will Bartlett and a young friend of his appeared at the cabin at 4 P.M. and we all took a walk together to the Mason field. Birds were either very scarce or remarkably silent. Perhaps they, like ourselves, were oppressed by the heat. It was as hotly as an August afternoon. We saw nothing of much interest save a Hairy Woodpecker and five or six Partridges.

In the early evening Purdie & I walked to Brewster's landing where we sat for an hour or more listening & listening. When it was nearly dark a Great Bittern drumming over the middle of Great Meadow treating us to six or eight repetitions of his weird music. There were two Bitterns, one in the old place and the other nearly opposite the cabin in a birch with the bare Redford station. The latter was now corner evidently, made a sharp "stake driving" sound, due no doubt to the rise of land behind his position but in curious contrast to the deep, watery "pump-handle" of the other bird.

1896

April 15

(No 2.)

I heard the first wally field chorus of Hylas to night, in the little meadow by the landing but to my surprise there were but few Burford Wags & Juncos calling anywhere. I suspect that they have literally worn themselves out by their unceasing efforts during the last two days & nights but perhaps the weather conditions this evening may have had something to do with their comparative silence.

Swamp Sparrows were trilling every where along the river after hours. There were also a good many Robins singing. Indeed I fancy that the summer quota of the latter birds is now about full.

1896

April 20

Slightly cooler to-day with a strong dry north-west wind and absolutely cloudless sky.

I had a much work to do in the cabin to-day that I hardly got into the woods at all and saw nothing of particular interest. A few Redpoll Warblers singing in the oak scrub, Pine Warblers on the Hill, a Blended Owl yesterday & to-day on the W. Bedford shore. At about 10 a. m. I heard several times & very distinctly the chatter of a Bank Swallow. A Green Heron flew across the marsh opposite the Hill. On Caroline Gutz Hill again, I saw him swim out from a thicket of bottom bushes just below the cabin this morning.

Late in the afternoon I went back to the Keys (Purdie left for Boston by 4.09 P. M. train), paddling all the way. It was a beautiful clear, dry evening just cool enough to be pleasant. I saw nothing of particular interest.

At the Keys' just after dinner, George Keys called me out on the piazza to "hear the birds". He said that at best four or five had just risen from the meadow in front of the house. I heard one scolding just as I emerged from the hall but none afterwards although I walked out on the Causeway & lingered there for an hour or more.

A very large muskrat was swimming about crossing & recrossing the river & finally entering the boat house. The Bedford Frogs, Hylas & Toads were very noisy to-night.

1896

April 21 Cloudy with strong E. wind & heavy showers late in the afternoon and through the night.

After breakfast I walked to Derby's Lane Swamp then Lee Hollows and a Sparrow Hawk the latter flying swiftly towards the N. E. & perhaps migrating. A large pine which stood on the edge of Derby's Brook a few rods from the big hemlock blew down last winter and in the wall of earth adhering to its roots a pair of Phoebe's were to-day building their nest. No doubt they are the same birds which two or three years ago nested in the sand bank at the entrance to the lane.

At 10.45 I went to the Bowditch Station to meet C. & E. R. S. Pat rowed them down to Ball's Hill I going in my canoe. Soon after dinner I started for a walk with E. R. S. but it began raining & we were obliged to return.

Birds were very silent this afternoon. At evening we heard a Robin, a Song Sparrow & then two Petrels. The one opposite the cabin has moved more to the eastward. There were about thirty Swallows flying over the river in the late afternoon. Most of them seemed to be House Swallows but there were several White-bellies & at least one Bank Swallow. I heard another Bank Swallow & a Martin or two on the Mill Brook meadow this morning.

1896

April 22 The morning broke cloudy with a moderate S. wind and fine rain. As the forenoon advanced the wind hauled over into the N. and the rain first increased and then changed to snow which came thick & fast in large flakes (many of them an inch across) whitening the ground and loading down the branches of the pines. By 4 P.M. the storm ceased the wind went into the N.W. and the clouds began to disperse. At sunset the sky was perfectly clear and the afterglow was unusually rich & deep. The evening was nearly calm and as cool as to be almost frosty. There was a half moon high in the western sky. I am thus particular in describing the weather for the reason that the day proved one of peculiar interest not only because of the sudden & marked changes but also from the number & kinds of birds that came under my observation.

I spent the forenoon with Pat & Benson burning a large pile of brush in the lower part of the Prescott lot near the swamp. In the afternoon we visited this fir tree & also planted a number of small pines near the cabin & elsewhere, in the Rock's Hill pine.

I took supper in the cabin and did not start for the Keys' until sometime after sunset. During the ascent of the river I saw at least seven or eight muskeets by far the largest number observed this spring. I also saw a Spotted Sandpiper & heard a number of Gulls, two of which were drumming steadily near the upper

1896

April 22 and of Great Meadows where I landed and returned
(No 2) to them for dinner but of this more anon.

The arrivals to day were the Brown Thrasher (one in full song in the evening twilight on a hill side near Hunt's Pond),
Eaver Swallow (one heard distinctly at Ball's Hill in the late afternoon), Chipping Swift (one twittering at sunset high in air over the cabin), Spotted Sandpiper (one at Hunt's Pond seen this morning by Pat and this evening by me), I also saw my first Marsh Hawk this afternoon (a weak skimming along the river near the cabin) and this evening heard my first Great Horned Owl. The latter hooted three times in the direction of Hilders Hill as I was paddling up the Beaver Dam Rapid but the sound seemed too distant to come from the hill and I suspect that the bird was beyond & probably in Mrs. Barrett's woods.

At about 6 o'clock this morning I heard a Cuckoo (Mniotilta) singing near the cabin and in the bushes along the river path found a Hermit Thrush and a Lee & White-throated Sparrows. The Thrush & White-throated doubtless arrived during the night but the Lee Sparrows have been there several days.

It is singular that so many birds should have come last night for the weather was not only thick & stormy but also very cool and these conditions must have prevailed over a rather wide area.

I should have mentioned that C. & E. R. S. left me this morning, starting for Cambridge at 8.30.

1896

April 22

(no 3)

Despite the cold and stormy weather (or, perhaps, because of it) my Partridges drummed through the entire day at short, regular intervals. I heard the bird on the old wall between Holden's Meadow & Noble's Hill every time we passed and the bird on the pine log at the N. end of Davis's Swamp was equally persistent in the face of still greater obstacles for not only did he have the heavy rain & still heavier snow storm to contend with but our huge bon-fire, was built within thirty yards of him and being directly to windward sent down volumes of smoke directly through the thicket where he was concealed. As for noise there was not only the crackling of the fire but the voices of the men and their movements in the bushes as they sought out the piles of dead branches. There was even Bensen's dog who at first ~~at first~~ rushed off towards the bird every time he drummed but when he did not find him or the Partridge returned very quickly for the drumming went on steadily during the whole forenoon and during the two visits which we made to the fire in the afternoon. I have little doubt that I could have seen the bird had I wished for I could see most of his log from our fire and he drummed once when I was still nearer - within about 20 yards.

(The next day (23rd) was clear and cool with a moderate N. W. wind, yet weather Partridge was drumming so far as I could ascertain by walking visits in both fore & afternoon to the places which they frequented. This fact shows that mild, stormy weather suits them at least at times.)

Partridges
drum all
day in a
saw to
know them

1896

April 22
(ha 4)

Chowch, Mass.

Previous to this morning I have not heard a single drum Drumming
in the day time for twenty five years or more, but between of the single
8.30 and 9 a.m. one was heard at it over the Great by day
meadows within hearing of Benson's landing but probably
half-a-mile off. At least the sound was not brought
perceptibly nearer when I took my canoe and paddled
out into the meadow as far as the point where
the old cart path crosses in. I was sorely tempted
to land and follow up the bird but I had too
much work to attend to. How much later this bird
kept up his drumming I do not know. It was
raining heavily and the sky was filled with low
driving clouds & land at the time.

Very different were the conditions when at about 7 o'clock
this evening I landed at the "Swit" and walked out
into the great expanse of deep, greyish meadows.
Twilight had fallen and the wind had sunk to a
gentle breeze. There was not a cloud in the sky. The
half moon gave a subdued light and there was a strong
afterglow in the west but it was fading fast.

The whole meadow seemed alive with single but they are
deceptive birds & there may not have been more ^{than} a dozen
in all. There were at least two drumming. They kept it
up without any cessation during the half hour or so that
I stood listening to them and, I have no doubt, the
greater part of the night. I could hear other birds
scuffling as they flew about from place to place & once
I heard the kuc-kuc-kuc-kuc-kuc call given just
as I remember it years ago when I have seen the bird
in the act of making it. The English Frogs & Hylas were
making a great racket but the weird drumming of the single
bird about them to be in a forest obscured by it.

1896

Concord, Mass.

April 23

Clear with strong N. wind which died away before sunset, the evening calm and very cool with a moon in the third quarter.

To Ball's Hill at 9 A. M. sailing nearly the whole way with close-headed shots. For upwards of two weeks past I have had to keep to the river but during the whole of this time the lower half of Great Meadows has been flooded the water arriving at nearly the same level.

Before starting this morning I saw the pair of Nuthatches in our orchard but they did not enter their hole. I climbed the tree & examined the hole closely for the first time. Inside ~~there~~ was a fair-sized chamber on the bottom of which but little below the entrance was a nest which in the dim light looked very like a Bluebird's. It was empty & somewhat disarranged but ~~nuthatches~~ deeply hollowed.

Half an hour later I found one of the Nuthatches busily engaged in collecting inner bark from the dead branch of an ash and taking it into the hole in the elm at North Bridge. I saw only one bird & could not make out its sex. The ♀ of this pair has nearly as black a cap as the ♂.

I spent most of the day transplanting trees at Ball's Hill. But in the afternoon the Grebe which has haunted the river ever since April 11th drove hastily past the cabin. He goes to a certain place to fish for an hour or two in the morning & evening. He is much tamer than he was at first but he very seldom calls. He is in fully adult plumage. What is he doing here? I cannot make out that he has a mate.

I took tea at the cabin & had just finished when

1896

April 23

(No 2.)

Stepping to the door I was amazed to hear a single drumming in the distance over Great Meadow. I should as soon have expected to hear a Whippoorwill for the sun was still half an hour high (it was exactly 6.08 P.M.) and the sky practically cloudless. Hurrying to the car I paddled hastily up river to the Bear Den Rapid and then turning to the left pushed out over the flooded meadow. During the time thus occupied the drumming came to my ears at short, regular intervals but there were so many swallows flying over the meadow that I had reached its center (about opposite the Holt) before I caught sight of the Snipe - two birds flying about together in the full light of the sun, drumming every eight or ten seconds. I had a splendid chance to watch their performance which I shall describe somewhat more minutely on another sheet. They kept it up until sunset when they dropped into the meadow & remained silent until it was nearly dark. After this they drummed vigorously until I left them. I walked out nearly to the middle of the meadow & stood there for more than an hour listening to their weird music. I think there were three birds drumming at once but I could see nothing of any of them. Besides the drumming I heard Snipe scrape a great many times. I also heard another sound which I attributed to them but which was wholly new to me. It was very like their kuc-kuc-kuc cry but was repeated much more rapidly (at least four or five times per second) and was kept up without the slightest cessation for from four to ten minutes. On two occasions the bird was apparently on the ground. On the third occasion it seemed to move from place to place. The Northern puffed very late - until it was quite dark. There was a dropping chains of Boop & Woo & Hyas!

1896
 April 23
 (No 3)

I mentioned Swallows flying over the meadow this evening. There were about fifty of them, mostly all Winter-bellies. At first they were scattered about feeding but soon after sunset they gathered into a close flock and dashed back & forth past me a number of times acting as if about to go to roost. although there were no bushes or grass or other suitable shelter at hand. What became of them I do not know. They finally disappeared after swooping down past the canoe. It was so dark at the time that I could see them only against the water or sky. I have no doubt that they went to roost somewhere in this meadow.

I heard both Bank & Barn Swallows to-day but neither species seemed to have arrived in force as yet.

1896

April 24 Clear with strong E. wind.

I went to Cambridge to-day. While the train was passing Great Meadow I saw a man with a gun wading over the place where the birds were last night. Pat afterwards told me that three gunners with a dog were beating the meadow the whole forenoon & that they fired a great many times. Also, for the poor birds! They did not stay any better for while in the Buttricks' this evening I could have been faintly but distinctly - a full mile away.

1896

April 25 Clear and cool with strong S. E. wind.

To Ball's Hill as usual sailing part of the way down and the entire distance back in the afternoon.

At about 10 a. m. two juncos began firing on the Squire ground. Within the next two hours I heard at least twenty shots. I watched them for awhile with my glass and saw them pick up an bird. During much of the time they were thrumping about among the bushes where my Pittman lives. I trembled for his safety but as I was sailing homeward at evening he began thrumping in the usual place.

I saw little of interest to-day save a pair of Hens Ducks flying over the Great Meadows. My Goshawk did not show himself but perhaps this was because of the strong wind and rough water. There were no migrants in the Ball's Hill woods save our Ruby-crown.

The ♀ Nuthatch was in her hole in the elm at North Bridge this morning looking out. Every minute or two she would bring her a morsel of food which she at once accepted & ate.

At evening I saw a Phoebe fly in under the bridge. As I passed beneath it I stopped & looking up discerned a nest apparently finished with the bird's head showing above the rim. The nest was attached to the upper edge of a rafters directly under the plowling.

1896

April 26 A brilliantly clear day with strong S. E. wind.

To Fairbourn for the day starting at 9 A. M. and returning late in the afternoon. I sailed more than half the distance up & practically the whole of the way back.

I saw a solitary Chipping Swift near Red Bridge & heard my first Chukar at Nashawtuck Bridge. Another arrival was a Black-throated Green Warbler singing in the big pines opposite Fairbourn Cliffs. Still another was a Towhee which F. Holmes told me he had just seen in the Estabrook woods. I expected to hear House Wrens everywhere but not one sang to me all day.

In addition to the Meadow Lark which sang in the early morning near the house. I heard three other males & perhaps four. One was in the meadow near the Ritebards' house and two were singing at the same time on neighboring apple trees at the foot of Heard's Hill. On the way home I heard one in each of these places & a third on the French farm.

There were a good many Martins to-day flying high & wobbling delightfully.

I lunched at Concordia & took my photographs there. Henshaw in bloom in the opening & Saxifrage on the cliff.

On the way home landed at the big pines & went into the upper spruce swamp for Kalmia glauca. It is much more abundant there than in the Bottom Swamp. The grass is green everywhere.

1896

April 27 A duplicate of yesterday, cloudless, the early morning calm, a strong east wind rising at about 10 a. m. and holding well into the night.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill paddling down in the morning and sailing back at night. I walked through the woods to Amsons in the forenoon and sailed down to Birch Island in the afternoon to oversee the cutting of a number of oaks for a fence about the woven field.

Brown Thrashers are here in force at last. I heard three different notes in full song - one at Ball's Hill in the oak on the edge of the Holden meadow.

The Red-winged Blackbirds provide me this spring. Up to to-day I have seen fewer than usual but there were a good many scattered along the river this afternoon and besides them a flock of fully sixty feeding in a field near the Y-tine. The latter kept flying up into the trees & singing in weddies acting altogether like newly arrived birds. There were a few females among them.

The Concord gunner with a crutch was hobbling over Great Meadows in the rear of his dog the whole forenoon. He fired his or eight shots down there at Snipe.

1896

April 28

Clear with strong S. W. wind.

To Ball's Hill (for the last time this spring, I fear).
Sailing down & paddling home at evening.

Spent the day transplanting trees & putting the
cabin in order for its lonely summer.

Saw a Solitary Sandpiper on the river bank (an
exceptionally early date I believe) and heard two
Black-throated Green Warblers in the Ball's Hill woods.

During the past three days the number of Robins,
Red-wings, Chipping, Flickers & Meadow Larks seem to
have greatly increased. Can it be that migrants of these
species have come in to large numbers after the arrival of the
winterers? To-day the whole country seemed to be
swarming with them & other common early birds. But
I noted nothing new except the Sandpiper.

Bluebirds have nearly ceased warbling and Song Sparrows
have become very silent of late. I saw the latter in
pairs running like mice among the stems of brooms
& in old grass along the river bank but very few
of the males seem to sing even in the early morning.

Swallows have been very numerous these past three
days. Last evening fully 30 Barn Swallows & nearly
as many White-throats were flying over Ball's Hill.
Only one Swift yesterday & to-day. The main flight
has not come yet.

1896

April 29

Clear with east wind.

Spent the morning putting away my canoe and
packing my trunk & in the afternoon took the
train for Cambridge. No arrivals noted to-day. I
listened long but vainly for *Heterolus* this morning.

1896

May 11

Boston to Lake Umbagog.

Cloudy and cool with light N. to W. wind. Clearing at sunset.

Left Boston by 9 A. M. train over Boston R.R. and reached Attitash at 4.30 P. M. There was but little change in the condition of the vegetation the entire distance. Wild birds in full bloom everywhere. Apple trees not quite in blossom after leaving Portland (they were in full bloom at Cambridge!).

At Attitash saw Barn Swallows, Chimney Swifts, Robins, Chipping, and a King bird. Heard Booby Flycatchers, a Warbling Vireo, a Yellow Warbler and a Marsh Wren besides, of course, Robins & Chipping, no Orioles.

" 12 Spent the forenoon in Attitash. The morning was clear & cool with a flowy rising W. wind. In addition to the birds noted yesterday heard a Dendroica virens. Two Warbling Vireos this morning but no Orioles. I doubt if the latter have arrived.

" 12 At 1 P. M. started by Stage for the Lake. C. H. Watrous who joined me on the arrival of the noon train went on ahead on his bicycle. The drive through to the Lake was one of the most delightful I have ever taken. The air was just pleasantly cool, the sky without a cloud, the mountains wholly free from haze. The only drawback was a strong north wind which hindered the birds & drove them to shelter. Saw comparatively few species Chipping very abundant, fair numbers of Swifts & Barn Swallows, two White-crowned Sparrows, a Winter Wren on the verge of a wintered pool in a meadow in Chatham. Then heard Hawks in the pines, one took Pigeons in the field. No Flickers - not one!

1896

May 13

Clear with light but cool N.W. wind; a simply perfect day.

Took breakfast at 6 a.m. and immediately afterwards started out with Watkins taking the road east. During the drive from Bethel yesterday I could detect but little change in the vegetation and that little, though to say, indicated a greater advance south of the water than north of it. Mosswood (Red-bellied), Shad-blacks, Purple Finches, Red Winged Blackbirds were in full bloom the entire distance. The Paper Birds and Poplars were in about half leaf and cast a good shade. Flycatchers in bloom. Kingbirds Robins abundant by the roadside in Uxbridge.

Vegetation nearly as far advanced here as in Uxbridge Mass.

This was the condition of things here this morning. In fact the trees and Herbs in the woods about the Lake were nearly as far advanced as they were in Massachusetts when I left there on the 11th. Yet the ice went out of Umbagog only a little more than a week ago. The weather here has been very warm. On May 10th the thermometer here rose to 95° the same figure precisely that it reached ^{on that day} at Bethel, at Portland, at Boston and at Chicago, ~~according to~~ according to Messrs. Wheeler.

The country was alive with birds this morning. In fact the greater part of the summer residents here to have already arrived. In the course of an hour I saw or heard the Nashville, Parula, Black-throated Blue, Cape May, Blackburnian, & Black & Yellow Warblers, the Ovenbird, Water Thrush and Redstart, the Philadelphia Vireo, a White-crowned sparrow, numbers of Junco, White-throated, Chipping & song sparrows, a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, a Kingbird, many Swallows & a few Song Sparrows & a few Song Sparrows besides others.

Most of the summer birds already here

1896

May 13

(no 2.)

There were at least two Philadelphia Vireos for I heard one singing. Philadelphia Vireos
after shooting one (which proved to be a male although it was silent). They were in old-growth yellow birch & beech woods in the deep hollow just east of the Brown clearing.

In this Brown clearing we heard a Woodcock purring. Woodcock
and we searched the covers in the neighborhood closely this morning but without success although we started the male bird on the upper side of the cart path where it crosses the run. Higher up on the hillside in a thin growth of ^{young} poplars & birches with a few young Hemlock & balsams intermingled. nest of Hermit Thrush
Watson found a Hermit Thrush's nest containing 4 fresh eggs. The nest was in the side of a mound covered with last year's beeches most of them broken down, some partially overhanging the nest which, however, was so exposed the W. found it without flushing the bird which, indeed, he did not see at all.

In the afternoon I crossed the Lake House with Jim in a new sailing canoe which he made for me last winter a larger & abler sailing canoe than any that I have ever before used. At the mill I changed to my old canoe which I paddled back.

Visit
Lake House

There are few shrubs left in the Lake House meadows the lumbermen having cut most of them down. I saw no White-bellied Swallows and but few Howard Goshawks there.

Shrubs nearly
all gone.

In the evening Watson & I walked to the Sargent clearing having a Wilson's Thrush calling by the Lake House & two Woodcocks purring in the field pasture about 1/2 mi. S. of Sargent's house. The birds were very tame.

Very,
Woodcock

1896

May 14

Clear and warm although there was a rather fresh N. wind after 10 a.m.

Arrivals: Swainson's Thrush (1 calling, 1 singing at evening) Wood Thrush (1 calling at evening) Bobolink (heard chinking high in air at 10 a.m., one in full song in the fields near the house at noon).

Arrivals.

Watrous & I spent the better part of the forenoon in the woods & thicket at the east end of the Moore clearing. Our especial object was to find the Woodcock's nest which I was lucky enough to stumble on after about an hour's search. It was near the lower end of the run about midway between the cart path and the road on a low mound covered with blueberry bushes & dead bracken, surrounded by scattered alders, spruces & poplars but in a place fully exposed to the sun. I had stopped for a moment to look around when the bird rose within about 8 ft. of me & I at once saw the nest & eggs. The latter were quite fresh but two of them had cracks radiating from a common center & leading us to think at first that the eggs were about to hatch. I took five photographs of this nest and one of the nest of the Hermit Thrush which I found yesterday. The bird was sitting to day. I put up my camera within three feet of the nest & she came back to her egg three or four times but she flew off the nest each time I returned before I could bring the shutter. After the first failure I built a booth of pine boughs about the camera. This did not deter her from resuming her place but it also did not keep her sufficiently from her keen eyes. He left this nest unincubated & I took away the eggs for a fraction.

Nest of Woodcock

Photographing nest of Hermit Thrush
Behavior of sitting bird.

Watrous found a Partridge's nest with four eggs. It was under some fallen branches near a fence & only three or four rods from the road. The bird ran off out of sight but she left all but one egg covered with leaves.

1896

May 14

(No 2.)

In the afternoon we went down into the Baker House Cove taking most of the way. Landing at Parker's brook we had a drink at the spring and started a White-crowned Sparrow from a fallen log - a beautiful bird so tame that I got within 8 ft. of it. There was 1 ♀ White-throat with it the two acted precisely as if they were

White-crowned
Sparrow.

Six White-bellied Swallows (evidently three pairs) were flying about the thuds opposite the mouth of the brook. There were also a number of Red-wings & Browned Grackles among the stubs & in the flooded thickets. We took two sets of 4 eggs each of the Grackles from nests in young balsams on an island near the Baker House Landing. There were three Grackles' nests in one small balsam but only one had eggs & another was certainly an old nest. One old nest was placed in a tall alder.

Tree Swallows,
Red-wings,
Browned
Grackles.

We saw two Solitary Sandpipers, both on floating drift wood in coves on the wooded shores of the Lake.

Solitary
Sandpipers

After tea we walked to the Peasey White farm. Birds thronged about although the evening was clear & still. Near Sargent's flushed a Spotted Sandpiper from a bank on the roadside in which we found a hollow with the beginning of his nest. Just behind Sargent's farm - there ~~White-crowned Sparrows~~ White-crowned Sparrows ~~feeding about~~ feeding about on the turf, a beautiful sight.

Nest of
Spotted
Sandpiper.
White-crowned
Sparrows

Reaching White's we sat down on a knoll on the edge of a grove of young Eastern Spruces. Highlighted was getting very fast. A Mass. Thrush & several Savannah Sparrows singing in the fields below us. A White-crowned Sparrow fluttering along a bush fence calling whit (very like a Cuckoo but a little faster & more guttural). A Swainson's Thrush sang a few bars in the spruces. A Hermit called but would not sing. Then a Wood Thrush gave his hoarse, rattling challenge (whit-tit-tit-tit) a dozen times or more within twenty yards or less. No mistaking this call in this still

White-crowned
Sparrow.
Wood Thrush

1896

May 14

(no 3)

evening air, Watrous heard it first & at once exclaimed "there - Wood Thrush." I was making a vain at the moment & the notes failed to reach my ear. So I replied "there are no Wood Thrushes in this region." But the note instant I had to acknowledge my mistake.

A Robin also sang freely in these places & a Downy Woodpecker sang twice apparently well in among the trees which grow very closely.

We now retraced our steps to the deepest pasture where we found two Woodcocks singing & singing with unusually fine performance with full, rich voice. Perhaps this helped us helped them a bit but certain it is that I never remember to have heard such & strong singing before. Watrous also has no doubt about this matter & also has heard the Woodcock sing here for the first time ~~from~~ ^{from} appeared strong appreciation of the song this evening. It is surprising that any one can deny its great musical merit. It does not suffer by comparison with the very fine bird song of this region but, on the contrary, seems to be one of the most delightful of these all. The birds were about 200 yards apart from each other in a perfectly open, rough, somewhat pasture 100 yards from my own, the other one a strongly flat heavily sward with strong withers, maples & other shrubs.

Song of the
Woodcock



as

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in h

order.

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for

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1896

May 15

Lake Umbagog

Clear and warm. the forenoon dead calm, a fresh breeze from the S. at 2 P. M.

Went to Frogbody's dike, Dendroica castanea (2♂♂) Geothlypis trichas
Dendroica virens, Geothlypis trichas (1) Habia ludoviciana (1) Contopus
smalli (1)

Spent the forenoon on the Lake with Watsons rowing across to B. Point and up the coast shore to the deep, narrow cove near the Kidwell place & sailing back at noon. Landed in the cove behind B. Point and spent about two hours roving about in the fine old beech & maple woods on the hill W. of the Stone farm. Many Woodpeckers in these woods. Saw a Hairy, three Downies and two pairs of Yellow Bellies. There are so few flarks left about the Lake that the Woodpeckers seem to have nearly deserted its shores. A White-bellied Nuthatch in these beech & maple woods.

A Hawk was circling among the flarks on B. Point, a ♂ Buteo latissimus sitting in a birch over the water & so tame that we passed nearly under him, a pair of Whistlers, a single ♀ Whistler, and a Black Duck in the cove just W. of the point. Two Bay Breasted Warblers singing in these woods beyond. Yellow rumps abundant all along the shores. Started a Flying Squirrel from a hole in a flark which stood in the water 20 ft. from shore very near the site of my old bait tree. In the narrow deep cove saw the cut out hole where Eliza Cobbins & I took a set of Hairy Woodpecker's eggs in 1880 or 1881.

Spent P. M. searching the Sargent opening for Woodcock's nests. Flushed two ♂♂ & 1 ♀ but found no nests. Watsons stumbled on a Partridge's nest on the edge of an alder run. I sitting & so tame that she did not move when W. struck the brush possibly not 6 inches above her head. He did not disturb her by examining the nest. I found a Hermit Thrush's nest with 4 fresh looking eggs in poplar 40 ft. from edge of flark. It is a curious flark in a dead pine & made the nest hole of bent cane

Woodpeckers
 have left Lake
 shores & taken to
 upland woods.
 Set 2 cold traps

Hooded Merganser
 Broad W. Hawk
 Ducks.
 Bay Br. Warbler
 Yellow rump
 Flying Squirrel

Woodcock.
 Nest of a
 Partridge
 Nest of
 Hermit Thrush
 Downy Woodpecker

1876
May 16

A fine day with strong N.E. wind and very fresh and strong winds

I spent the forenoon working on the new canoe with Jim & friends sailing
over to the Ball's House to get down again to preserve the birds which
I shot yesterday. Three adult Herring Gulls circling over the Ball's. Herring Gulls
Flushed a Black Duck near the floating island and a fine ♂ Wood Duck Black Duck
— of B. Point. The latter flew only a few yards, then dropped back Wood Duck ♂
into the water among down drift wood.

Mathews spent the morning searching the shore near the Bay
opening. He found a Partridge's nest with bird sitting, but did not
disturb it. He also found two very fresh ones, one with 5 in between
2 eggs. Immediately after dinner he found another Partridge's nest his
first in four days in the same hillside just east of Mathews' house
about 10 yards from the road. He saw the sitting bird about 15 yards off.
He visited this nest together an hour later & again an hour after that. The
bird was on both times, at 6 P.M. the was absent & the nest proved to
contain 5 eggs. At 7 P.M. the was also not sitting but I think I heard
her grit: The ♂ was drumming at 5 P.M. on the hillside about 30 yds. from nest.

Partridge
nest.

So soon as night we heard a Woodcock purring & piping (for the first time) on the
knoll S.E. of the house. We searched for the nest this P.M. following the
edge of the woods from the hill top down. About 50 yds. below the road
Mathews flushed a bird among dense spruces, 30 yds. further down on the
edge of the little fern-grown opening within 20 yds. of the Ball's - the opening
where I have shot so many woodcock in September past - I found the nest.
It was at the foot of a little balsam 2 ft. high on a mound covered with
dry leaves & so conspicuously placed that I saw the two eggs 10 yards away
for the bird was not sitting! This nest was within 20 yds. of the
found in 1880.

Woodcock's
nest

1895

May 16

1895

After leaving the Woodcock's nest we think across to the Mammal clearing
 & visited the Hermit Marshes. I sitting out they rising at 10 to 15 feet.
 Found the Hermit Marshes in the forest & finally took the nest & eggs.
 The nest the Hermit Marshes was in the forest. Found about 6 eggs, all
 incubated.

Hermit Marshes

nest

incubated

nest

Went to deep below in Abbott clearing (George Abbott's deserted farm)
 & finally took the nest at 6 P.M.

Then Cape May Woodcock had a big day this fall. They came to the clearing
 for the summer as I find the farm birds in the farm place after
 after day. Two of them were in pasture houses; the third on the
 edge of the woods with a Kinglet (*R. satrapa*), a Black-burnian, Yellow-throated
 Black-throated Blue and Nashville Warbler, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, and
 a White-throated Sparrow; also a Parula Warbler, singing within an ear
 of me when I was.

Cape May

nest

At evening went up on the knoll behind the Barn to hear the
 Woodcock. He came flying from the corn at 7.30 and skimming
 close over the ground alighted well out in the field & began puffing.
 His body on some or more he sang at least as often as once in two
 minutes & sometimes at intervals of only a minute. When I
 called him through my glass during his entire flight, but made
 out nothing new. He pitched down very close within which puffing
 He had no particular puffing station but alighted at different
 places. This station is fully 300 yards from the nest. I
 doubt if the puffing can be heard at all at the nest
 but the song can be, easily.

Song of the

Woodcock

Lake Umbagog.



1896

May 17

Morning clear and very warm with light S. W. wind. 1 P. M. cloudy with showers of fine rain. A clear evening.

Started out with Watsons immediately after breakfast taking my camera. Visited the Partridge's nest near the house first but the bird was absent. Next tried the nest in the tall alders near Sargent's. Bird was. I took one photograph at about 10 feet then tried to get another at 5 feet but after I had adjusted my tripod the bird started & ran off. Left her for an hour but on returning found her running in the alders near the nest.

Partridge's
nest.

We then crossed the pasture to the W. end of the Peasey White farm where Watsons showed me a Partridge's nest which he found yesterday. It was in a very exposed place, quite outside even the outer line of wild cherry & other underbrush that formed the border of the woods in the side of a mound under a few dead Willows (the remains of an old brush fence) in the full glare of the sun and actually in the field itself rather than in the edge of the woods. I took three photographs & started the bird while trying for a fourth at a distance of about 4 feet. She did not return although we waited some.

Partridge's
nest.

We then went back to the nest in the alders. Bird on but wild this time starting when we were 10 ft. off.

I next took three photographs of the Minut Thrush's nest found on the 15th of the bird while sitting working my camera behind a rail fence about 12 ft off. Spent the afternoon in the house writing.

At dinner this evening a White-crowned Sparrow sang loudly for an hour or so near the house. Later I found three birds, all adults, behind the barn where they spent the day. I was not sufficiently well dressed to visit them accurately but it impressed me at the time as being wild, clear & very musical. We saw one of these Sparrows yesterday afternoon in a pasture among fire-chained thorns. They seem to avoid the woods & to haunt especially the neighborhood of barns, barns & the woods.

White-crowned
Sparrows.

1896

May 17

(No 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Vegetation.

Despite the warm weather of the past three days vegetation does not seem to have advanced very materially. The poplar & birch foliage has perhaps thickened a little but there is still little shade save under maples. Fuchsia continues in full bloom and the Shad Bush, Honeysuckle, Red Cherry & Cornus ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~not~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{beginning} to show their petals. The woods are simply charming here at this season and neither black flies nor mosquitoes have begun their tortures.

Many birds arrived last night but the only two new to my list were the Canadian Warbler & Red-eyed Vireo. The latter were abundant & in full song everywhere this morning. I also heard at least two ~~Song~~ ^{Philadelphia} Vireos. There are no ~~Song~~ ^{Philadelphia} Vireos here this year and, strange to say, no Cuckers (~~Belted~~) while the Golden-crowned Kinglets & Winter Wrens are so scarce that thus far I have noted only one of each.

Massachusetts Yellow-throats ~~arrived~~ ^{arrived} this morning for the first time.

Arrivals.

Philadelphia Vireos
Scarcity of
Cuckers, Kinglets
& Winter Wrens

Our Lakeside Woodcock fairly outdid himself to night. He began peeping at about 7.30 in the field below the road about ten yards from the edge of the cove and not over 60 yards from the coast. I thought at first that he was going to sing here but after peeping at rather odd & irregular intervals for a few minutes he rose and flew to the top of the hill behind the house (the old place), ~~climbing~~ ^{climbing} low over the ground but rising four or five feet above the top strand of the barbed wire fence as if aware of its position and danger. Before reaching the hill-top he began his long flights going up every minute or so until half past ten but ceasing before I became quite dark. His mate probably had her share of the day but did not visit the nest to see.

Woodcock
Sings nearly
200 yards
from nest.

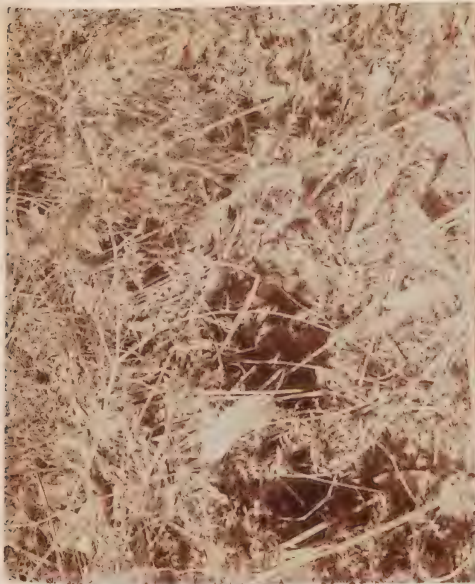
Lake Umbagog.



al
v. 162



v. 162



at
edge



edge

1896
May 18

Cloudy with showers. High S. W. wind.

At 7 A.M. as we were sitting on the piazza a Red-headed Woodpecker in fully adult plumage came flying over the meadows from the direction of the lake and alighted on a fence post nearly in front of the house. He then flew from post to post and finally entered a young apple orchard where he was at once attacked with great violence by a Robin who quickly drove him off into the woods.

Red-headed
Woodpecker

A pair of Ospreys hunted this end of the lake and are frequently in sight from the house. They are catching Smelt chiefly. Two yesterday one of them flew past the house within 200 yds. carrying in its feet one of those large fish which seemed to be alive and slowly waving its tail from side to side although this movement may have been caused by the bird's flight.

Osprey
catching
Smelt

First apple blossoms out to-day. The vegetation under the influence of the warm rain advanced rapidly and by evening the roadside thickets of alder, mountain maple, cornel etc. showed very green with the unfolding leaves.

Vegetation.
First apple
blossoms.

In the forenoon I went out in the fishing canoe, sailing to left & paddling back. Watrous searched the cove in the Sargent farm again & nothing was seen. In the afternoon walking in the mountain road but finding nothing although we looked several birds at least one of which was a ♀. They acted as if they were not breeding at all. The cove was "boxed" & "choked" from one end to the other.

Woodcock.

Saw three Garter Snakes and a large Hare. The latter hopped to the top of an old crumbling pine stump where he sat motionless for several minutes, we standing within ten feet on either side. I played

Garter Snakes
Waiting to

1886

May 15

421

for my camera. It was a fine chance for the landscape & light was exceptionally good & the sound beautifully grand & thrilling in tone. It was in full summer foliage. The skin of its face was literally covered with bleated wood ticks which looked like so many great black spots.

Watrous this morning found a Hermit Thrush's nest on the knoll behind the Abbott house and a Partridge nest within 15 yds. of the road at the head of the Great Cove on the very edge of the woods but well - concealed, were thick, under some dense young cedar trees although from our spot in the house the sitting bird could be plainly seen with a glass. I saw both nests this afternoon. The Hermit's contained four eggs of which one was slightly hatched. We did not disturb the Partridge so I wish to photograph her. We also left the Hermit's egg. The nest is in a opening among low little balsams (about a foot tall) slightly raised in the ground in a typical situation

Nests of
Hermit Thrush
and
Partridge

1896

May 19

Lake Umbagog

Morning cloudy with heavy showers. Afternoon clearing with strong N.W. wind.

Ammodramus fulvipes 1, abundant (1/2), Empidonax caeruleus (2, 3, 4),
Sylvania pusilla (1/2). General arrival of Sylvania canadensis.

Watrous went to Mollidgwauk with Mr. Sweet this morning to search for Spruce Partridge's nests. They found abundance of typical chimney hollows etc. - but saw no birds. In a lush forest near the river they flushed a Woodcock.

Spruce
Partridge
"Lynx"
Woodcock

I visited the Woodcock's nest near the Lakeside Landing & found it deserted, with shell over the two eggs. Photographed it & took the eggs. Then sailed over to B. Point where I found a number of small birds including several Canadian Warblers. Nest seemed to be deserted even though it was close to the shore & swallows & swifts, chiefly House & White-bellied Swallows with a great sprinkling of Barn & House Swallows. There were many others scattered about over the banks.

In the afternoon Jim Wright saw the new land with a new fish which I tried could have been used for the wind vane violent and "squalid".

Watrous took a long walk westward tonight in the woods with four fresh eggs, which he found near the Cedar Spring.

At evening walked to the Brown clearing. On the way there heard over Lakeside Woodcock "puck" & "putter" eight or ten times in the course of the walk. Several birds were seen in the pasture to begin his regular dance. The rail in the Brown clearing was in full song when we reached there. Hermit Thrush & Red-bellied Hawk sang for some minutes later than this.

Lake Umbagog.



1896

May 20

Lake Umbagog.

Clear with W. to S. W. wind moderate to strong.

Spent the forenoon photographing visiting four Partridge's nests which
Watson has found and getting five pictures of all the nests and of
three of the sitting birds. The fourth had hatched before I could
get the camera in position. One nest in one nest referred to, each
7 eggs is on the east side of the Brown opening, another in the
woods just east of Lakeside, a third at the head of Forest Cove,
and the fourth (the nest visited on the 17th) on the W. side
of the Purdy White opening.

Photographing

During my walk I heard two Cape May Warblers singing & saw
one of them probing the terminal buds of a tall Spruce after the
fashion of this species.

Cape May
Warblers.

While crossing the Purdy White opening I started a Savanna Sparrow nest of
some brown weeds, from dry grass where I found a deep hollow
lined with fine grass - blades - the beginning of a nest probably.

Savanna Sp.

There were three Broad winged Hawks on the edge of the woods
near the Partridge's nest in the White clearing, two hovering in
circles together screaming, the third sitting on a stub near me,
also screaming. I hear these Hawks every day.

Broad wing
Hawks

In some pasture spaces lower down the hill I had an interesting
experience with two Hares. One a very large animal in full summer
pelage started from its form under a young tree and leaped off a
few rods when it joined, or was joined by, the other a smaller
specimen with much white about the ears. After this the two
kept together moving along slowly nibbling at the vegetation as
they went. I tried hard for a photograph but although they
would allow me to approach within 10 or 15 feet they would
not remain still long enough for me to focus them.

Varying
Hares

Spent the afternoon in the house. One Woodcock & the Brown thrasher
singing in full song this evening.



1896

May 21

Clear with west to S. E. wind, S. in the afternoon.

Photographing again this morning under the most favorable conditions for the light was very clear & strong and in the woods the wind did little harm.

Visited three of our Partridge's nests and photographed two of the sitting birds but the third, the one on the eastern edge of the Brown Swamp was too shy to allow me to focus on her. Watson took two sets of eggs in the afternoon. The bird in the Ballsblow woods was spared. After an interval of several days she laid a sixth egg this morning (there were but five yesterday). Still more remarkable, however, is the fact that the bird nesting at the head of the Sweet Corn (near the Swamp) laid an egg to-day between 12 noon & 3 P.M. When I photographed it at the house there were as my plate shows and as I made certain by bird's nest counts, but 10 eggs. But at 3 P.M. Watson found 11 in the nest. Moreover when we blew them, we found that one egg was perfectly fresh while the other ten were all incubated some four or five days.

Two of the Cape May Warblers which we have located were singing in the usual places this morning. I did not have an opportunity to visit the haunts of the other three. These Warblers are evidently among the most sedentary of all birds. There can be no question that they are now settled for the summer and intending to breed.

Since the Red-eyes have become numerous I have lost track of the Philadelphia Vireos. At least some of them must have remained but all the birds that I have followed up lately have proved to be Red-eyes.

Photographing

A visit to
three different
nests

Cape May
Warblers

Philadelphia
Vireos

1896

May 21

(No 2)

Early this morning I found a Cat-bird in a thicket of raspberry & elder bushes by the roadside in the Brown Cherry. It was silent, listless & tame appearing to be tired as if it had only just arrived which, indeed, must have been the case as I have passed the place every morning for the past three days.

In the same thicket I saw a male Indigo Bird to-day. There was one chirping in the White Pasture yesterday.

Indigo

Birds

My Savanna Sparrow's nest in Ballside meadow had two eggs this afternoon. The male sings within from 20 to 60 yards of this nest. There are in all three pairs - or at least three males - in this meadow.

Savanna

Sparrows

In the afternoon we tried to photograph a Pheasant which Watson caught in the Vesperal spring & brought in yesterday. It proved a difficult task for the light was poor & the bird proved as stubborn as a mule rearing off steadily when a big hand with a stick for a moment on the ground and when driven up a tree making a threatening his tail waving nervously, starting to climb a little higher just after I had focused him and was about to expose the plate. I got on a two fair exposures, however.

Photograph

Pheasant

Apple trees in full bloom to-day and the foliage in the woods growing rapidly denser.

Apple trees

in bloom

Saw a Red-start beginning her nest this morning literally laying the first strands - in the fork of a maple in the woods east of Ballside.

Red-start

begin nest

Lake Umbagog.



Lake Umbagog.



1896

May 22

Lake Umbagog

Head of Lake

Pine Point

Arrived camp by rail 5 A.M. and left Newbury. Early afternoon clear & warm. A heavy thunder storm accompanied by a gale of wind from the N.W. on the late afternoon.

Jim Barrier opened the camp at Pine Point two days ago and Watson & I joined him this morning. On the way up the lake we saw two Redwings, a Great Blue Heron, two Crows, a tall Golden-eyed Duck and a great number of Killdeer. The last seemed to be pretty nearly distributed over the whole lake.

Despite the gloomy weather the woods on Pine Point seemed more beautiful than ever when we landed there at 7 A.M. Heavy snow covered the place before we arrived. I was eager to know what birds were found there. Before the storm reached the forest I heard a Winter Wren, only the third I have heard about the lake this year, burst into song close behind the camp. There were no Sparrows of any kind & no Bay Breasted or Black Throated Green Warblers. (The last seems to be a rare bird at Umbagog this year). I heard one Vireo, either a Red-eye or Philadelphia. After dinner Watson followed the wood road to Rapid River but saw nothing of much interest. He reported numbers of Warblers but he does not know them well enough to identify them.

During a walk which I took to Ogden's Point between 5 & 6 P.M.

1896

May 22
ms 2

Lake Umbagog

I added a number of species to the list just given. The shower had passed and the sky was perfectly cloudless while the sun, low in the west, sent a strong, clear light deep into the recesses of the woods, penetrating and illuminating places which in ordinary sunny weather the mist had fallen and the sun was unable to reach. The birds began to sing, and the whistling odors came from every side. I could walk along the leaf-strewn path without making the slightest noise. It was one of those rare & precious hours that come but a few times in a season even in this beautiful wilderness. How the birds sang and chirped and twittered! Probably every one of them that had a voice, good, bad or indifferent, was using it.

The woods were alive with Woodpeckers, Thrushes, White-throats etc.

Black-burnian Woodpeckers were the most numerous, Parula Woodpeckers next in number. I heard their song - Greeting singing between the camp & Duck Cove and saw a female, an unusually handsome male, at Osmond's company ground where a loose flock of ten or a dozen birds including a Wilson's Black-cap, a Canadian Woodpecker, two Redstarts, two Black-burnians, a Black & Yellow, a Yellow-rump, a White-throat and a Chickadee were feeding about, low down, feeding. They were so low down and in such a strong light that their varied and beautiful colors shone brightly, almost as if they were on a white background.

In the birch grove a pair of Great Flycatchers were quarreling & chirping furiously. From two or three places along the shore rose at short, regular intervals the quivering songs of as many Water Thrushes.

A Winter Wren sang well back in the woods. Swainson's Thrushes were out in great force calling & singing in every direction & fluttering in clouds of us among the thickets of young Osageons & Hemlocks.

In the distance I could hear Hardy's Woodpeckers, an American Flycatcher calling, and now & then the ringing song of a White-throated Sparrow. A Kingbird was seen above the woods, twittering

1896

May 28
(1896)

Lake Umbagog

During just as we reached the camp. During our walk I heard several cries one of which was certainly a Philadelphia and two or three Red eyes. The Philadelphia had a cold, thin voice & sound notes almost exactly like a Solitary but the intervals between the notes were wider than with either the Solitary or Red eye. I did not see the bird but it must have been a Philadelphia. There were also several Caperos or Golden crests & we saw many other birds but not many of them.

After tea at about 6.30 P.M. Watson & I went across the Lake and entered Bennett's Pond. We walked around the north side of the island and back by way of the Andersons & Richardson's Cove. The water was so high that the only land we saw was on the island. It took the first half of an hour to touch bottom on the Moon Point marshes.

We saw three Ducks (two Black Ducks, a pair, evidently, and a Solitary ♀ Gooseander, all flying) two very Black Bald Eagles one on the Eagle tree, the other on a stub on the island) several flocks of Mew and Gulls, four White-bellied Gulls, a ♀ Marsh Hawk & a Crow. A Cat. bird was in full song on the island and Song Sparrows were very numerous among the stubs hundreds of yards from any dry land but thought to say there were apparently no Swamp Sparrows. The most numerous of the singing birds were the Water Thrushes which literally swarmed especially along the north shore of Bennett's Pond where for a long distance were often singing within hearing of one another, they sang in quick succession so that one song immediately followed another. We heard among the stubs a Redwinged Blackbird, an Olive-back, and two Maryland Yellow-throats, and one Red-winged Blackbird.

Just as we were leaving the place a Thrush which was either a Gray check or a Pickwell's gave the night hawk a deep trill & then began singing keeping it up for 10 min. or more. It was very high pitched.

Singing at
Bennett's Pond

T. Lake Ducks
Gooseander.
Bald Eagles
Marsh Hawk
Cat. bird.
Song Sparrows

Water Thrush

Pickwell's Thrush

Pickwell's Thrush

1896

May 23

Clear with fresh N.W. wind

Lake Umbagog

I spent the forenoon at camp helping Jim make some alterations in the new birch canoe. A Yellow-bellied Flycatcher calling among the Hemlocks just above the landing. The woods all over the point alive with Warblers.

Exp. id. non

is also

with Warblers

Watson scoured the country to the eastward (where Mason logged several winters ago) and coming in at noon reported finding a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest and also the nest of a Downy Woodpecker. Immediately after dinner Jim and I accompanied him to these nests taking a long rope, axe, saw etc. The Nuthatch's nest was in a Balsam stick about 15 ft. above the ground. Watson sawed off the stick three, four just above the hole, over a little below it, and again below the nest which contained a set of six eggs so near hatching that it is doubtful if we can save them. The ♀ was sitting. She came out when we tapped hard on the stick & we did not see her again. There was much pitch about the hole.

Nest of

Canada

Woodpecker

The Downy's nest was about 30 ft. above the ground in a very cotton yellow Birch stick. Watson threw the rope across near the hole and attached both ends to sound trees. We then went out on the rope clinging by his hands until he reached the stick about which he wound his legs and cut out the hole at his leisure. The Woodpecker's hole birds kept flying to & fro alighting on the stick & entering the hole once or twice while W. was within a few yards of it. The nest contained a fine set of six nearly fresh eggs.

Nest of

Downy

We spent a good part of the afternoon repairing about over the rough logging roads which intersect this

1896

May 23

(No 2)

woods in every direction. The lumbermen were clear woods taking pretty nearly all the balsams, Spruces & cedar vines but leaving the Hardwood trees. Among the last are some of the largest and finest Paper & Yellow birches that I have ever seen. One Paper birch which I photographed was fully two feet in diameter over the base and upwards of 80 ft. in height.

Despite the almost total absence of large conifers excepting a few hemlocks the country which on Grand was chiefly becoming little birds, chiefly Wrens among which the Bay Breasts and Black-throats are most numerous. There are also a number of Winter Wrens and on Grand an Golden-crowned Wren and a few more Cape May Wrens. Black-throated Blue Wrenblers were common and Black & Yellow Wrenblers abundant. There were also a good many Black-throated Green Wrenblers and Audubon Wrenblers. Woodpeckers were numerous but most of them were the Yellow-bellied. Sparrows were scarce. The few were found on a large White-throated. Now & then a few on White-bellied Flycatchers & on a large White-throated. When by birds we found a Great Crested Flycatcher the first I have seen this year & one of the richest I ever met with. Altogether the afternoon's experience reminded me of the good old times at the Lake House. It is certainly twenty years since I have seen & heard such a number & variety of "Canadian" birds within an equal area. They were as numerous every where over hundreds of acres as small birds are in Massachusetts during some unusual bird year and in the most favored places. I have not named half the species in song.

We found the most remarkable specimen of the Pileated Woodpecker's hole in the latter half of the trunk that I have ever seen. I photographed it & mean to take the Pileated later.

conspicuous
brought by
lumbermen
in loads of
some of them

A bird
Harsh
small birds
especially
Wrenblers, in
great numbers
I think

Stub worked
at by Log books
now in my
museum.

Lake Umbagog.





1896

May 24

Early morning slightly hazy but sunny, warm and clear. Afternoon cloudy with fresh S. E. wind.

5.30 P.M.

We breakfast at 6 o'clock here. The woods rang with bird songs as we sat, at table in the open camp this morning for Swainson's Thrushes, a Winter Wren, numerous Black-burnian and Parula Warblers, two or three Bay-Breasted, a Black-throated Green, a Yellow-rump, ^{a Water Thrush,} two Red-eyed Vireos & a Yellow-bellied Flycatcher were flitting about in the birches above the camp. Half an hour later I walked to Oporo's camping ground, in the tall birches near the point a Philadelphia Vireo was giving a lively breakfast. It was a very yellow specimen, silent & slow & listless of movement - keeping fifty feet or more above the ground.

Deer were using our paths freely. I saw perfectly fresh tracks in several places within fifty yards of our camp. Soon after returning from this walk I heard a Robin & a Pine Siskin and found a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest in a paper brick shed on the edge of the little spring at the west end of the point. The ♀ was sitting but she came out when I rapped at her door. I spent a good part of the remainder of the day watching this nest with great interest & some profit. With regularly at intervals varying from 10 to 20 minutes the ♂ came to it with a bill full of insects - large, gray-winged Diptera they looked like. He always alighted at exactly the same spot a little below & to the right of the hole - invariably, just after getting his foothold, called ^{chuck} ~~chuck~~ ^{chuck} (a note new to me) in low but incisive tones. Usually the bill of the ♀ would appear at the opening (I could see nothing but her bill) and after ^{thrusting} ~~feeding~~ the food into it the male would fly off in silence for a fresh supply.

Pine Point

Philadelphia
Vireo
morning

Philadelphia
Vireo

Deer

Canada
Nuthatch



Long

1896

May 25

Cloudless, the early morning calm, the remainder of day with fresh S.E. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I made two photographs on the hemlock knoll, one of a Huckle Bush in full bloom on the left of the path, the other of the two boulders between which the path passes. While at work I heard great numbers of birds, among them two Song-Sparrows, a Winter Wren and very many Black-burnians. A pair of Juncos hopping about nimbly in the opening which we shared last year the Partridge descending not on the old descending log but about fifty yards from it in the dense woods at the foot of the hemlock-covered slope to the eastward.

The rest of the forenoon was devoted to the Nuthatch's nest found yesterday at the end of our point. Jim had put up a board on the side of a birch about 2 ft. from the hole and on this board I adjusted my camera and snapped at the male Nuthatch when he came with food for his mate. I made six or eight exposures with fair success but I should have done better had the board been placed 5 or 10 feet from the hole for the bird was never quite still and I could not give time enough to get clearness of definition and firmness of outline. This was proved by the fact that all the impressions of the bird are rather thin and a trifle vague which shows of ~~them~~ ^{white} blurred outlines whereas the ~~dark~~ ^{white} took perfectly. I got one picture of the ♀ as she was clinging to the tree just before entering the hole. This was a difficult task for the bird flew in, without so much as touching her feet to the edge of the hole. The ♂ fed her at intervals of from 15 to 30 minutes and once every fifteen minutes. He usually brought what looked like small larvae held lengthwise in his bill. Pretty, interesting little creatures these Canada Nuthatches!

1896

May 25
(No 2)

Shortly after dinner Watson & I started out in the big boat. There was much wind and a heavy sea on the middle lake so we rounded the point and took the south-east shore of North Arm penetrating deep into the cove, dropping ash the flats that showed Woodcock's or other holes, landing on some of the points & islands to look for Black Ducks' nests ~~and~~ in those following the old custom and leaving in my own mind many of the old days when, with Alva Cookidge, I have hunted these same shores and, no doubt, rapped on the very same flats and looked suspiciously at the same Woodcock holes, as well preserved now as then, perhaps, for in the dry ash & maple stubs I believe they will last half a century at the least.

In Brandy Cove we saw a Pileated Woodpecker and a ♀ Goshawk but winter was obliging enough to betray the position of its nest. It was so windy that the smaller birds sang but with but we heard Yellow-throats on all the points & ~~heard~~ everywhere a few of the other warblers which had been including our Bay-Breast. We also both saw and heard a Wood Pewee - perched on the top of a tall tree - as well as several Olive-sided Flycatchers.

Spotted Sandpeppers were unsparingly numerous in the cove & on the points all along the shores. We saw at least 5 or 10 but could discover no nests nor, indeed, any suitable places for them.

We reached Rapid River at 4.30 too late to walk more than a brief inspection of the forest of tall, green trees which still line the shores near the mouth of this stream. There were very many birds here - a pair of Ospreys, a young Bald Eagle, a pair of Black Ducks, a pair of Herring Gulls, a Cowbird Grackle, a single Red wing & one pair only of White-bellied Swallows with the usual abundance of small

Nest hunting

along the

shores of the

lakes & in

Woodcock holes

last indefinitely

Pileated W.

Goshawk

Wood Pewee

Olive-sided F.

Spotted

Sandpeppers

Rapid River

Ospreys

Bald Eagle

Black Ducks

Herring Gulls

Cowbird Grackle

Red wing

White-bellied Swallows

1896

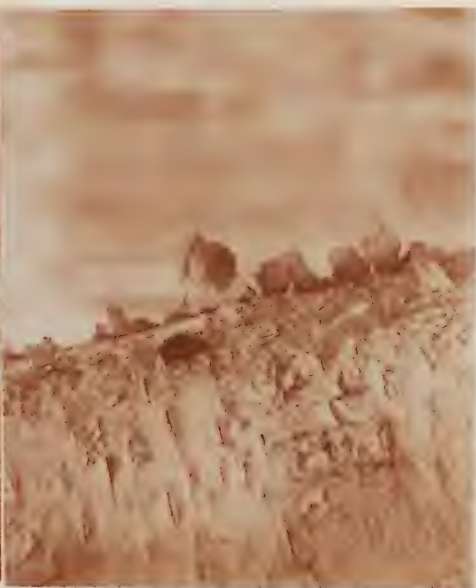
May 25

(Wed)

Stomach full, white-tailed yellow warbler, two Kingbirds, a
 small flock of Cedar Birds, a Broad-winged Hawk etc.
 We found only one occupied nest, that of a Nuthatch, it
 was in a small shrub standing several yards outside the
 woods in water two or three feet deep. There was a little
 fresh pitch just below the hole from which some of the
 nesting material protruded. The ♀ was at the hole at
 work either on this material or at the pitch when we first
 found the nest. But she flew to another shrub soon afterwards
 & joined her mate there.

Charlie Liddell who is with the rain gauge & old Kitz
 called on us this morning. He says that in passing back he
 has collected his first ever the young among the hummocks back
 of the lake then just this night having it all night
 at entrance. Jim & he heard one twice on Pine Point before
 the subject came up. Jim thought it was very near the
 camp. I was sitting inside & missed it, much to my
 chagrin.

The Black flies & mosquitoes are already on the war path &
 increasing from day to day but as yet they do not trouble
 us seriously. Tickles are going out of bloom but the White
 Birch do not seem to have as yet lost a lot of their
 honey blossoms.



Eschsch. Ombrage.



1896

May 26

Lake Umbagog.

Cloudy with fresh S. E. wind and light showers in the forenoon clearing a little before sunset.

Watrous and Jim went down the Lake this morning, the former to get two Savanna Sparrows' nests in the meadow between Lakeside Hotel & the Lake, nests found by us last week, one by me, empty but finished, May 15, having two eggs May 21, the other by Watrous empty but finished May 14 with three eggs May 21. To-day Watrous took my nest with 4 eggs, his nest with 5 eggs both sets being slightly incubated & evidently complete. He searched a good deal for fresh nests and found one in the Lakeside meadow empty but apparently finished. He reports ten Barn Swallows' nests (all new but empty) in a row on a beam in the Steamer Boat house. He also went through the Woodcock ground on the Sargent farm & finished down birds, three being together from one place.

nest of
Sparrow.

nest of
Barn Swallow
in boat house.

I spent the day at camp writing. I had no lack of company for the birds and animals were all about me. A Governor's Thrush after inspecting our fire place hopped across the stone flapping between it and the camp, passing within 8 ft. of me.

nest of
Governor's Thrush

Later in the afternoon I sailed down the Lake to visit our returning boat.

I see Hairy Gulls daily flying about over the Lake or sitting on rocks or floating logs. He also was seen at evening

Hairy Gull

1896.

May 27

Lake Umbagog.

Clear, the air wholly free from haze, a violent W. wind blowing in
fifteen gusts and raising a heavy sea on the lake.

Natrons and I started off in the big boat immediately after
breakfast rowing across to Richardson's Cove and thence following the
shore southward as far as the narrows entering every little cove and
pounding on every flat that there had a hole of any size or kind. In
the flats we found two Downy Woodpeckers' nests and two Tree Swallows
from which the birds came out when we rapped at their doors
but none of which we disturbed. We also found a Song Sparrow's nest
on the island in Black Island Cove, pretty hidden under some
driftwood & containing three eggs.

In the cove just south of my old camping ground near the two
tall pines we saw upon a Black Duck which had apparently just
come out from a little island & which acted very suspiciously
allowing us to come within gunshot & then flying slowly around us
within twenty yards. We could find no nest, however, although we
searched the island and the neighboring shores of the mainland
very thoroughly.

Near this island a pair of Ospreys, a pair of Purple Herons, &
a number of Loons, Ears & Tree Swallows were flying about and an
Oliv.-billed Flycatcher coming from a tall flat.

All along the shores, especially on the points and on every little
island we started Spotted Sandpipers singly or in pairs. They behaved
as if they had nests but we harassed vainly for the latter.

Charlie Lidswell reported having a Wood Duck fly from the top of a
flat as the deer was passing close in there just above the narrows
but although flats & half dried trees are numerous there we found
no very good-looking holes & could find nothing resembling a
Duck. We landed on Mattabois Island where we found one of the
Swallow's nests & saw Song Sparrows, Yellow-rumps & a Water Thrush.

1896

May 27

(No 2)

At about 8 o'clock this evening as we were sitting in front of the fire a loud, startling ow, ow came from the dense evergreen woods directly behind the camp. Jim said at first that it was an Owl but when a moment later we heard the snapping of dead sticks & the foot-fall of some apparently heavy animal he pronounced it to be a Hedgehog (Porcupine). The creature passed close by down towards the point calling ow at short intervals and then changing its voice and increasing the volume until it produced a succession of really loud and exceedingly human-like howls. All this was exciting enough for neither Watson nor I could believe that a Hedgehog could make so much noise. This impression was momentarily strengthened when, a little later, provided with a gun and a lantern we entered the woods and following up the sound started on a hunt that, in the dim light, looked as big as a hunt for a bear and bounded off along the path nearly as fast as a man can run striking the ground with a succession of quick, loud thumps. But after we had chased it a few rods it took to a tree - a large hemlock - and climbing up his eight feet stopped when, bringing the lantern to bear, we found that Jim was right for, clinging to the rough bark, was a Hedgehog of the largest size with every quill erect. He had an unusually formidable equipment of them and the short, flat tail bristled up threateningly from his back. Presently he moved higher by short flings, not without effort, climbing or jumping up much after the manner of a monkey, stopping every few feet to rest and snuffling loudly as if the exertion exhausted him. His howls also called loudly on the back. He left him in the tree but an hour later he began gnawing at a small tree which had contained another & which lay against the wall of the camp. He kept to work at this all night to our no small discomfort for no one was able to sleep much. By morning he had gnawed away one whole side

1896

May 27

(No 3)

of the tub. I was interested to find on the ground beside it several of his smaller quills showing that they must be very easily and frequently detached. He did not call again during the night.

During the chase of the Hedgehog we started a Rabbit which, on our return, we found sitting up on its hind legs in the path. He stopped, when, almost immediately, and with no apparent fear but evidently impelled by a burning curiosity, the ordinarily timid animal came hopping towards us approaching within a yard of the light. It was in summer pelage but with a good deal of white about the ears.

My dog
attracted by
a jack-light.

Soon after this the Saw-whet Owl at Wood's Rock began hooting and kept it up without the slightest cessation for two or three minutes. We could hear him distinctly but faintly although the distance is nearly if not quite $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The air, of course, was perfectly still at the time. The call reminded me of that of *Glaucopteryx* (the *Keen-eyed Owl*) but it was more metallic in quality and infinitely more prolonged - that is to say there were very many more repetitions of the note probably over 100 for they were given at the rate of about four every five seconds. I am now conscious of having heard this sound nearly every evening since we came here but of having mistaken it for that of the grating of the metallic drop, and for very faring cannon. Indeed when heard at this distance it very closely resembles the clanging of a piece of tin against other metal.

Acadian

Owl

"Saw-whetling"

1896

May 28

Lake Umbagog.

Cloudless and warm, the storm had calmed, a mile S. E. wind and gathering clouds in the afternoon followed by heavy rain in the evening & through the night.

We breakfasted at 8 A.M. and immediately afterwards started off on the Ball, Jim & Watson in the large boat, I in the rowing canoe. We landed first in Glasgow Cove and went to a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker's nest in a hardwood forest on the crest of the ridge near Chase's camp. The nest was in a dead snag of a living rock maple at a height of about 40 ft.

It contained five slightly incubated eggs which we took with the stump. I photographed the tree, a rock on which grew a fine yellow birch, a large dead hemlock riddled with the winter holes made by Pileated Woodpeckers and east of all the orchard of the lumber camp. The woods were exquisitely beautiful with the early morning sunlight streaming through openings in the foliage which, with most of the trees, is now fully out. There were the usual birds, Black-burnian, Bay-breasted, Black & Yellow, Parula, and Canadian Warblers, a Black-throated Green, Redstarts, Yellow-bellied & Hairy Woodpeckers, Pinnipeds, Red-eyed Vireos, Water Thrushes, a Winter Wren, Canada Goldfinches &c.

nest of
a Yellow-bellied

Woodland
birds.

We then crossed the Ball to very old stump ground on the point south of Wall's Rock where Watson & I found a Hairy Woodpecker's nest yesterday in a paper birch stub on the water's edge and not ten feet high. It was a fine chance for a photograph for the birds would alight on the stub and try to enter the hole. I saw several Warblers for a few minutes. Ray took four plates & got two very good negatives both, I think, of the Hairy Woodpecker although I made one snap at the perch.

nest of
Hairy

1896

May 28
(Wed.)

Lake Umbagog

In the afternoon Wetmore and I had a look around Raspberry and nearby to B. Brook Cove spending about two hours and finding Bells just before the rain came. We found no nests excepting where we found two the nest of a Chickadee in the fork of a frostbitten paper bush I distinctly made after the tree had fallen. With a twig we turned out some of the nest material but we saw no birds near.

Swallows of three or four species were common along the shores & there were a few small ones also. I heard one Broad-winged Hawk & one Pied-billed Grebe a rather rare bird here this season.

Spotted Sandpeps were amazingly abundant all around the Bells. Not a single one on island but here at least one pair and they fly out of the bushes all along the shores as we approach. but we cannot find their nests. How common of them & their progeny in late summer & early autumn?

Near the Mossy Rock Spring in the large hummocks I heard the Saw-whet Owl this forenoon at a little before eleven, the hole dark calm, the sun shining brightly at the time. He filed his saw incessantly for a little more than a minute uttering regularly 4 notes every 5 seconds. I was perhaps 200 yards from there at the time. At this distance his voice sounded precisely as when heard at camp last evening but it was louder of course & perhaps still more variable in quality. Jim says that this Owl often calls by day & he has heard

Spotted
SandpiperAcadian Owl
Saw-whetting
at midday

Large Timberline



1896

May 29

Lake Umbagog.

1 in. on

A dull rainy day clearing at sunset.

I spent most of the day about Camp Guts Lake in the afternoon took a short walk with Watsons, going to Osprey's Camp ground and back. On the way over I found a Brown Creeper's nest, ~~under~~ ^{under} a scale of bark on a small balsam tree about 30 yards from the lake. The ♀ was hard at work taking strips of the inner bark from an cotton tail which stood only a yard or two from the tree. She took only one at a time but they were all large pieces (4 to 6 inches long). She had a good deal of difficulty in getting them in under her bark roof and after struggling for an moment with an especially heavy piece she dropped it. She repeatedly made at least one trip each minute. I think she was laying the foundation for the nest but I did not dare examine it.

The male kept close by her the whole time flying with her back & forth between the two trees but not offering to help her so far as I could see. Both birds eyed me suspiciously & I should not be surprised if they deserted this nest.

It is strange that I have not heard the ♂ singing on the point. The Brown Creeper is apparently one of the rarest birds in this region this season.

I also found a nest of the Yellow-rump Warbler which was only just begun, happening to be the ♀ fly to it with some material. It was singularly placed - at least 40 ft. above the ground in a paper birch at a point where two short branches left the main stem. The crevice was deep enough to hold a Hawk's nest. I should not have looked for the nest of any small bird - except a Robin - in such a situation.

Watsons this morning saw a ♀ Bay. Weasel at work on a nest in the Mason digging woods & found a White-throated Sparrow with 4 fresh eggs near the end of Osprey's Point by the side of a foot path.

1896

May 30

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

Early morning clear, calm, warm & in every way perfect. At 9 a.m. a S. E. breeze sprang up and through the remainder of the day showers - some of them accompanied by thunder and heavy squalls of wind from every quarter - came at frequent intervals.

I spent the early morning - i.e. from 5.30 to 8 a.m. - in the Pine Point woods watching Boy-breasted & Black-throated Warblers in the hope of tracing some of the females to their nests but without success. For some unaccountable reason the Warblers generally were not singing much but the Winter Wrens were at their best. For nearly half an hour I had two singing within a few rods of me, one on either side and one beginning just after the other stopped. They briefly flooded the woods with their rare notes. As I stood listening, thrilled by the wonderfully loud, clear notes as they flowed on, now smoothly and rapidly, now halting or quivering a little, I doubted if, after all, North America possesses a finer little bird musician than the Winter Wren. provided he be heard in the depths of one of those northern forests where the air is perfectly still & the distance not over twenty yards away. Certainly it is the most satisfying song we have.

The Yellow Warbler's nest in the fork of the tree just back of Agard's camp - ground had surely doubled in size when I visited it this morning. I watched it about ten minutes during which the I came to it three times with building material. She remained in the nest an unusually long time turning around & working with her bill.

In the birch grove on this point at least two pairs of Empidonax minimus are settled for the season. I have not found this species elsewhere about this end of the Lake.

1896
May 30
(No 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Watrous came in at noon and reported having found three nests of the Canadian Warbler, all on moss-covered rocks, two empty & only partially finished in the mossy logging woods, the third with either four or five eggs on a big boulder near the place where the path to Osgood's Camp leaves the main path to the Lake Inn. I photographed this rock nest entrance as a typical nesting place for the Canadian Warbler.

Watrous had also found a Water Thrush's nest with five eggs in a root bank near our spring. I sent him to take it this morning without visiting it myself. The eggs proved to be slightly incubated.

In the afternoon Watrous & I rowed over to Leonard's Pond. We landed first on the island where W. found two Water Thrushes' nests with, respectively, 4 eggs slightly incubated & 5 eggs far advanced, a Chickadee's with a lot of very beautiful eggs were hatching, two Song Sparrows' nests (in root banks) with eggs & an empty Robin's nest. We then crossed to the northern shore of the water channel where he found a nest of White-throated Sparrows with four very cold eggs almost as green as Parakeets & with comparatively few insect coverings.

I had my hands full photographing the Water Thrushes' nests. One was in a large earth bank under sand behind a curtain of earth & fine roots. Of this I made two photographs. The ♀ was very nervous & fussy chirping & calling up her mate the first thing. She would not go on the nest when the camera was near it but kept running rapidly around the bank and the camera examining the latter as well as the Gull of my rubber tube which lay several yards off with evident distrust. When started from the nest she would regularly run six or eight yards crouching close to the ground & moving with a slow gliding motion spreading her tail & half spreading & grinning her

May 30
Canadian
Warbler

Water
Thrush

Leonard's P.

Island of

Water Thrush

May 30

White-throated

Sparrow

Photographing

Water Thrush

May 30

1896

May 30
(Sat)

evening, sometimes turning back & gliding past me or just under the
nest, making no sound, ^{not lifting} always behaving thus but frequently flying
up to some branch or root to settle & chirp. The bird's throat
was very large & very yellow beneath. This was the first
with 5 eggs. The back was of chest, fresh sandy brown with no
mottling. The nest was very bulky & extremely composed of
of these moss.

Linnæa at Ford

Therapsid group

H. H. H.

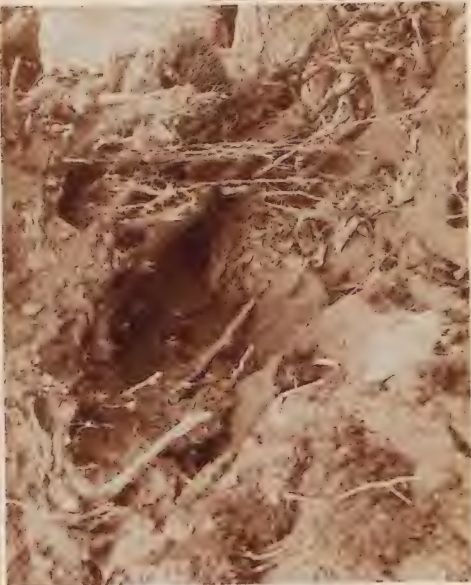
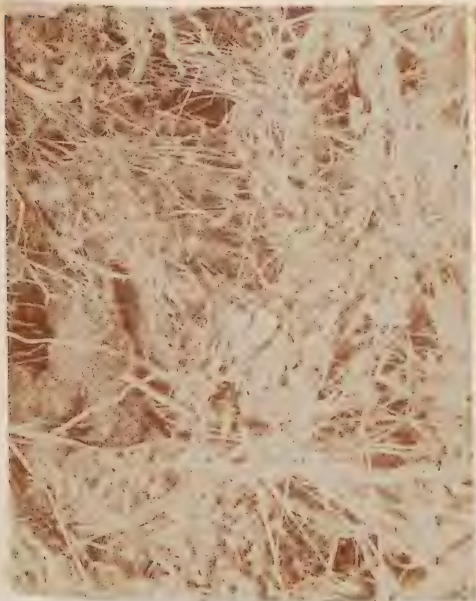
The other nest & its owner were wholly different. The nest was
in the open, vertical face of a bank & very old with some roots
which I should have said which was densely covered with mosses
and various small plants & grasses. The entrance to the nest was
a hole of flat, narrow but very wide horizontally. The bird
when startled merely ran off ^{dropped to} quickly on the ground and then
quickly off under some fallen bark and then hopping flying
up to a low branch or root tilted and watched me in silence &
apparently without apprehension. He did not even chirp and during
the whole time that I was busy with her nest he was sitting
in blissful ignorance of his partner's danger. After a few minutes
glance away. If I stood quietly for a minute or two the ♀ would
light at the base of the bank and running quickly up its slightly
sloping face would peep in for a moment and then entering with down
to her took first arranging the eggs beneath her by moving them with
her legs or feet keeping her body from side to side the while. She did
not seem to mind or even notice my camera when it was held
up within a yard of her. I saw her, possibly with another eye
under the other than described.

I also photographed the nest - but not getting a fine picture.

Killed a Great Crested Flycatcher in the Flats on the island.

Great Crested

Flycatcher.



1896

May 31

Forenoon stormy, Afternoon clearing with alternating showers and
 bursts of sunshine. Wind S. E. to S. W.

We all spent the forenoon at camp and my writing kept
 me there most of the afternoon but Watson & Jim rowed
 down to the Gibbs (formerly Haywood) farm just below the narrows
 in quest of descriptions. Watson brought back twelve beautiful sets
 of Barn Swallows eggs, eleven of 4 eggs each, one of 5 eggs. One set was
 perfectly fresh, another well advanced in incubation, the rest incubated
 from one to four or five days. He counted eighty nests on the barn
 and examined a number which he did not count. In a few ^{of the} better
 the birds had laid only 2 or 3 eggs, in a few others ten eggs were
 far advanced.

There were about a dozen pairs of Martins nesting in a box placed
 on a lot of stumps on the roof of a shed. He looked into the
 holes but could see no eggs. The nests were made of straw & green
 leaves. The old birds were bringing nesting material.

Barn Swallows in numbers were also flying into & from the barn
 but Watson did not look for their nests.

Mrs. Gibbs gave him permission to take as many eggs as he
 chose expressing entire indifference about them. He found that
 some one from Boston took a number of Martin's eggs last year.
 The existence of this large colony of Swallows at the Gibbs place
 accounts for the presence at this end of the flock of the
 Martins, Barn Swallows & Bank Swallows that I see daily.
 I have not yet found, however, where the Bank Swallows
 which accompany them are nesting.

Later in the afternoon I sailed over to Head's Rock
 in the hope of hearing the Acadia Owl. He was silent then
 but at 7 P. M. we heard him distinctly at our camp.

Watson's birds

a colony of

Barn Swallows

and brings

back twelve

sets of eggs

one of 5 eggs

the rest incubated

from one to four

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noon I sailed over

to Head's Rock in

the hope of hearing

the Acadia Owl. He

was silent then but

at 7 P. M. we heard

him distinctly at

our camp.

1896

June 1

Lake Umbagog.

Somers Pond

A clearing day with frequent showers accompanied by violent squalls from the north-west and many intervals of bright sunshine.

We breakfasted at 8.30 this morning and immediately afterwards started for Somers Pond, Watsons in the small rowing boat, in the new boating course. On reaching the southern outlet of the pond I put up my tripod in the hope of getting a photograph of a large Brown Eagle which was sitting most clearly, with its back against the sky on one of the lateral branches of the tall dead pine on which these birds perch so frequently. But before I could get the camera adjusted the Eagle spread his great wings and took for a moment looking intently in my direction. I supposed, of course, that I had excited his suspicions and that when he took flight the next instant he came nearly towards me passing me within 40 yards and gliding on the wings down a long, gentle incline to the surface of the pond on reaching which he dropped his legs and plunged both feet into the water. This motion, as well as the flight from the pine, was performed in so very calmly a manner that I thought for the moment that he had stooped at a dead fish floating on the surface but just after he had drawn up his feet upright and passed a few yards further on a large Shrike stuck himself nearly clear of the surface at nearly the same spot where the eagle had struck. Instantly the great bird wheeled & came back; once more he dropped his legs and this time drew out the sleek writhing body in the strong current. The bird's feet were scarcely submerged he rapidly rose the thing done. He flew off with the fish held beneath him at the full length of his legs, just as a loon does, & looking at the surface again as one to call

Bald Eagle

catches a

large fish

1896

June 1
(No 2)

Canada's Pond

I next Canvassed on the island and photographed the two Water Thrushes' nests. The results have not proved very satisfactory for the nests were in such deep shade under the Canes that I could not bring them out without overexposing the rest of the plate.

On May 3rd we saw a pair of Golden-eyes flying about over Canada's Pond on the lake, I think making a very loud - like sound - shorter & flatter than the quack of a Black Duck but still not unlike it. It was qua-quu-quu-quu or cā-cā-cā-cā uttered very rapidly. This morning Wetters found what is doubtless their nest about 15 ft. above the ground on a rather vertical (4 ft. high) branch the nest was the top of a large red maple that to which the bark is still clinging & beside which a young, living maple apparently - sprout from the roots of the old tree, makes a convenient ladder to the nest. The large tree is split off at the top & there is a ragged cleft or crevice 4 to 6 inches wide in its face. In this crevice on a level with its base is the nest containing 10 eggs which are crowded into tightly so that it proved difficult to extract one & all according to Wetters found directly in row. They were completely hatched & covered with down a quantity of which flows at the opening. Wetters saw the ♀ Golden-eye flying away from the tree as he approached & that he is not here she came out of the hole. The male afterwards crawled over the tree.

Note of a
Whistler

was a Savannah Sparrow singing on the island this morning & at least three Thrills & 4 Catbirds about the shores of the pond.

Savannah
Sparrow

After finishing with the Water Thrushes I sailed over to my old camp ground near Moll's Rock & took two pictures of the ♂ Downy. The young have hatched for the ♂ & ♀ in some place in the old field.

Downy W.
feeding young

Lake Umbagog.



1896

June 2

Went very early this morning to the lake with no rain - a fine day, cloudy most of the time.

Waters and I spent the entire morning on the hill at the western end of the Mason Lopping woods searching chiefly for nests of the Blackburnian & Bay-Breasted Warblers. Both species were very numerous. We heard at least five Bay-Breasts singing within an area of half a mile or more and then of them were within an area of two acres and over within 20 yds. of one another. We found and took a fine nest of 4 fresh eggs of the Blackburnian but unless one of the three new but empty Warblers' nests which we discovered proves to be a Bay-Breast we had no success with that species (One a Blackburnian, taken with 4 eggs June 6, another a Bay-Breast, with 5 eggs, June 7)

We found the Blackburnian's nest by watching the ♀. We had probably disturbed her by walking down of the trees nearby but when we first saw her she was feeding. In about ten minutes she went directly to the nest and remained in it for twenty minutes or more while Waters had gone for camp for his climbing vines. The nest was on the "blind" branch of a slender young spruce which was growing up through a large rock crevice. It (the nest) was easily seen from the ground beneath looking very like a Clifffop. Waters took the eggs & found 3 of the female with the nest.

We also followed a Golden-crowned Kinglet to her nest which was very similarly placed only it was hung beneath the branch instead of being on it like the Blackburnian. The tree was also a young & slender spruce. Both nests were about 30 ft. above the ground. The ♀ Kinglet was very close. The nest was full of eggs & newly hatched young Waters said. He could not have seen it & he had vainly to count the eggs & young by touch. He thought there were 9 or 10 of both.

1870

Lake Umbagog.

Leonards Pond

Near of
Hushe

After supper we went down to the shore to see the
eggs all of which were standing on end, doubtless to see how far
they were carried together to light by heat it was supposed to
be from the first fire. They were all cold and as fresh as milk
about half an hour after about 2 was with the fishery
house beyond Leonard's Pond in the morning. Long
the Megalloway. It was apparently 200 to 300 yrs. off.

Hudson's
"Haw-Whistling"

I also heard what sounded like the squeal of a White-necked Stomach
in the same forested thicket when we were coming & hanging on the
evening of May 22.

Swainson's Thrushes have been numerous ever since we came to Pine Point. (May 21) and I believe that on that date the local birds had
about all arrived and settled in their breeding stations. But
up to the day they have been very silent calling but little and
singing so very little that as a rule I have heard only two
or three songs (not trills) each day and then about one song in
the early morning & late evening. On day, however, I heard them in
four birds singing freely.

Timbering



Timber

L. J.

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1896

June 3

Lake Umbagog.

Cloudless, early morning calm, - fresh W. wind during remainder of day.

We breakfast regularly now at 7.30 A.M. & then go on early boat. This morning Nature took us to a nest of *Ammodramus* *caeruleus* which he found building May 24. It had four eggs to lay & the female sitting. She was very tame allowing me to get up very close within four feet of the nest and when started off remaining within a few minutes of leaving her track. The nest was in *Sparganium* *angustifolium* - a hillside in a hollow surrounded by fallen *Sparganium* tops, heavily shaded by big hemlocks & filled with a bank growth of grass. I got several fine pictures of the nest & sitting bird.

Returning to camp I visited & photographed a pair's nest with 4 eggs built in the *Hypericum* - a hillside near the early station near of a big boulder near the Duck Cove and the White-throated Sparrows' nest on the point near *Asperula* camp ground. The female took the eggs from the latter May 30 substituting for them four eggs of a Song Sparrow three of which had hatched since then. The White-throated came about changing respectively. She must have been surprised to find out how long after sitting, only four days. Probably the time was now shorter for the young appeared to her by a two old than young.

At least two pairs of *Ammodramus* *caeruleus* are breeding in the birch grove near the Sparrows' nest. They have been there since our arrival & are doubtless better for the summer. I do not find this *Thryothorus* *trichothorus* about the head of the brook except at Bennett's Pond where I heard one this morning when I was taking the lot of Golden-eyed Duck's eggs. These eggs, by the way, have to be incubated in incubator but they are old when taken - the embryos dead & partially decomposed.

The Saw. what fish only a few this morning

1896

D. caeruleus

nest of

T. ca.

White-throated

Sparrows' nest

Song Sparrows

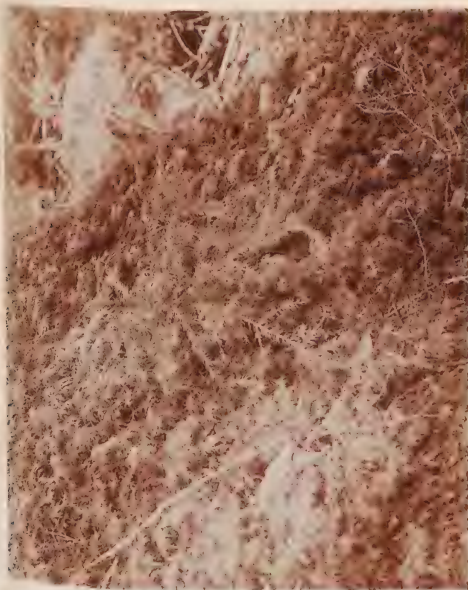
eggs hatched

for her own

Ammodramus

Acadian Owl

Lake Umbagog.



1896

June 4

Clear, the entire morning dead calm, a fresh N.W. breeze in the afternoon.

Nothing took me to another nest of *H. thersites*. This morning I had a chance to get within ten rods of the first *H. thersites* nest not far from the latter. I photographed the nest but the bird was too shy to allow me to take a very close shot. I also took a hand picture of the tree in which the *H. thersites* birds were seen to be working.

We then returned on steps to the Kiosk by the big building where the Blackburnian's Bay. Several *H. thersites* were seen. Here we spent the remainder of the forenoon looking and observing (and collecting) much for nests founding birds of this sort. Our hope in the hope of locating the nesting birds. This plan failed utterly. We afterwards learned by actual experiment that these workers will not leave their nests ^{when} the bird is in which they are placed or perched. I found for a while not find a single nest of any kind. There were at least a dozen Bay. Birds and a few greater number of *H. thersites* flying in this place within an area of eight or ten acres.

In the afternoon I paddled across the Bay and took two photographs of the Flats which contained the *H. thersites* nest and several more of the other birds' nests with the eggs in the island in Bennett's Pond. The mosquitoes were so numerous & large that I had to resort to the tar to keep them at bay. They are now making photography a trying occupation.

As soon as my work was finished here I visited the bank and crossing the Channel from this small Pond to the Ball for Wilson's Camp ground but the wind threatening to fall I turned back before getting quite across and returned to

1896

June 4

(Sat 2)

Early in the afternoon I saw a Hooded Merganser and two
Hooded Mergansers and heard a Great Yellowlegs by observing among the
dark bushes on Wason Point. The water was then a few feet deep
except for many other trees & this bird must have been on the
floating drift wood.

At 9 P.M. as I was sitting in our open camp - saw about a dozen
flying in the light from within 60 yards or less of where I was sitting.
The air was perfectly still & I heard him to good advantage. There
was something as noisy as other similar quality to the notes & this
distance. They were chiefly too many whistling very similar in quality
to those of Hooded Merganser (the Hooded Merganser), but rather more
pittered and each with a "double-tongued" form - where dle - where dle
I should write them. Evidently the Hooded Merganser (flight at last) the
Hooded Merganser is lost when one is at all near the bird. When it
is very far away (as I have proved by direct comparison on
Hooded Merganser this season) its call is very similar to that
of Parkman's Eagle.

Last night at about ten o'clock a Hooded Merganser was seen
twice very near the camp. I have not heard a Grackle this
year.

Hooded Merganser

Hooded Merganser

Gr. Yellowlegs

Hooded Merganser

Hooded Merganser

Hooded Merganser

Hooded Merganser

Gr. Hooded "



1896

June 5

Leonard's Pond

Clear and very warm with light, variable winds.

I spent most of the forenoon at Leonard's Pond where I took
 eight photographs of the Water Thrush. At 11 a.m. her nest from which
 I started her every time. She is wonderfully wild and persistent under
 this almost constant persecution. Not once this morning did she creep
 for her mate or make any demonstrative whatever. I had no difficulty
 whatever in getting up my camera - formerly on the nest it was
 of three feet or more. Indeed when I wished to start her I usually
 had to shake the foreground cloth within a few inches of her face.
 When this would slip off, her body a few yards, feed for a
 moment or perhaps take a bath and within a minute or two,
 if I permitted it, walk boldly into her nest often passing directly
 under the canvas on her way. When I wished to get her to
 cross a certain selected spot of sunlight I had little difficulty
 in driving her over the nest place. She would often pause for
 a moment almost at my feet and look up at me with
 an expression of wonderment but without the slightest sign
 of fear. Poor, dear little creature! She has heard that
 my intentions, if somewhat of a mystery, are at least honorable,
 and she very well trusts me, too, for were her mate the only one
 that I have ever found or expected to find nothing would
 induce me to molest it now. Her four pretty eggs look as if
 they might hatch at any moment.

I also visited the Golden-eye's nest to make another photograph. Another nest
 As I was sitting motionless in the canoe, after having made a
 great deal of noise in getting it into the desired position, a ^{I heard the Whistling Jay} of the
 Golden-eye appeared but so got away flying ^{nearly to} Whistler found
 & then sailing again. It was evident that the canoe out of the top
 of a large hollow maple tree of which I also exposed a plate feeling
 sure that there must be a lot of eggs there.

7896

June 5

No. 2

Lake Umbagog.

Lower the Umbagog

In the afternoon we all went together in the large boat to
 Great Hill Pond. Grackles were numerous along the main banks
 and some Canada Warblers, Yellow Warblers & Wood Thrushes but
 no Kingbirds & no Crows over Kingston.

Just as we entered Great's Pond a Northern Flicker as I thought
 from the branches of a maple about 10 ft. above the water & flew
 off trailing. Unfortunately I saw none quite certain that it was
 actually in the tree but there was a little doubt that it was
 was the case.

Landings at the usual place on around the bridge in the pond
 having nothing by the way but one D. citreobaccus ^{antenna bird} and two or
 three Red-eyed Vireos. We had nearly reached the shore of the
 pond and I was thinking of going on ahead to look for waterfowl
 when Jim thoughtlessly rapped an old stub in which he saw
 a Woodchuck's hole. Instantly there was a great commotion out in
 the pond and looking through the bushes which fringed its
 margin I saw several Golden-eyes rising above the tops of the
 trees & swimming off. There was a lost opportunity. I am with
 doubt that they were all drakes who had deserted their sitting
 mates after the usual fashion of Drakes generally but had I
 got them in the water I could easily have killed this point
 with my glass. As it was I could not walk out the top
 of any one of them.

During the half hour which we spent at this remote little
 pond I noted down all the birds seen or heard. This is the list.
Larus delawarensis 1/2, Litta canadensis 1, Parus atricapillus 1,
Campoplex 2, semita 1/2, Dendroica coronata 1/2, D. blackburni 1/2,
D. virens 1/2, D. maculosa 1/2, Sylvia canadensis 1/2, Junco hyemalis 1/2,
S. melanocephala 1/2, Vireo gilvus 1/2, Empidonax griseus 1/2, Geothlypis trichas 1/2,
Cyanocitta stelleri 1, Agelaius phoeniceus 1, Glaucoma macularia 2, 17 fms.

Full list of
 birds found
 at
 Great Hill
 Pond

1896

June 5
(No 4)

Lake Umbagog.

Androscoggin River

We are way back to the bank we saw two more pairs (the male
and both birds looked like females but they were flying & I could not
tell) of Hooded Mergansers and a pair of Rusty Blackbirds the latter
among some tall young balsams growing on the north bank of the
Androscoggin a little below the mouth of the Megalloway.

Nearly opposite this spot on the south bank stands a large white
pine which has died within a year or two. As we were
passing this tree on our way down river we saw a Chimney
Swift enter a small, round hole (less large than a Kingbird
nest's hole) in the side of the trunk about 40 ft. above the
ground. The bird did not fly or flutter or drop into the hole
but alighting on its lower edge scolded in foreboding as a House
Swallow would have done. As we returned we topped the tree
with an oak & the Swift came out with a short darting off
and the noise & out of sight. I was most anxious to have the
tree cut open but the trunk was so large & the hole so thick
& hard that Watson pronounced it useless to try to climb
it, even with the aid of his climbing tools.

As we neared the bank I saw a Golden-eye fly from the hole
near the top of the very tall ash stub on which I shot my
first House Owl. Almost immediately afterwards two more streaks
of the same kind flew from stubs near the one just mentioned
but we did not accurately mark the starting point of either.
The hole in the tall stub was almost perfectly round & so
small that it seemed impossible for a bird to pass through it.
It was fully 60 ft. above the water & the tree was so long & thin
that it would have been folly to risk climbing it. All three
Golden-eyes left their nests when we were 100 yds. or more away
& making but little noise. The first bird doubtless passed the time
with her croaking but how did she hear our approach? And

1896

June 5

(185)

how can a Duck bring her young down from such a height & through such a hole unless in her bill? A native of Upton who once lived near the Narrows tells me that he saw a Goosander take her young from a nest in a stub near his house to the water & that she carried them over by one on her back.

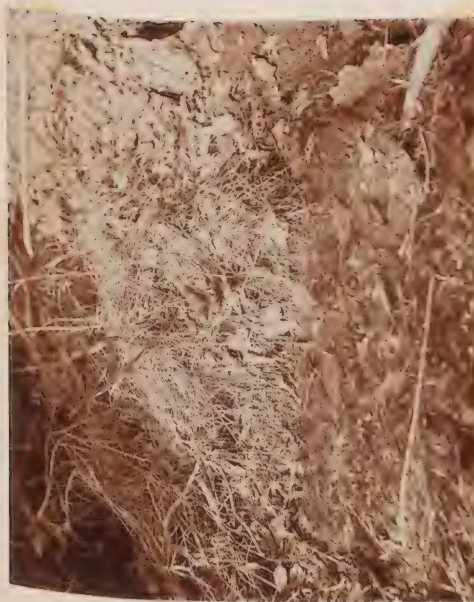
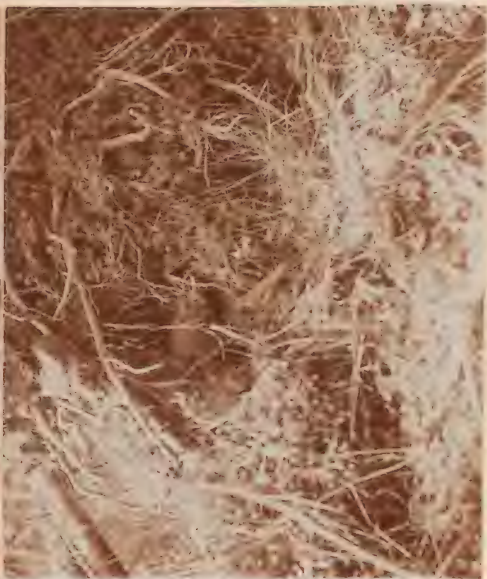
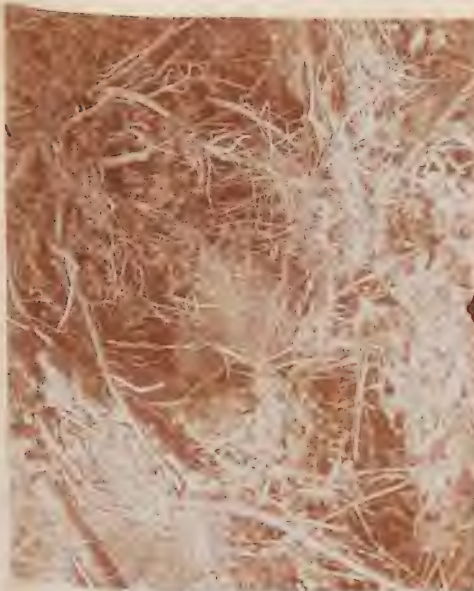
He further says that the young separately slipped off & that she recovered them by turning over on her side and catching beneath them. In one instance he saw this done three times during the conveyance of one of the young.

When we reached the grove of stubs near Brewer's Pond we turned into them & went to the Golden-eye's nest which I found this morning. Watrous climbed to the top of the stub which is only about 12 ft. high and looking in saw eggs about 5 ft. down. He then cut a hole just above them which I could easily reach & through which I examined the nest carefully. There were only five eggs and although these did not more than half fill the available space they were like those of the bit of tear crowded tightly together each egg standing on end and firmly fixed in the rotten wood at the bottom of the cavity. There was but little down but this was carefully disposed about the eggs so that it covered more of them than sufficing the set to be incomplete we took only one egg substituting for it the rotten egg found in Brewer's meadow but on blowing it we found it far advanced in incubation as the other four eggs proved to be when taken next day. I had no idea that the Golden-eye ever contented itself with to breed a set of eggs.

nest of
Hester

I heard two Black-poll Warblers to-day singing among the stubs near the Outlet.

Black-poll
Warbler





1896

June 6

Clear and cool. Fresh v. S. wind all day.

Watrous and I spent the morning in the woods on the Knoll at the W. extremity of the Mass. logging works. We found no fresh nests but visited several found on the 2nd & 3rd nest. The first, a Black-throated Blue Warbler found on the 3rd with one egg was apparently deserted for no more eggs had been laid but through D. carolinensis to say the ♀ was directly over the nest in a low sapling this morning and she chirped at us too. (This nest was left until the 7th when we took it into the one egg)

We next visited another nest of D. carolinensis which Watrous found on the 3rd with two eggs. The bird had laid four and was sitting on them. I took five photographs of her & the nest, which was in a small bed of rather scanty grass within 20 yards of the big boulder.

One of the nests found (by us) on the 2nd yielded to-day a remarkably handsome set of 4 eggs of the Blackburnian Warbler. Although they were perfectly fresh the ♀ sat so closely that Thompson and Halling then (a slender one failed to start her and when Watrous climbed it he nearly touched her before she slipped off. She then dropped like a stone to the ground on which she crawled & trembled & fluttered with wide spread tail & wing wings much like a Water Thrush or Oven Bird & evidently with the hope of leading us away from the nest. Such a demonstration on the part of the Blackburnian Warbler is unusual. This nest was fully 20 ft. above the ground near the end of a long, slender branch at least 10 ft. from the main stem of the tree, a rather solitary & not very vigorous young spruce growing under some large hemlocks & yellow birches which cast a dense shade over the spot. I photographed the nest which was taken successfully by leading me across the water and

1896

June 6

(No. 2)

Another bird's nest, found by Watson on the 2nd & built in a balsam ~~also~~ a lateral branch about 5 ft. from the trunk and midway between the ground & the top of the tree which was about 40 ft. in height, contained 4 eggs. The day before we had seen a bird of this kind in a tree in the woods. Watson says the eggs & nest are quite different from the Black-throated's which we have taken. He thinks they must belong to a King's Crest. One of the latter has his breeding place in a hemlock about 30 yards from this nest. It is surprising how solitary both King's Crests & Black-throateds are in these woods as well as on Pine Point. Each bird seems to confine his total daily wanderings within the space of a few acres and he keeps near the trunk of the tree in the center.

Nest of

C. caerulea.

C. caerulea.

C. caerulea.

C. caerulea.

In the afternoon I photographed a "cock nest" of the Winter Wren in a root bank on Spelman's Point and we all went together by boat to Chase's camp where Watson climbed to a nest built very like the Black-throated's. This morning but higher & near the end of a branch fully 16 ft. long. It looks larger than a Black-throated's. Watson could see only one egg & we left it. It cannot be taken without the aid of a rope.

"Cock nest" of

Winter Wren.

Watson then took me to a nest of the Magnolia Warbler built in a balsam sapling about 5 ft. above the ground. This nest had 4 eggs on the 4th but the ♀ was not sitting to day. We visited the nest over when I was photographing & I skinned it in a good deal of time.

Nest of

D. maculosa

My last photograph was of a large bird which stands within two or three rods of the hollow tree in the woods. The tree is about 80 ft. in height & in girth 1 ft. above the ground measures just 11 feet. Fair Haven says that it is the largest tree he has ever seen. The trunk scarcely diminishes in diameter for the first forty feet.

The bird

The bird

The bird

The bird

The bird





1896

June 7

(No 2)

The Swainson's Thrushes sang through the greater part of the day in the air. One within twenty yards of camp sang during the entire forenoon with only the briefest intervals of silence and apparently in the same place. There was something peculiarly sad or mournful in the expression of his voice as it came from out the gloomy, water-barked forest. It moved me deeply and not at all agreeably recalling old associations with these northern forests—associations pleasant enough in themselves but impressively sad as brought back to me by the voice of this Thrush. For an hour or more he interrupted my work and made me utterly wretched. At the time I supposed that this effect was due to the mood I happened to be in but next day the same bird sang in the same way and with the same effect. The morning & evening singing about our camp has proved to me delightful and I have looked forward to it through each day.

Although the Swainson's Thrushes had apparently all arrived & taken up their forenoon quarters in the Pine Point woods before we opened the camp (May 21) they were very silent for the first week. Indeed during the remainder of May I seldom heard more than one or two songs (not trillers) on any one day and then at daybreak or in the evening twilight. General and sustained singing began quite abruptly on June 1 after which we heard the song everywhere we went and more or less at all hours. But immediately about our camp the birds were more numerous than anywhere else. They invariably opened the bird concert at daybreak & closed it in the late evening twilight. I never heard one sing during the night. These Umbagog Thrushes seem to me to sing differently from the White Mountain birds. The song has, I think, more variation. Our camp bird introduces a wee-e-o-o-wee-e-o-o before any definite



Lab. 12-1906



1896

June 8

Cloudy with S. E. wind and steady rain most of the day.

At about 7 A. M. we visited the nest of the Brown Creeper found May 29 just beginning. It had 4 eggs the day. Although I have nearly
 am been photographing it the birds were not seen nor heard. This nest
 is not far from our path to Appold's Point which ~~is~~ but I have heard the ♂ singing only once (on June 3rd) and then
 he sang only two or three times. The Brown Creeper is apparently
 one of the rarest birds of this region the present season. Indeed I
 have found but this one pair.

At 2 P. M. we broke camp and started for Ballville by steamer
 towing our small fleet of boats. The horizon was dull and
 monotonous with no birds of any interest.

L. 2300. 1770. 1770. 1770.



1896

June 9

Lake Umbagog.

L. Umbagog, N.H.

A rainy day, calm, with low-flying clouds which cover about
in the north & north - with after sunset and around the most
gorgeous coloring, the sun streaming down the side.

I spent the day in the lower country. Watson and I
then drove to the falls from the just from Watson's egg. Birds found
the same off the boys thus expressing two of the compartments in each
of which was a nest with two fresh eggs. One of the birds was sitting
it refused to leave her egg, Watson naturally having to push her
to one side to ascertain what the nest contained.

He then landed on Great Island where he found three nests
of the Black-throated Blue Warbler, all in eggs, one containing
four eggs very near hatching, another two fresh eggs, and the
third was empty but apparently completed. He saw & heard
a Greater Yellow leg Flycatcher about one the birds.

After tea we walked to the highest point. Birds were
entirely scarce on highest for a bird only a very few among
them were Wilson's Thrushes, one Parula Bird & a Song Sparrow.
He also heard night hawks over the woods on the river and at
first were quite unable to locate as to what species was
haunting the place.

The grass & weeds by the roadside & in the fields are now high
& the country looks as if it were under a mist of
early June. It is a striking change from our forest country
at Pine Point.

Watson
birds
two of which
of which
a little from
then was
D. californicus
a small bird
a. Wilson's egg

night hawks

H. Wilson

1896

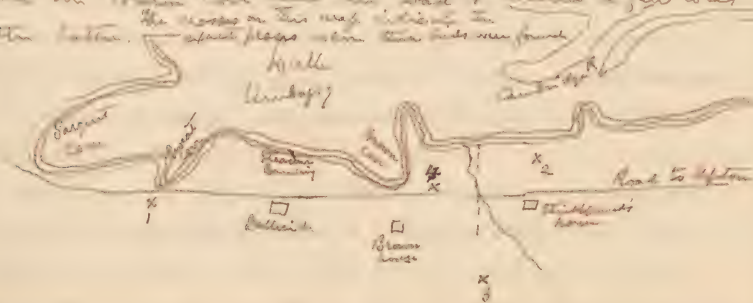
January 10

Lakeside

Early morning N.W. & threatening rain but at 8 A.M. the clouds broke away
the wind veered to Northwest and the day proved as fine as possible.

At 7.30 A.M. I started out alone, Watsons having gone up the Philadelphia
Baker to Great Island again. I especially wished to see if Paris.
I could find a Philadelphia Vireo for I have not seen one
at the head of the Baker since May 24th or, in other words,
since before the migration came to an end. Nor was I more
successful this morning for although I hunted up every Vireo
there I could have hanging in the poplar & birch second growth
along the roadside and about the edges of the Brown clearing
as far as the State line I found nothing but Red-eyes.
Evidently the Philadelphia is not a common bird here now
if, indeed, it is present at all.

Another special object of my walk was to look up some
of the Cape May Warblers which we left here last month
apparently killed for the season, one in the little spruce
opening at the head of the Forest Cove, another in the spruce
pasture just below Strickland's in Upton, ~~the third~~ on the
edge of the forest in small timber openings at the S.E. corner
of the Moore opening, the fourth in dense pasture openings
between the Moore Cove and the road to western a few rods
of the latter. ^{The notes on this walk indicate the}
^{exact places where these birds were found}

Cape May
Hallows

1896

June 10

(M. 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Cape May

I visited the singing stations of birds 3 & 4, and was delighted to find the latter at his usual post although he was singing only feebly and intermittently. Indeed I visited in his little corner nearly half an hour before he gave any sign of his presence. This afternoon I saw another warbler which I took to be his mate for he joined him & the two flew off together. But the Hens were so dense that I was unable to follow these birds or to get a fair sight of the Hafford 3.

Probably I did not wait long enough for bird 3 for I found his favorite haunt apparently deserted & visited with not even a Black-throated Green in the evening. This however, was before the two came fully out & birds were not singing well.

From the behavior of these Cape May's in May and from the fact that the one here this morning sang so very little I have arrived at the impression that they must be much earlier back here than most of the other warblers. It is strange that I have been unable to find any of them at the appointed place for in the old days we used to see them all back in the forest although even then their favorite haunts were certainly Hafford's green pastures bordering the shore of Lake Umbagog.

Among other birds noted this morning was a Winter Wren singing below the road in the deep hollow, a Golden Crest singing in pasture spaces near the station of the Cape May no 4, a young Chipping Sparrow able to fly, and a Cedar-bird ~~building~~ carrying a ball of mud of which's wood, presumably, he was using although I could not follow him).

Young Chipping
on wire

I found no less than four Black-throated Green warblers, but only one Black-throated Blue & Thrasher still here in Black-throated Green. These were really numerous; I saw at least 10 or 12 out birds of each one singing. The West. Thrasher

D. pennsylvanicus

1896

June 11

No 3

Lake Umbagog.

near Lake Umbagog

bring but little now. Although the breeding army of the birds this morning included in the Umbagog Mallards to my surprise I found only three White throats and each of them but one.

The Hermit Thrushes were utterly silent. I cannot understand why they have been so dumb of their music this season.

I was surprised to find no Bobolinks settled here. Apparently all the birds we saw in May are migrants for I cannot find one now anywhere in the region near Lakeside.

I was also disappointed this morning in finding no Mourning Warblers but then I did not go to any very good places.

Hermit Thrushes

Silent.

No Bobolinks

Breeding here

no Mourning

Warblers

Excluding birds which inhabit open fields exclusively the species settled here which we did not find at all near the head of the Lake are as follows: Helminthophila ruficapilla, Dendroica nigra, Parus palmarum, Spizella socialis, Pipilo maculatus.

Yesterday I visited the Partridge's nest on the hillside in the belt of woods between Lakeside & the House spring expecting to see only a few discarded egg-shells but I found 5 eggs in the nest and the feathers & the few other remains of the host bird about 2 ft. from & directly in front of the nest from the fact that only one egg was missing I infer that a Fox was the cause. A cock Partridge was seen this morning within easy hearing of the nest but below the road instead of on the hillside above where the nest of this pair is situated & used to have last month. I have little doubt, however, that he is the same old bird.

Partridge
Killed on
nest, probably
by a Fox.

1896

June 11

Lake Umbagog.

Island by Lake

A cold but pretty day with some sun & wind
blowing at intervals with brief periods of sunshine. etc.

Watrous & I took the steamer up the lake this morning as
we had some valuable nests to get in the neighborhood
of Pine Point. There was a high sea running off the
Orchard and we did not get to Pine Point until about
four o'clock. The steamer landed us directly on the
beach. I had spent the night at the camp but
was absent getting birds both when we arrived.

We first visited the creper's nest which yielded a beautiful
lot of downy fresh eggs. We cut down the shrub & took
the nest to which the birds containing the nest was
attached.

nest of

Brown Creeper

The Redstart who built the beautiful brown-white nest
at water level (which we furnished her) near the end of an
aboriginal branch in front of the camp had laid two
eggs.

nest of

Redstart

A Black & White Creeper was singing in the Black growth
just east of the camp. He must have come there from
the left & is probably in a small oak woodling about.

Minutella

on Pine Pt

The Swainson's Thrushes were singing as usual & we
heard one or two Bay-Breasts & Blackbreunians but
the weather was too cold & windy for Warblers to
be singing at all freely.

1896

June 11

(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Lake.

After lunch we started for Chas's camp following the old logging road for the lake was too rough to go by water. On reaching the camp we went up to the crest of the hill where, in a tall spruce growing on the side of the path, Watrous had found, more than a week ago, a large & very promising-looking nest of what we thought would prove to be a Bay-breasted Warbler. I visited this nest with him on the 5th when he climbed the tree & was quite sure that he would be sure egg. On that occasion we took one & kept it for just long by the end of which Watrous intended to reach the nest which being fully 15 ft. above the ground and too far out from the trunk where the end of a slender branch was inaccessible by any other means.

Chas's Camp,

Gloopy Cove

nest of

D. insularis

There was no bird on the nest to say when we arrived but just as we got the rope in position & Hubble flew to the branch & quickly noticed the nest. Watrous was a little above him & about 10 ft. off in the fork of a tree. He said that the bird shook its body on the back but he could not see anything other than this. He then climbed to the nest but he would not leave it until I shook the branch by hanging the rope against it when the bird fell off and at once disappeared in the dense foliage. He waited about 15 minutes but saw nothing more of us. Watrous then climbed out & down on the rope. He said he could not reach the nest & had to come to the ground without it. But after we had fastened it he made a second attempt & brought the nest down in his beak. It had big very large & beautiful eggs which upon blowing were dead looking white, after the removal of their coverings slightly greenish. They are smaller than Warblers I have seen before but the nest is a typical Bay-breasted. A male of that species was singing to day.

1846

June 11

(183)

On the 2^d within 10 yds. of the nest & on both occasions was the only Warbler heard in that part of the woods.

After taking the nest we returned the edge & sitting down from distance off watched the tree for nearly an hour but the female did not come back. Mr. Phillips had to go as the Flamingo was waiting for us at Pine Point. It was very disappointing to miss positively identifying so large & beautiful a set of Warbler's eggs but really there can be no reasonable doubt that they are those of a Contopus. An apparently slight but really important bit of evidence to this effect remains to be recorded, viz. when the ♀ left the nest she flew off in the direction of the spot where the ♂ was sitting. He at once ceased & did not again try until we were gone.

Now I have observed that when the ♀ is within the long distance of Black River is decided by her nest. Her entire task or job has ended & the two birds together would the intended efforts when if the nest has not been completed the ♀ returns to her task of incubation & the ♂ becomes his boy.

As we come down the bank on the stream on June 11 an unusual number of Gay Birds, all apparently B. parula, sing together upon Wood's Camp, one off A. Black Cove, & on some Point Howard.

June 12

2. Packed

Herring Brook

1896

June 12.

Trip up Cambridge River.

Weather similar to that of yesterday, but with more clouds & a somewhat less strong but yet brisk wind.

At 8 a.m. I started across to the Lake House - first by the trail up Cambridge River. We went as far as the Falls & then paddled about half way up St. Lawrence above the obstruction in the way of a bridge and stopped to cut across first building a bridge to leap off the main trail which was very narrow.

After lunch I spent half an hour or so tramping about in the woods & then started back down to the Lake & back home with me and reaching the mill at about 4 P.M.

Along the course of the river in the swampy bottom spaces & Birds noted
hedge-wood just above the mill & the Falls I heard only ^{rather} common between the
birds & none too many of them. There were a fair number Mill & Falls
of Water Thrushes, a good many Swamp & Song Sparrows, a few
Black & Yellow, Black-burnians & Chestnut-sided Warblers & now
& then a Yellow Warbler or Maryland Yellow-throat. The most
interesting species observed here were the Rusty Blackbird of about Rusty Blackbird
I found two or three, one of them hanging a small small black
the Brown Creeper (a single bird flying in the woods about 100 yds.
above the mill pond) and the Golden-crowned Kinglet of about
two were heard. Wilson's Thrasher & Olive-backed were both rather
common. There were only a few Chimney Swifts, Redpolls & Chimney Swifts.

On St. Lawrence we started two Redpolls, Black Ducks, Black Ducks
& two Hooded Mergansers (together, but apparently females, & Hooded Mergansers
heard Swamp Sparrows, Common Sparrows (a pair), Song Sparrows, Sparrows
Harris's Flycatcher, Maryland Yellow-throat, Chestnut-sided Warbler,
Song Sparrows, Chimney Swifts, a Great Blue Heron, two
Pheasants, and a pair of Redpolls.

1896

June 12

(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Rip up Cambridge River

About a mile above the Falls we came suddenly on a deer, a yearling / photographing
 buck with small horns indicating the young season. It was standing with a deer in
 front in the open meadow but was a cluster of bushes. Thinking it was
 instantly. He stopped feeding & rose the bow of the boat into a little
 nose when the deer advanced at a fast walk coming within less
 than 40 yds. before stopping for another stare. I got out my camera
 & dropped four times (losing one plate by an accident). Of course
 I supposed that each chance would be the last for I was standing
 up in the boat with nothing between me & the deer but a few
 dead stalks & the animal looked as if it might run at any
 moment. But I might have put up my tripod & focussed
 for a deer picture for after using the last plate I stepped
 down & actually walked several yards towards the deer before
 it finally took alarm & leaped off into the woods. It was
 very thin & had much of the long hair of the winter pelage
 clinging in tufts or patches to the back & hips. It looked
 nearly as red as a Fox.

We once return we saw a large doe feeding near the same
 part of the meadow but she was very shy standing at so great
 distance & moving at full speed across the meadow -
 beautiful sight. Now unlike that of any other animal is
 the part of a deer ~~running~~ when thoroughly alarmed. As this
 doe sailed across the green level with long, strongly-arched
 back I could compare her to nothing but a leaping
 porpoise. At the highest part of each curve her belly
 must have been at least 5 feet above the grass.

We saw tracks of deer in many places, one of a very
 large buck, but there were not many tracks in any one place
 and the impression which I have received this season is
 that everywhere about Umbagog deer are much less
 numerous than they were 10 or 12 years ago.

Another
 Deer seen
 in B Meadows

Deer signs

1896

June 12

(No 3)

Tinto Umbagog.

Lodge House.

Boat in the afternoon, while Jim was getting the boat from the well
 point into the lake, I took the old cart path that starts in behind
 the Lake House Barn and followed it over the knoll, across the
 pasture and well into the woods beyond. This walk brought
 back countless memories of the old days when with Dean, Maynard,
 Bailey, Purdie, Harrington, Hill Stone & others I tramped over this
 old cart road in pursuit of birds & water day after day &
 well after well. In respect to its turns & windings, to the bays &
 brooks which it crosses and the extent & attraction of the woods
 & openings which it traverses it has not changed - the best part
 the woods & openings themselves have changed very much. All
 the fences & boldness & most of the hemlocks of any size have
 been long since taken to the mill and the forest is now chiefly
 made up of hardwood trees which in the openings the European
 saplings from a few feet high in which we used to hunt for
 Maynard Warblers' nests are now trees 20 to 30 feet in height.
 The bird fauna, too, has changed. I could find no trace of
 the Bay Smasher, Cape May or American Osprey or Red-bellied
 King. Hermit Thrush & their like others of the old families flourish
 apparently enough. On the knoll behind the house I heard two
 Robins, a Great Flycatcher, a Redstart, a Red-eyed Vireo, two Song
 Sparrows, a White-throated Sparrow, a Chipping, a Winter Wren, a
 House Wren, a Black & Yellow Warbler, and a Black-crowned
 Night Heron. But in the woods beyond the pasture I neither heard nor
 saw a bird of any kind. In the pasture itself were a few
 several Chipping & a few Song Sparrows.

Birds noted
 near Lake
 house

After launching our boat under the old elm we paddled down into Wilson's
 the stream runs down just below the school house & was expected to hear a Wilson's Black-capped Kingbird. Landing I spent an hour or more
 searching for its nest. The ♂ bird came within two yards or less

1896

June 12

(104)

and followed on about reaching the big stream & passed beyond
 certain limits within which I have little doubt that is water & was
 when branches crossed. The stream was somewhat peculiar low &
 springy ground with thickets of alders alternating with small openings
 & with many more small woods & bushes all of which I explored
 with special care. The 8 bird did not over camp but yet the
 manner led me to infer at once that it was killed & waiting.
 A pair of Water Thrushes & a Red Start also should be noted
 as opposed to my former. One of the Water Thrushes was carrying
 a full bill of food & chirping most anxiously at the same
 time.

June 12, 1896

June 12, 1896

Wilson's

Black-bird

Water Thrush

Red Start

1896
June 14
(No 2)

After tea I took a long walk about the outskirts of Essex.
As I crossed the bridge over the Little River below Wardsboro I saw Yellow Warblers
singing both above and below in dense thickets on the banks of
the stream. A Cat-bird was singing in a tree above on the Cat-bird
when (Hiding) I saw a bird to look at. He was an unusually fine singer & beautiful in color. He
uttered the call of the Kingbird and the que-que of the Yellow
Throat so perfectly that I doubt if the birds themselves could
have detected any flaw in the mimicry. For some time I
supposed that this really was a Yellow Throat & I was
down then with the Cat-bird.

Swifts in considerable numbers & a few Martins were flying
about over the house tops and a few Martins were sitting in
a hole in the ridge pole of a barn near a large stable
house on a lot in a garden. There was another Martin flying
out of one of the holes of this barn but most of the
household were occupied by English Sparrows.
Near the railroad station I saw a pair of Martins which were
apparently sitting in a "nest" in a stable lamp.
The ♀ went into the cage & around them, I could see her
head and portions of the rest of her body on the edge of
the board in the top of the cage.

Swifts
Martins

Summer Sparrows were very numerous in the fields just
outside the village & I heard an Abertons then. I also
heard a White-throated Sparrow on a tree outside. As far as
I could ascertain there were neither Quails nor Woodcock
in the village.

1896

June 15

Colebrook to Wolfboro, N.H.

Sailing to Wolfboro late in the day.

Left Colebrook at 2.45 P.M. and reached Wolfboro at 12.30 P.M. There was no boat across the lake before 4.45 P.M. so I had over 4 hours to wait. I spent this time waiting. As I sat in the open station I could hear a Pine Warbler sing in hollow logs hanging from rock walls in the white pine woods on the river opposite.

In crossing the lake this morning I saw two loons, one in full plumage, the other a gray bird. On the 16th I saw four loons in this lake. The stream captures very many birds in the smaller lake & ponds only, but I believe there must be loon nests on Munsiepsand.

During my two days (16th/17th) stay at Wolfboro I heard two Baltimore Orioles, a Bobolink & a Mocking Bird in the village. The Mocking Bird lost their old song but a few birds were humming in a new one not far off. I could find no House Wren in Wolfboro this year.

1896
June 20

Left Boston at 5 P.M. yesterday by Bangor boat reaching
Providence at 4.30 this morning and starting at 7.30 by the Mt. Stuart
boat for Spruce Landing which we reached at 9 A.M. Capt. Conary
& Watson were waiting for us on the wharf and as soon as my
baggage had been transferred we got aboard for Lunenburg in Conary's boat
a pretty little May boat in length.

The day was clear and warm, the water calm and the
 breeze so light that we were able to make our way in making our
distinction in distance of land miles by water. On the way
we saw two Common Loons, about a dozen Herring Gulls, and found
a fine Double-crested Cormorant, the last sitting on a log pole
very well settled.

On reaching Lunenburg we took rooms at Mrs. Oliver Emerson's home. ^{Her name is Emma} Emerson's family
consists of two unmarried sons, both fishermen. Capt. Conary, one
Bluffe, married one of the daughters & he and his wife will be
added to the household during our stay. He is only twenty-two
years of age but is said to be an excellent boatman.
Lunenburg is on the main head separated from Bear Island proper by a low shoal.
The house is situated near the head of a clearing of ^{to very high water} ~~about 10~~ 10
acres which slopes gently up from the cove and on the other
three sides is bounded by dense ~~thick~~ ^{very} ~~thick~~ ^{thick} woods composed
chiefly of Black Spruces but with a fair number of white Spruces
(called here Huckle or Cat Spruces) and a good many Balsams. Many
of these trees are 40 to 50 feet in height and one which had been
cut down measures 23 inches across the top of the stump but
by far the greater number are but 20 to 30 ft. in height &
6 to 12 inches in diameter at the base. In places they grow
thickly together but as a rule each tree has sufficient space to
have retained living lateral branches down to the ground and
throughout the woods there are frequent openings of varying

1896

June 20

(No 2)

shapes and sizes. Most of them openings appear to be due to the presence of ledges which although composed of a very rough stone are yet irregularly smooth and level in respect to their general surfaces, there being few points or projections and still fewer crevices or scars to make the footing difficult or treacherous. Ferns of various kinds, dwarf cornel and *Linnaea* (both in full bloom) and many other low growing, northern plants are common enough in these woods but nowhere do they seem to grow so generally and in such profusion as in the more inland forests the surface of the ground being covered nearly everywhere with a smooth and perfectly unbroken carpet of mosses — green, velvety mosses (*Hypnum* etc.) under the trees, the *Britton*, pale greenish-gray reindeer moss, in the openings and over the exposed ledges. The contrast of color between the moss carpet beneath the trees and that in the openings is very striking & effective.

On the whole our woods (50 acres or more in extent) are among the most attractive that I have ever seen. They have great variety being wild & tangled or wooded in places, in others very open beneath the trees. The sunny openings already mentioned are rich in park effects which would — or at least should — excite the despair & envy of an Olmsted or an Elliot. This is due partly to the way the trees are scattered or grouped around and in the openings, partly to the huge gray boulders half hidden by the foliage & partly to the fact that many of the isolated white spruces and not a few of the balsams have been trimmed into shapes closely resembling those of the clipped evergreens now seen in our cemeteries & other cultivated grounds. On first examining one of these trees — a white spruce about 6 ft. high by as many inches in diameter with perfectly rounded outlines and without a single projecting point or twig I found it difficult to believe our hosts' assurance that Rabbits & Cattle are

1896

June 10
(1893)

Panther Island, Maine.

the gardeners. The former would in winter when the snow is deep, the latter in the summer. Neither will eat the shoots of the black spruce and both prefer those of the white spruce to those of the balsam.

Throughout these spruce woods yellow & carron birches have sprung up in many places especially about the edges of the openings but most of them are dwarfed or at best low & spreading specimens. In an opening near the house stands a solitary gray birch the only one known by one here to exist on Deer Island. It has been cut down once but has again risen to a height of 15 or 18 feet.

There are no hemlocks on Deer Island & but one white pine. Yew is rare and arbo vitæ found only very sparingly & locally. None of the hickories, ashes or oaks are known to occur and neither the red nor the pitch pine is known.

The larch is found sparingly & the mountain ash rather commonly. Alders grow profusely along the brooks & have I seen a few mountain woplers of fair size.

The commonest & most characteristic birds of these woods are: Rosebreast, Black-throated Green, Yellow-rumped & Magnolia Warblers, Junco, Robin, & Swainson's Thrushes. Two Hermits are singing within half a mile one of them within 200 yds of the house. Plain-sided Flycatchers, Rail's Flycatcher, in silver masses of White-throated Sparrows are rather common. I have heard two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers, two Golden-croaks, two Cross Finches & two Song Sparrows & two Redstarts.

I took several short walks in the woods near the house this afternoon & after supper. I walked across the island.

Penobscot Bay Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine



1886

June 21

(No. 2)

Conary and the Emerson-Buffin brothers agree on the following points
respecting the fauna of New Island.

Mammals found. Deer; not numerous, at present protected by
law at all seasons, one sent near this house the past week.

Foxes, common but limited in number & numbers kept down. Otter
a few - fish in salt water. Rabbits (S. americanus) very common.

Mink, common (fish in salt water). Muskrats, formerly common, now
scarce. Red Squirrels, abundant. Weasels, a few. Meadow mice, common.

Moles Abundant common. Bats scarce.

Mammals not found. Beaver, Syns, Raccoon; Porcupine, Gray Squirrel,
Chipmunk. Sp. Lynx & Canis seen at New
Island in the mainland.

There are several kinds of Snakes but no Lizards of any kind. Scorpions are
common on the island but Frogs are confined to New Island proper.

Birds. Our lists show nothing new by name of Blue jays, White jays,
or Sp. jays. They say that no kind of Black-bird birds
but that a few come in the migration.

During the day birds sing freely in the woods around our clearing.
At evening there was a fine thrush concert - Robins, Oliver-birds &
Hermits.

1896

June 22

Pemaquid Bay, Maine.

A fair, warm day, but calm and foggy up to 9 A.M., afterwards
with light S.W. to S.E. breeze.

We got off in morning with ship at about 8 A.M. and by the
help of the tide a ship reached Duncunling Island, a wide distant,
in the course of half an hour. Landing we spent an hour or more
looking for birds & nests. The island is 8 to 10 acres in extent, densely
wooded with spruce & balsam with a small opening in the center. Many of
the trees are thickly being with mosses and the ground beneath them is
in most places thickly covered with small moss plants of various kind
there being but little moss. The birds noted were Parus atricapillus 1x,
Turdus swainsoni 1x, Dendroica coronata 1x, D. virens 1x, Melospiza
 fasciata 1x, Corvus americanus 3x with 4 young on wing. There was an
old 4 birds' hole in a fir tree and a dilapidated & deserted Osprey's
nest on the top of a broken off bare living balsam. Also heard Actitis here
The Chickadee sang phoebe but also gave a series of 4 to 6 notes all
on some dry pine as loud & ringing as the dry notes of Loxia alpestris
for which, indeed, I at first mistook them. He repeated this call
50 times or more & seemed very satisfied with it.

We next landed on Halibut Bedge a smooth, round-topped island of solid
gray or pale reddish gray rock perhaps ~~an acre~~ in extent with patches
of grass, beach pea vines & other coast vegetation scattered over the surface
which was 20 feet or more above high water. Thirty or forty terns
rose from this island as we approached it. They were exceedingly
nervous & shy not one coming within less than 100 yds. & the whole
colony rising high in air & scattering in every direction when we landed.
We found 5 or 6 nests one with 2 eggs (photographed & taken) all the
others with 1 egg each. I think that all these terns were Wilson's
but accurate determination was of course impossible. A Spotted
Sandpiper & two or three Herring Gulls were the only other birds seen here.

1896

June 22

(no 3)

Panama Bay, Maine.

The other birds ~~found~~ on Saddleback were Song Sparrows (two old birds),
Savanne Sparrows (3 birds, another 3 with 2 or 3 young on wing),
Spotted Sandpipers (two or three pairs, one with young about a week
old).

The colony of terns breeding here comprised about 50 pairs. They
were quite as shy as those at Holbrook Bdg. I suspect that
a considerable proportion of them were winter terns for a good
many of them had peculiar voices and several of them had
dark feet appeared to have very long tails. I failed to identify
any of them, however, and the eggs that we took have little
scientific value. The nests were ^{mostly} in ^{short, wiry} grass, on spaces of bare earth,
and among driftwood. One nest was on a bare rock built of
and among dry seaweed which was not blacked but nearly black in color.

Spirit Bdg. A mere reef of rocks the highest only a little
above the reach of the summer tides and totally devoid of
vegetation, the dry area scarce half an acre in extent.

As we approached this ledge we saw about twenty pairs of
Herring Gulls sitting or standing on or near their nests but
after landing and crossing a wide expanse of rocks covered with
weed, Bluffery we found not a single egg. No doubt
some of the fishermen whose boats were anchored near had been
before us. The birds were all together just before we landed &
scattered making but little noise. They were much tamer than
the terns on the other islands.

On a flat-topped rock rising slightly towards the water lay
seven or eight Black Guillemots, some of them with half
spread wings. They appeared to be basking in the sunlight.
We walked within 40 yards of a fisherman at the time he
was hauling a lobster pot in his boat within 30 yards.

We sailed home late in the afternoon.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 23

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Cloudless with brilliant N.W. wind up to 20 P.M. when the wind fell to a light breeze rather changing to S.W.

We started for Fox Islands at 6 A.M. but before we reached Maine's Boundary the wind became so strong that crossing had to be abandoned. We crossed the bay without getting a look at the islands as our attention was drawn to down of the small, wooded islands near by land - if first -

Fox Islands, 1 m. S. of Maine Boundary, about 6 acres, spruce firs, the trees mostly small Black & white spruce & balsams growing thickly in places. A beautiful little island with a long, narrow cove and picturesque ridges. The birds found were: Merula migratoria one seen, another nest but empty, no birds seen; Turdus swainsonii, 1*; Dendroica coronata 2♂* one with mate and nest containing 4 young which it took down to the ground where it was checked the top of nest in spruce 8 ft. above ground among & on dead twigs close against the stem - photographed; D. virens 1* (peculiar long twitter - twitter - see kept & captured; 20 - bird also had several young, the first of the season); Melospiza fasciata, two birds feeding young. One bird in nest in spruce feeding 4 or 5. Corvus ~~americanus~~ two old birds with 4 young one in nest; one young bird with nest with one. After taking a few photographs we went on to the next island.

Sheep Islands. 40 to 50 acres - high land originally heavily wooded (with stumps of yellow birches 2 ft. or more in diameter scattered about to about the base) but now chiefly open thick pasture long trees grown up to with raspberry bushes & lots of Betula fern with scattered thickets of young spruce & fir. Ground rough & rocky. Birds noted were Merula migratoria, 1; Helminthophila ruficapilla 1; Dendroica virens 2.

Portland, Me., Maine.

1896

June 23

in 2

Chief Island Phaethon ruber 1%; Melospiza fasciata extremely common; many
+ many other small birds - two birds, singing, the common birds of the island;
Turdus albicollis 1%; Ammodramus leucis leucis 3, one pair with
4 or 5 fresh eggs in dense thickets of soft berry bushes; Tyrus leucis 1.
Eggs white, brown, dorsal, yellow, blue, long in shape.

I took photographs of the *Sigambra* nest & am holding out of the little box when we landed. There is no more to

Massachusetts About 6 cases of the positive with an total back of one and a group of four, including Thomas & Nelson at one end, the other group about with Hunt, very positive, several of which you may know, and Sells of the Liberator will send. Among had heard that a pair of Sells were frequently the subject about this is said but in fact nothing of them. The found only.

Arundinaria sacchara 20 with head of young in wing; Arundinaria sacchara 2, Corvus corax 2 old birds & their young in wing. I found an old nest built of grass by the side of a rock which looked like a living bird's & which contained 2 - of the feathers of this bird.

After supper I went up into the woods behind the house and lay down on a large mound with my favorite books and some musical instruments - the flute. Nothing & everything there was saying all about me. The air was cool with a fresh, full touch of the sea.

After it had been very dark here bird or animal in the woods
was over your a high, but quite my birds that go higher than
there are only a very few mosquitoes, first five miles as dark as in the
last night. The Swainson's Thrushes ceased singing first, our birds
ceased about ten minutes after the last Swainson's - then a Robin
sang five minutes later than the Harriet - then Robins called
later still. At night the Robins ceased the singing last of all.
The Harriet did not sing at all.

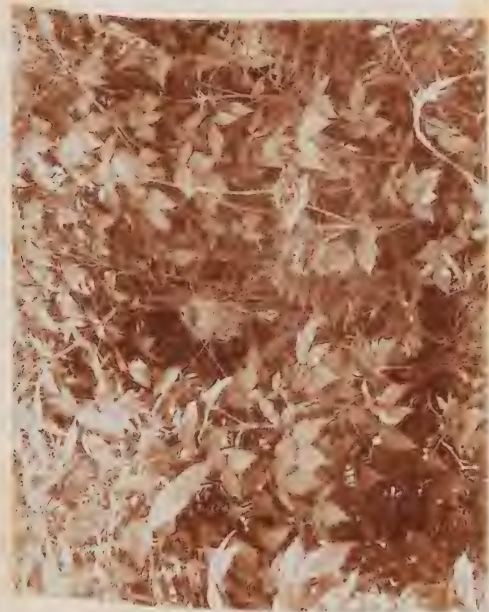
Pendlebury Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 24

Faintly visible

A clear day with light S.W. to W. wind.

We got off this morning at 8 o'clock and started down the bay. The wind was very light and I spent three first two hours on the forecastle writing. Conroy & Watson finally called me out to look at some terns. There were five of them swimming on the smooth sea about 40 yards off. I put the glass on them & at once saw that not a bird had a full black cap. Doubtless they are White Terns in the immature plumage but unfortunately just before I could get the glass working they all took wing & disappeared from view.

At 11 a. m. Conroy landed me on Little Spoon Island, about 12 acres, high, rounded on sloping outlines, mostly in grass kept closely cropped by a herd of sheep but with a small piece of dead Hebe & Salsola woods at the S. E. end, there were large and bushy with dead, barbed wire, but no Hebe or Salsola birds here:

Tachycineta bicolor a pair apparently nesting in the dead Hebe but we did not actually find their nest.

Ammodramus leucurus two pairs, the males singing.

Melospiza fasciata. One singing.

Corvus americanus. The usual family of old & young among the dead.

Pandion carolinensis: Newly finished but empty nest on dead Salsola 10 ft. on short lateral branch. Bird hanging above.

Larus a. arcticus About 30 pairs of birds nesting in the sheep pasture. Found 4 sets of 3 eggs, 3 sets of 2 eggs, 6 nests with 1 egg & about 12 empty nests, some at bases of rocks others on bare places of smooth turf, one on the top of a hollow log.

Oidemia americana 5 ad & ♀ swimming together close in to the rocks.

1896

June 24

(No 2)

Pine Point Bay, Maine.

(Little Spoon Island). I spent fully two hours photographing Gulls' nests and watching the birds. They collected into a scattered flock and soared or circled over me at a height of 200 or more feet occasionally on descending lower. Sometimes they would add to their wings and move slowly against the light and remain nearly stationary brooding it - a beautiful sight. They would keep perfect silence for minutes at a time then one would start the *claw-claw-claw-claw*, *claw-claw-claw* cry which would be taken up by one after another until the air rang with their clamor. They also uttered the plaintive, monosyllabic note to which, I happen, the name *tra-rum* is due. It would be difficult to imagine a more ethereal and so rather effeminate cry. It is like the soft whispering shriek of a drowning maiden. Whenever I found a nest and stood over it was it for location I noticed that one of the Gulls would leave the nest and descending to a height of 60 ft. or less would come flapping quickly towards me crying *ha-ha-ha*; *ha-ha-ha* very much like a Bantling Quail. Often he would come within four yards before flapping off when he would wheel and sail off down wind & come again. I felt certain after witnessing this a number of times that the Gulls had a keen watch on the intruder & that when he found a nest the bird to whom it belongs is quickly aware of the fact. Contrary to my impression.

There were no conspicuously pretty birds in this colony but I had several that were apparently as any one who says that had patches of dusky above and dark barred tails.

One gull alighted on a log & then I stood there for nearly half an hour. Whenever I left the portion of the island where the nests were the birds quickly settled on their eggs, once when I went less than 200 yards away. Nearly all the nests were made of grass & weeds. They measured 12 to 14 inches across & 2 to 4 inches in height of eggs.

1896

June 24

123

of the Chest, but called Red Horse Badger by the Indians here.

White Horse ledge, a rocky island, totally devoid of soil or vegetation, about 1/2 way in extent, rising about 30 ft. above the sea & lying about 7/8 mile S.W. of Little Horn Island. From its steep sides & exposed situation this island is inaccessible here in the calmest weather. Conway & Watkins landed there while I was on Little Horn Island. They found about 50 nests of Herring Gulls, about 30 of which had eggs. They took 10 lots of 2 eggs each and 8 of 2 eggs. The nests were larger than those on Little Horn Island. Many of them were built up the bare rocks & grass. This weed is a pretty little plant with white flowers which show in some of my photographs. Others of these we used (the birds will hollow). No other kinds of nests were found on this island but Conway & Watkins took three sets of Cormorant's egg this last year & they say a pair of Cormorants were flying about the island.

After finishing my work at 11:00 I found that I was late back
for home having a fair but light wind all the way &
reaching the town at 5 P.M.

After supper I walked across the rock behind the house following a
barren wood road, being a good deer track & hearing a great many
small birds singing.





Pearson's Bay, Maine.



1896

June 25

Clear with light S. to E. wind, the sea very calm all day.

We got off in the boat at 9 a.m. and went down the bay against a light breeze but found by no means the destination was Blackberry Island as marked at sea. This is the outermost island of the whole group and it is impossible now when the sea is very calm. It had no difficulty in coming there to-day.

Blackberry. A small rocky island of about 100 acres in extent. It is mostly composed of reddish brown & gray rocks the bottom raised by the tides covered with black sea mud. The upper surface is very irregular with rounded & flat before raised peaks in various directions by successive cations full of jagged rocks & rounded & rectangular boulders of varying sizes. The highest points are perhaps 40 ft. above the sea.

We found about a dozen hairy birds nests but the specimens had been before us for only one week had eggs, a lot of them. The nests were built among the lower jagged rocks on various heights & in such places, one under a thick rock. They were very large & bulky & all were composed wholly of the black sea mud. The sea mud on the under side of, and not under foot, & being combined to color with small white maggots.

One also found a black Guillemot nest with 2 eggs to find under a heap of jagged rocks that stones could only just reach it. The eggs lay on down like pieces of hair, do not resemble a Guillemot but not from the nature in which they were found. Four Guillemots were swimming 100 yds off the island all the time we were there & no more on & others further off on the sea. No other birds were observed here except two & three fishing 200 yards south of the rock & the few that flew over it.

1896

June 15

(Wed.)

Saddleback Is. We now return up the Bay (the wind was so very light that we could not have hoped we could have done this in this calm). There were no tracks or signs of the sealers but a pair of Herring Gulls were sitting on the house & after we landed they followed us about & one of them was pecking down on us calling he-he-he as if we were much less useful. The terns acted as usual, first just sitting all together before we reached and during the whole time we were on the island keeping to high above us the time would no longer than before. We photographed & took down of the tern on a lower note that we found.

After supper this evening Wilson & I walked through the thicket and found that birds to the water side of the wood. We saw many two Herons & also Golden-crowned Kinglets besides a number of Marsh Wrens, Yellow-crowned & Kinglets. Wilson & I saw many Kinglets, Thrushes. One of the Herons gave all the notes of the Heron in quick succession, the King, the Thrush, the King, the King, the King & the night call.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

Thursday

Blowing with strong S. wind, a deal of rain & snow
fell in the afternoon.

I went the day before today - made through the mud road
in the forenoon with concern to hasten to collecting & setting out
traps for future work. The change of weather seemed to have
set all the birds singing again, especially the Mockers &
which I heard three. I also heard two & perhaps three Kinglets.

Nathans & Conary went to Nelson Island returning at noon.
They report a large colony of Gulls on this island the majority
nesting in trees. Nathans brought back three sets of eggs.

1896

June 27

Blue & green with S. E. to E. W. wind, light in the forenoon, fresh
- in afternoon.

We started at 8 o'clock for Hiron Island. It was nearly dead calm at first, but the wind came ahead and we had to beat most of the way making slow progress and not reaching our destination until nearly noon.

Worm Island, About 50 acres, nearly equally divided into open
shrub pasture and woods. Its pasture consists of grass above matted
by the immense shrub, with a tall ^{dark green, round-stemmed} shrub - some of 2' tall or
and, near the river where a landing, a bed of lilies 30 or 40 yards
long by 5 or 10 wide & in full bloom. There were a few button growing
in clusters or highly scattered over the open and some very large & old
stumps of yellow birches that showed marks of the axe. Above the
Worm the ground was really a sloping, absolutely unobstructed level, forest
a few feet lower. The greatest elevation above the level cannot be more
than 15 or 20 feet or possibly no more than 10 feet.

The woods form several points & clusters of trees or small stands out into the open but throughout most of their extent the growth is dense and uniform and chiefly of yellow birches & balsams (did not see a single spruce) from 12 or 15' to 25- or 30 feet in height. To some extent these trees are intermingled but in most places the growth is chiefly or wholly of one or the other species, the birches being chiefly confined to the center of the woods & the balsams forming a broad belt around them. The birches are small and stunted-looking but not especially peculiar in shape. The balsams on the other hand are conspicuously misshapen being especially broad & flat at the tops where the uppermost lateral branches often form a flat spread of 14 or 15 feet forming an almost perfectly level and remarkably dense platform of interlaced twigs ^{and} around with dense foliage.

1896

June 27

(No 2)

Seaboard Bay, Maine.

The two just described as solitary, & each perched 10 to 20 feet up. Among them, as in the other, one birds deep thought & occasional short notes by the original gentle voice must have been usually kept for ^{myself} "don't get" it and like this.

Besides the two species of two just mentioned I saw in the middle of the woods a number of unusually tall mountain creepers & one very large striped maple, the latter the first I have met with on this coast.

As we ^{were} approached the island only a few birds were in sight & most of these sitting on the tops of the fraldams, looking like bunches of moss lodged in the dark green foliage, but soon after we landed the birds rose in a perfect cloud from all the wooded portions of the island and fluttering from the open parts. As we did not enter the woods for the first hour or two and as we were careful not to make any unnecessary noise & to move about slowly they soon got over their alarm and settled back on their nests. Indeed they were very much tamer here than anywhere else where I have been & more than once I walked up within just four feet of a perching bird while flying about in the air continuously. These birds were also much more silent than any that we have seen elsewhere. In fact during the three or four hours that we spent on the island I did not hear more than ten or a dozen birds utter a sound of any kind and not more than a general outcry. When we entered the woods the birds briefly left their nests and collecting together kept coming up on the wings against the wind until nearly overhead then veering off to leeward they would wheel & come again sometimes flapping a little but as a rule gliding slowly on motionless wings right into the teeth of the wind. There was something very impressive in this silent, deadly advance of the host of great white birds, often fifty or eighty of them together within ten

1896

June 27

(No 31)

Spec. of half an hour or so. As they came one as I could see that
and had had to land first down and was regarding us intently
with, as I found, an expression of much apprehension. Its eyes they
were in fact the smallest but unusually shaded and went off
down and to return again within ten or fifteen minutes. This behavior
is apparently characteristic of the Honeyeater when their feeding grounds
are invaded only when they have very much more than they want of
the other islands. Gradually these birds have been but little disturbed
the fishermen finding it easier to get their supply of eggs from the
ledges where the birds nest on the rocks or ground.

The colony on these islands includes at this date somewhere between
one hundred and one hundred and fifty pairs. Of them about 10%
are sitting on the ground where we found in all about two nests and
of them in the open about the bases of large Stumps (there are the
among the buttressed roots of one stump two empty, one with one egg)
but two under outlying clusters of young Bolsones and one well
within the woods among a tangle of fallen dead tree trunks.
All the nests in this state or low with one exception, were placed
on the flat, horizontal tops of Bolsones 10 to 20 feet above the ground
and, of the well out on the houses as directly above the main floor.
These nests were built almost wholly of rather fine, dry grass only on
that on examined having any sholes win on its outside or at the
base. The bin of these two nests amazed me. I was unfortunately
unable to measure any of them but found of them one certainly
as large as small nests of the Orpington. As a rule they are nearly
as high as deep externally as they were wide but the egg cup
was no deeper than in the ground nests.

The hollow fringe beneath them was so dense & so thick that despite
their size it was by no means easy to see them from the ground.
We found several rather small nests, which I think must have
been made by birds but none of which had eggs, in yellowish

1996

June 27

No 4

Most of the Gulls eggs on this island were found in incubation. We took only one lot of the incubated eggs. Watson found one lot of four, the first incubated, but unfortunately they were on the point of hatching - had to leave them.

Arctic Skuas were seen on Hoon Island several times & King Sparrows, a pair of White-bellied Swallows one of which nested in old hole of a Noddy? Woodpecker in a yellow birch tree, the inevitable family of Chipping Vireos nested & apparently were attracted by the Gulls & a pair of White-throats.

Later in the afternoon walked back to Lincoln's House with a few S. 105 birds.



Poulinscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 22 Clear with light S. W. wind; a remarkably beautiful day.

As it was Sunday - did not go out in the boat but
I took a dozen photographs along the beautiful coast from
Academy from behind the barns to the S. W. end of the beach.
People were keeping rather early in their walks this
forenoon.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Panopse Bay, Maine.



Fennel's Bay, Maine.



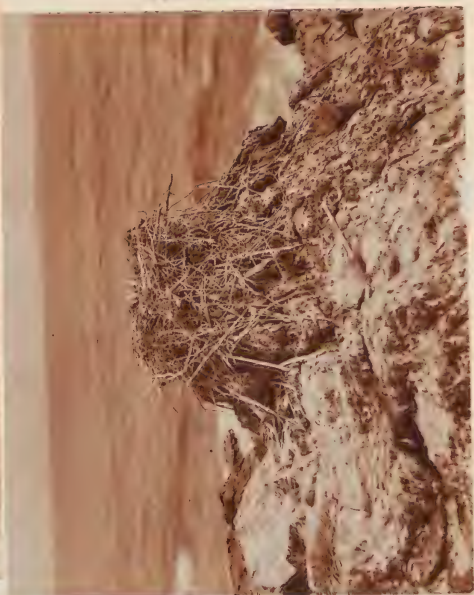
1896

June 24 Clear with a wind S. to W.

Starting at 6 A.M. we first through the channel to Green's Bay, a fishing made by Andrews Island. Passed across the Bay to a group of small islands & ledges lying off the N.E. extremity of North Wind Haven. As we drew a number of these islands but still a mile or more from them - just flock of White-winged Scoters were fully half a mile ahead & flew off down the Bay. Coming alongside them were at least 1000 birds. When we came out into the Bay on our return later in the afternoon we started the same flock under the same place. I have never seen flocks so wild before.

We landed on May, Ragge & Downfall Islands, each of which had its Laysan's nest which I photographed with great difficulty owing to the wind which blew half a gale the whole time. The nest of May Island was on a rock, it was empty & looked dilapidated, but Conway says he found a bird sitting on it early in May. The nest on Ragge Island was on the top of a green shrub. One Laysan was sitting on it & one note was perched on a rock over the water. Both whistled incessantly not only while we were on the island (the ♀ flew off the nest when we landed) but also the whole time our boat was within 500 yards of the land. I think this bird had eggs. My photograph of the nest shows also in the distance Ragge ledge on which was another nest on a rock with a sitting bird & two more perched on another part of the ledge. Leaving our boat at anchor under the lee of Ragge Island we moved in the sea boat across some very rough water to Downfall Island where another pair of Laysan's had a nest in the top of a fishing cork washed by the tide. This nest contained three young about 1/2 grown & partially feathered. Their parents

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 30

Clear with light wind S.W. up to 11 A.M. afterwards E.W. falling
to a steady, moderate S.W. breeze at sunset.

Starting at 8 A.M. we left land for the natural landing with
sailing for the first five miles through narrow channels among small
low-lying islands, then leaving the coast of Eggemonger Beach & finally
sailing into Pine Hill Bay opposite Mt. Desert. Our destination
was Phipps Island which we reached at 1 P.M. Just as we
reached the bay at the north end of this island the wind
suddenly increased to almost a gale. Fortunately we were under
two reefs and in a few minutes were in and under sail
the bow of the island was reached. The wind then subsided &
the island proved to be exactly what we sought in this water
half a mile from shore.

Phipps Island. Long & narrow, barren, about five miles in extent.
The northern half is bounded by a low ridge about 40 feet above high water
& covered with coarse grass, with here & there some low shrubs & patches
of grass, while the southern half is covered with a dense growth of
an alga perfectly flat, only a few feet above the surface of the
water, & covered by a single thin layer of plants. The water is
shallow & the bottom is a natural layer of coarse sand & shells
the same & mixed with broken glass, but the sand & shells are
very fine & polished, the flat itself perfectly dry, sandy brown, &
covered with a thin but uniform growth of a short, succulent plant
which I took to be some species of maritime grass or sedge.
On first landing we walked around the entire island searching for
Red-breasted Mergansers' nests in the rank growth of vegetation which
grows most of the shore line along the natural dykes as well
as along the edges of the upland. Conway had strong hopes of
getting a set of eggs for Mrs. Knight found two nests but could

1896

June 30

1896

On July 1st examined three egg cases
collected from the shore which to
containing only four & in eggs
many were covered with
moss & other things.

you but increased as water & high tide came on. When
approaching the shore for the first time after we had landed
my expectations were not high. I was disappointed to some
delighted at having an opportunity of examining within the first
hour no less than two nests of this species, for of them with
eggs. I found the first nest myself under the small stalk of hay
which had been cut last year & which was situated a foot or so above
the ground on poles supported by staves. There was a flower stem in
them, partly broken with two small openings the hay being pulled
to the ground. In this space were about a dozen eggs of
unperforated to some extent, nearly all were or was broken, the others
being up, the shells badly stained. There were two clusters of four
eggs & a good number of eggs scattered about between
them. There was no doubt in my mind of a nest. The eggs being
lying in a row of hay & the questionably they were all eggs of
M. borealis & possibly a Blackwell said them that the
white they are involved in nothing. Every thought they were
last year's eggs but as the hay stalk had been cut in 1894 this
would hardly be the case. At all events the eggs were rather
specimens to be left than touched.

Conroy found the next nest, an empty one in a dense clump of beach
grass on the crest of the dune. It was empty & apparently deserted
but the down mixed with the dry grass of which it was made
looked new & fresh. Probably some fishes were had caught it.

Watson found the other four nests. The first in beach grass contained
six eggs which proved on blowing to have small, hard embryos. Four
of them eggs were badly stained inside. A yard from the nest we
found a seventh egg which must have belonged with the others. It
was broken in halves & the contents half dried beneath the pebbles
beneath the shells. Some one had evidently found this nest before
our visit for a stout stick had been driven into the sand next to it.

Any eggs of this species found
the shells of eggs were very light
brown & the eggs were very light
with particles of the light down

1896

June 30

No 31

The next nest I found was 2 feet back from the edge of a
 brushy area. The nest contained a fine lot of 9 eggs well just
 sufficiently incubated to give reasonable assurance that the bird
 had finished laying. All the eggs in the other nests seemed to have
 had been left almost unincubated but one that was shown a trace
 even of the bird's down which would tend to perfectly
 show it - a shell could be seen from any side. Every egg that
 it is unusual for a bird to make to this size its egg. In the
 present instance it seemed to be necessary indeed for the sake
 of security for in all my experience I have never seen any bird's
 nest so completely & effectively concealed by vegetation alone. The
 brush was dense enough which it was built almost completely out of
 but as if this was not enough the tall rank grass had
 "laid up" above the vines forming a nest that must have been
 quite impervious to light & probably to rain also. I found the
 nest within a yard of the grass as I went but owing to
 rain. Watsons being on hand we happened to catch a
 common water snake very like a musk rat among & following
 this potentially finally came to the nest.

The next nest was equally well concealed & very similarly placed
 under a mass of lodgepole grass. Every step I took I
 passed on that Watsons again found the nest & placed it
 to the nest. It held 10 eggs. They were perfectly fresh but they
 filled the nest so tightly that a mouse could not have been added
 without enlarging it. On this account I am inclined to think the
 nest was complete. He says that both birds & Redpolls make
 nests of exactly the light kind to accommodate the egg that
 they will lay this is certainly true of the Wilson's Bird as we
 noticed at Annapolis last month.

The last nest found by Watsons was built on the high part of

1896

June 20

W4,

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

The island on the edge of the bank above the things I observed a high egg, bright & clean looking. Of course I left it unobserved. The nest was in a bed of tall, dense grass, apparently some kind of rattail grass.

During the day in the island we had swarms of the Mayaguez themselves until after 4 P.M. when first four, then two, & finally a single bird flew past along the shore & set upon the tree again. During consideration there to be when looking the Mayaguez must birds be but we went with. This may have been placed the bird from her eggs. Almost invariably the birds the day long before the boat anchors and in some very examples to fly off unseen. But here was a bird sitting under a dense mass of low-lying vegetation out of sight of the water as this! I can think of only one way, viz. that the double-crested cormorant & some kind of the larger water the apparently bird is a wild or more wary.

There were probably less pairs of Larks breeding on this island. I shot one female here and by the aid of my glass positively identified a number of others but as nearly as I could tell not they did not represent more than 10% of the total number of birds which we saw. When within 100 yards & not directly overhead it was rather easy with the glass to distinguish them from the cormorants by the shape and their white wing tips. I identified many more of the latter. It is well known that in the case of the cormorant that it never settles & remains. The latter I saw bound to the rocky shore along the bank & amongst of the pine which the cormorants were apparently, also, used to the edge of the island the island was the day that I passed with. I saw only the latter species and all of the hundred or more eggs that I found.

1896

June 30

1895

inland had the ground color more or less strongly chin-gray whereas about one half of them on the beach ridge were nearly or quite free from this and tinged with brownish or buffy brown. I suspect that this may prove to be a more or less constant distinction between the eggs of the two species and I believe further from what I have to-day that the eggs of the Arctic form are, as a rule, more boldly & handsomely marked than those of the island form.

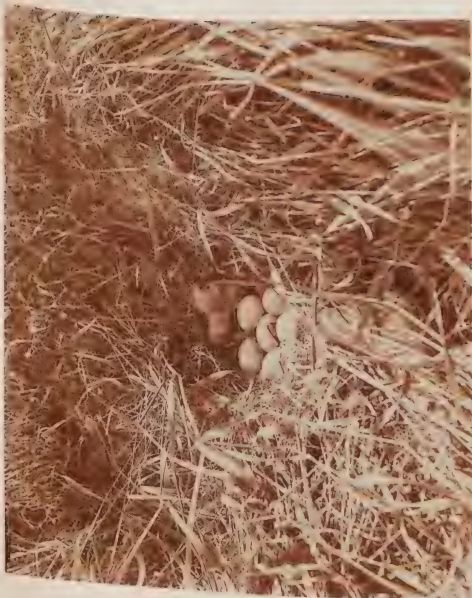
The terns on this island were not much larger than those at Hingham. They frequently came within three feet of me, and when I shot the Arctic form a swarm of birds collected & hovered over it. Most of the nests, two, had full sets of eggs many of which were far advanced in incubation. I found one about a day or two old. Incidentally, winter birds were not to be seen & were not disturbed.

Besides Larks & Goldfinches we saw on Ponchaet Island two or three pairs of Common Sparrows, several pairs of Spotted Sandpeps, five or six Bank Swallows and two or three Song Sparrows. I am very sure that I heard a Ring Plover call a number of times but unfortunately I could not find the bird.

We started for home at 5.30 P. M. and having wind to the point we did not cast anchor in the cove until nearly ten o'clock.

Crossing one of the wide bays this morning we started a large flock of Arctic Skuas or more, about half O. deglandi & the remaining half O. asper or more. Both species were in the middle of the bay.

(This page written on one boat in a heavy ground swell)





Pembroke Bay, Maine.



1896

July 1

Clear with fresh S. W. wind.

I spent the day at the house writing up my notes. Mr. Waters & Conary took Jim Beaulieu (who came to Providence yesterday to meet me about the house rent to Maria's building) to the egg collecting today.

2

Cloudy with strong S. W. wind.

I had to stay in again today to finish my work. Conary and Waters went down the Bay and with much difficulty & some noise the latter landed on Snake Neck Ridge where he took about thirty sets of Herring Gull's eggs, on the morning the very second week of hatching. No immatures hatched. He also went from Island to investigate a report which Conary had received that Beaulieu's Petrels were nesting there. He found them for me in my short time. ^{Conary} Waters day after a number of burrows getting him nearly fresh eggs. The fishermen living there told him that upwards of two hundred Petrel eggs had been taken on the island this season most of them by a native hunter, brought by some

1896

July 3

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Clear with a fresh N.E. breeze up to 10 m.p.h., the remainder of the day mostly calm with a light, fresh air from S.W.

Starting at 8 a.m. we spent three hours in looking for anything along the Bay to Horn Island where we landed at 11 a.m. We remained ashore until 3 P.M. digging & photographing Petrels' nests. Then we went aboard & had lunch after which I returned & explored the remainder of my plates while George looked Watson down the island to Little Horn Island. They examined the Osprey's nest found on June 24. It looked new & fresh & was lined with Sticks' nests and the bird was flying about steadily but there were no eggs. Watson visited the Herring Gull colony and found the lots of two or three eggs each but he took only one lot of two. He says that every nest there is filled (but did not remove) as from 24 = had eggs to day. George says that the birds always lay again in the same nest.

My experience with the Petrels is fully described in my systematic notes so I will not repeat it here. I took about twenty eggs and killed twelve of the sitting birds - a most painful task but I made the specimens really and they have made beautiful skins.

Besides Petrels I found Sooty on Horn Island - perfect hoards of *Barrovia* Sparrows, probably as to be seen - and several pairs of Spotted Sandpipers. As doubt there are no other than also but I did not know how many. There are then White-bellied Swallows were flying about over the bay and it is possible they were nesting there but much more probable that they had come across the narrow channel from Little Horn Island.

1896

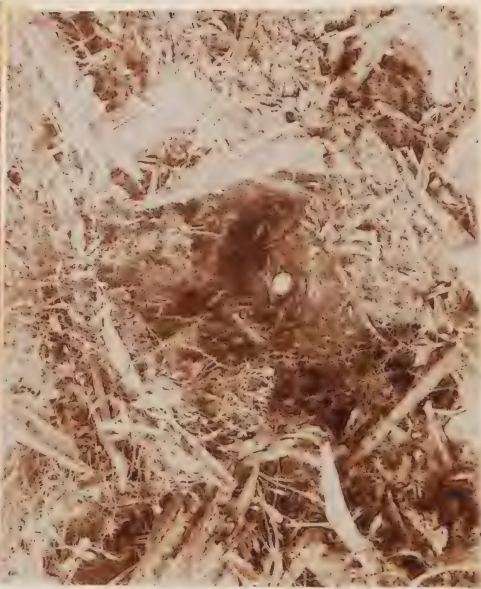
July 3

1892

Spoon Island. About 40 acres with two ridges rising 80 to 150 ft. above the sea, converging at the southern end of the island, diverging widely at the N. end, with a deep V-shaped valley between. This valley is covered with a luxuriant growth of English grass. The ridges are also grassy in many places but of bare rock or sand in others. There are fewer boulders than on most of the islands but the ridges are strewn with boulders & flat, angular rocks of various sizes. There are also many stumps & prostrate trunks of large trees which were evidently cut very many years ago & which are in various stages of decomposition. In a sheltered niche on the western shore grow three or four small but green & fairly vigorous balsams and the extreme southwestern point bristles with a growth of ~~bleached~~ dead balsams bleached and barkless but still retaining many of their lateral branches. Over the greater part of the western ridge the ground is covered with a reddish brown vegetable humus from 6 to 12 inches in depth and mainly composed of rotten & as yet not wholly disintegrated wood. This soil is exceedingly light & porous. In places it supports a rich growth of grass & various kinds of wild, flowering plants, in others it is almost or quite bare. It covers many of the large flat rocks. In the Petrels make their burrows. We found them everywhere where it occurs except along the eastern ridge where it is not as widely distributed as on the western side of the island & where there appeared to be no Petrels nesting. Nor were there any in the valley where the soil is doubtless too ~~too~~ tough for their tunnel feet.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

July 4

Hallowell Bay, Maine.

Cloudy with heavy showers in the afternoon.

No hunting this day at the house.

July 5

Cloudy with S. wind and heavy rain some of the day but clearing just before sunset & the wind shifting to N.W.

Work on my notes, photographs & eggs kept me in the house through the day but after supper I walked out along the road towards the bar for a mile or more. Birds were singing freely and I was really surprised at their abundance. Although there are but few species there are nearly all represented by a great number of individuals. Nashville Warblers, Yellow Warblers, Black & Yellow Warblers, Robins, various Thrushes, and Juncos are the most numerous & generally distributed. I heard four Hermit Thrushes, three White-throated Sparrows, three Grackle Flycatchers, two Maryland Yellow-throats & several Song Sparrows & Chipping Sparrows besides two Grass Finches. The Swainson's Thrushes are probably the most numerous of all. I must have heard at least a dozen more.

Evening walk
on the beach

The mixture of trees & shrubs of northern & southern tendencies interests me. The Gray Birch is common & scattered everywhere through the woods although less numerous than the Carve Birch. Red Birch is rather common & less than the Gray. I found *Juniperus communis* abundantly in the pastures. It is of a lighter green than the one so common to the northern species. *Eriopetrum virginicum*, Bayberry & *Vaccinium vitis-idaea* grows like by here on mossy ridges. The White Sparrow is common.

The people here recognize two kinds of Black Sparrow the Double & the Single Sparrow. They are equally common & I must confess they both may interbreed & do not seem to intergrade. The Double Sparrow is the larger of the two. The Single Sparrow has much less downy plumage & is of a lighter color.

1896

July 6

A beautiful Midsummer day with light, steady S. to S. W. wind. The sky clear - pleasant - a few birds in their hands which in part are the ones toward to eggs but mostly.

A heavy sea raised by the late easterly storm was breaking over outer ledges we did not extend our sail this morning beyond Lower Mask Island where we landed at 9 A. M. without difficulty and spent three hours looking for & photographing terns' nests.

Lower Mask Island. A round-topped island of about 20 acres with gently sloping sides, the summit perhaps 40 feet above high water, the sides and summit covered everywhere with the densest possible growth of English grass & white clover intermingled with various wild flowers, with large beds of thistles & other leafy weeds scattered here & there, a few plane bushes growing in clumps among the rocks and then or four green but stunted bollsams, 15 or 18 ft. in height, standing out conspicuously against the sky at the N. E. extremity of the high land. A few large, rounded boulders were distributed in groups & singly near the shores and one more of the upland, as well as some high-tide mark ledges of light-gray ^{stone} roughened by the effects of the weather and with jutting points and angles showed themselves more or less conspicuously. On these ledges we found a number of terns' nests two of which had five eggs each and one five eggs. I spent most of the forenoon photographing these nests while Watson & Long searched for the nest of the Buldrake that we saw fly off the island on the morning of the 1st. This had no flying & they then saw fishermen who came along close in the tide then that they had seen the Buldrake about the island lately of late. This encouraged them to renewed efforts and they searched down or two cups every bed of weeds or tall grass ~~and~~ to a likely place for a nest. They found no less than five

1896

July 6
(No 2)

(Heron's Nest) Old nests which looked like those of swallows & one which appeared to have been made this year but which contained nothing more than one egg.

Besides the Terns we saw on this island to-day no other birds except Hawaiian Sparrows which I certainly observed. Indeed there were quite as many as, if not more than, on Green Island. They were feeding young on wing. I have little doubt that young Sparrows also breed here but on some more. Probably they have about ceased singing on the smaller outer islands.

After getting lunch on the boat we started back up the bay & passing on our return Eggery's Bay and turned into Fish Creek which is followed nearly to its head landing finally on Long Hill Island where George & I thought found a house in fifteen pairs of Great Blue Herons nesting in 1894. Some of the old nests still remain (they were built in hollows 1' to 2' above the ground & were scattered all over the interior of the island) but the birds have evidently deserted the place as we saw no signs of their recent presence there. I found here the first Red-eyed Vireo that I have met with on this coast - four males at least & then flying over the island in higher pairs, the fourth on the opposite shore (Deer Island). I also found Brewer's Thrushes, Black-throated Green Warblers, Chickadees (two), Song Sparrows & White-throated Sparrows. Several pairs of Offshoots were seen along the creek. Two birds, one following the other, were carrying fish to their nest, one a large surfscin, the other a small flounder. Two Kingfishers also were here & a Night Heron on a rocky point near a fish weir. Cherry also saw a Great Blue Heron near the mouth of the creek.



1896

July 8

Sky half-filled with clouds but sun shining brightly most of the day. Wind S.W., light in forenoon, fresh in afternoon.

We started for Isle au Haut this morning but being adverse wind and a head tide at first we did not reach our destination until just ten o'clock. Anchoring in a little cove at the N.E. extremity of the island we landed at a place where there was a small, shallow, fresh water pond just inside the beach ridge. To our right rose a steep, rocky slope covered with dense, evergreen woods. In front, bordering the eastern shore for half a mile or more, stretched a succession of pastures with a few groups of the Spruces and Baldwins with thickets of alders, black alders, elms, wild rose bushes & other shrubs in the damp hollows. Sweet fern & bayberry were both abundant in the pastures but the former although very much glaucous & more thickly growing than our Massachusetts forest, you had almost no smell. The bayberry, on the other hand, was quite as fragrant as any I have ever seen. Gray birches were abundant in these pastures in fact quite as much so as the paper birches.

We crossed a rapid-flowing & very pretty brook & finally came to an extensive swamp very like the swamps on Long Is., with bushes, maples, alders, elms & various other kinds forming a low but dense cover. On a rocky knoll bordering this swamp were two ~~standing~~ red oaks, trees 10 or 12 inches at the butt, 25 or 30 feet high, and with very wide-spreading tops. As this knoll commanded a wide view over the swamp and across a cultivated field to wooded slopes & the high central ridge of the island beyond it spent nearly an hour sitting under the oaks watching & listening for birds. Watson meanwhile crossed the field and ascended to the summit of the island. I could trace his progress fairly accurately by the movements of the crows as they circled

1896

July 8
No 3

(See on Hunt). It will be seen by this list that the ^{common} birds of Panola Bay are essentially the same as those of Herring's Bay & probably had I had more time & a better opportunity the same was true & birds were not half of July, I should have found nearly or quite all the species that I have noted near the bay. The Yellow Warbler & Grosbeak were new to my list but I found the latter this very next morning on the beach & the former is probably an immigrant or very local species in this immediate region.

I took the photographs across the beach when a number, two of which species suffered by the wind. While thus engaged I discovered the Red-bellied King & two about 100 yards away in the shallow water of the little pond near by. They allowed me to approach within about 40 yards when the Yellow King rose high in air & went off towards the N.W.

After breakfasting on the boat we started to Grandfather Island and thence home having nothing of special interest on the way.

As the week behind the Seabirds all the small birds were in full song for nearly as long this morning. The amount of singing was especially fine & abundant & the birds singing were far & long before as I stood on the high rocks. Some birds were singing even fully now when they were then days ago. I hear the Yellow Warblers less frequently, however, & the Kinglets have nearly ceased.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 9

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Light winds from the S. W. with intervals of calm and a few
brown clouds in the afternoon. Saw nothing lively through these
fluffy clouds.

Starting out about the usual time we sailed to Mason Island
inspiring nearly the whole forenoon by the way for the time
was light & after we had passed Madras Island, which
is a long line of fog lying along the S. E. corner, we
were about the afternoon as we landed at our first
camping anchor and waited waiting for lunch & went to
work with the camera taking twelve photographs in about
two hours. The bulls behaved much as during our former
visit (June 27). One they seemed less concerned at one place
which was the more singular from the fact that many of
them had evidently hatched these eggs. We have in fact
two kinds of young in climbing to them of the two nests
& in one nest on the ground as its last just hatched &
the other two were pipped. Most of the ground nests, however,
had been robbed since our last visit and one in a Balsam,
in which we had left the set of the eggs, was also empty
to-day. We found several more nests on the ground in the
midst of dense Balsams one with a beautiful set of three
fresh eggs which we took. I photographed this nest and
also used the eggs to supply an empty nest placed
in the midst of a fallen limb off of which I got
fine negative. Watrous found an empty nest in the woods
on the top of a large rock. The condition of the egg shells
lying near it indicated that the young had hatched
& gone. No doubt the young hatched in the ground nests
moulder off as soon as they are a few days old. One about
five days old in a nest in a tree tumbled down though

1896

July 9
(Wed.)

Heaven Island The branches where Watson tried to catch them & when he reached the ground one had disappeared. I spent the afternoon in an empty nest (photographed with a nest of lots of other eggs on the 27th June) at the foot of a stump and took the pictures, not without difficulty for we had to tie the legs to keep them from running away. When I had they got with a good deal of force & uttered a harsh sound resembling a whistle brought a cloud of old birds up over us. Being the old birds were so tame to day that I walked up to within less than 10 yards of them as they sat on the tree tops & flying shots offered every few minutes. I ought to kill a pair but time for them has just made it being impossible to the point of doing it. It would be difficult to get the chance elsewhere & the birds on Heaven Island are so quiet and thoughtful that I cannot even bear the thought of pointing a gun at one of them.

at Brimstone Lodge, however, when we landed this afternoon as soon as we had taken lunch on the boat (being too down to the lodge under the jet the while) I connected an nest of the most well-blended bird humbler by photographing a female Meadow Lark which with her lot of five beautiful fresh eggs are taken from a woman's house with a heap of singular flowers & stalks of corn. I could not reach the nest at all and Conway who has a slender hand & arm could only just do so. The poor bird but is a little bit without sufficient force to cause pain. I felt that I must have a Maine coast breeding specimen & it was better of course to get one in this way than to use the gun and have the risk of wounding & losing one a score of other tough, hard-birding birds.

1896

July 1
in 8)

Brimstone Ledge. A very rocky island of less than 1/2 an acre rising about 20 feet above high water the summit for the most part devoid of vegetation but beach grass & a few other low lying plants growing in a few places. There are no well marked gulches but in all other respects the character of the island is closely similar in character to Black Rock. The rocks being of the same kind and similarly cleft & broken into large blocks & Hobs which are piled one upon another with narrow passages low chambers between or under them. In this vicinity the Guillemots lay their eggs often when they cannot be reached and frequently, no doubt, when it is impossible to see or touch them. As we approached the island only one bird was in sight floating on the water but while we were casting anchor & then after we landed no less than ten flew from near the summit of the ledge & in such a manner as to satisfy us that they all came directly from their nests. But although we spent an hour or more searching carefully among the confusion of rocks we found only two nests both of which were discovered by Watrous. One I have already described. The other was similarly placed but the old bird was absolutely beyond our reach and could not be approached. Although we failed her with a stick & pushed her about until we were sure that she had no eggs under her. The first bird being clearly to be eggs until finally taken off them. Watrous finds to have two young birds close to the water when he first looked under the chimney.

The found young calling in several places directly beneath our feet and no doubt most of the eggs on the island have hatched which would pretty nearly account for our finding only the one set.

These Guillemots must rear nearly all their young successfully

1896

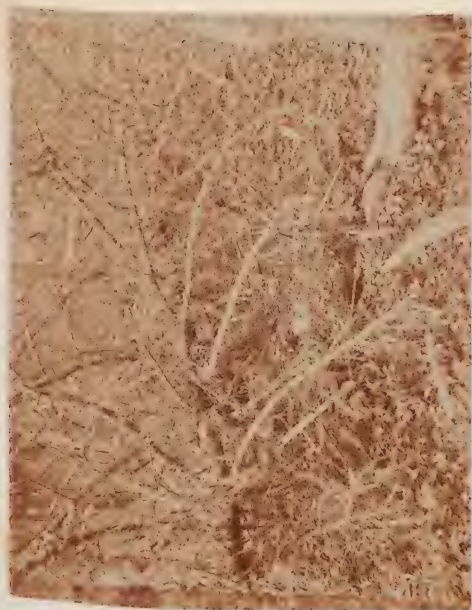
Penobscot Bay, Maine.

July 9
[as 4]

Brinstone Ledge for there are no mammals on the small ledge & the birds & shells are of more quiet made to get in the eggs which the fulmar, according to Conway, will attempt to swallow them. Even the egg collectors ~~and~~ ^{fail} to find or be unable to reach a considerable proportion of the nests. Indeed I know of no other New England bird that is & usually solved the problem of finding a perfectly secure nesting place. In addition to the considerations just mentioned such an island as Brinstone Ledge is absolutely inaccessible to the common egg-lifter excepting during a very few of the calmest days at this season. May the fulmars long continue to breed there in this comparative peace & privacy. No doubt they would increase rapidly as it is not that with that other sea-birds the young are frequently shot before they have to avoid men. The old birds are they might not it would be a different matter to shoot one has to have from a bird band.

Two hours having over the ledge noted as if they had a nest there but we did not find it. No other birds were seen there.

Afternoon in the afternoon we landed on Moosehead Island. It is two or three miles long by usually a high broad white shore, ocean & birch woods alternating with steep fescues. A man sat work in a field near the only house told us there were neither deer nor Hares on the island but that there were a few Postridges. It was cloudy while we were ashore & birds if present in any numbers were very silent. My list of birds which is therefore very brief & as follows: Parus harrisi 1%, Nacla angustata 2, Dumetia vires 1%, Salix 1, Chloris 1, Junco 1, Ammodramus 1, Hel. perisota 3 or 4%, Junco 1, Ton. alberta 1, Empidonax 1, Chondestes 1, Corvus 1.





1896

July, 0

Morning foggy; afternoon clear over the land but with some fog hanging down the Bay except a strong S.W. wind.

We did not go out at all to day. I spent the morning in the house writing etc., then afternoon rambling about the woods on the point & cutting away the small spruces around two large boulders which I intend to plant people holes. Most of the smaller birds singing freely all day, especially during the forenoon when the woods are enveloped in fog. I have noticed before that the domestic fowls seem to flourish rather than shun the fogs of June which I shall always note. It is quite the contrary at home. On the 14th, when, even at the height of the breeding season, the birds hardly sing, at all until the evening fogs begin to rise or blow away.

1896

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

July 11

A clear, warm day with strong S.W. wind and two brief thunder
storms in the afternoon.

Starting at 8 a.m. we spent the day on Eggemoggin Head sailing
quite to the head of Little Deer Island and thence half way across
to Cape Rosie. Near the northern end of Little Deer Island when
landed to eat lunch on a ledge shaded by birches I heard a Wilson's
Thrush call (*chee*) a number of times in a swampy thicket of
alders near us. All along the eastern shores of both islands where
paper birches grew abundantly we heard Red-eyed Vireos piping
wherever our boat passed within hearing of the land. The Thrush
is new to my ears.

On the beach, of course, Robinson's Thrushes, Yellow-rumped &
Marshall's Warblers, Juncos, White-throated Sparrows & other birds of
general distribution among these large islands of this group.
There were but few water or salt birds - a lone Scaup -
the Herring, there were few Kittiwake Terns, Pigeons & a
few Mergansers, Kingfishers, & Belted Kingfishers along the shores.
Near the mouth of Fish Creek we saw two adult Night Hawks
on a rocky point.

During an interval of dead calm three Harbor Seals lying half out
of water on a small ledge were watching a bird, broken or
flustering, growing war which reminded me a little of the
behavior of the Red Howler Monkeys at Funchal. This day & night
to our advantage - we frequently heard the young seals give
a succession
of grunting sounds.

As we lay down the beach I photographed an Osprey's nest on a
point & we landed near a small settlement of houses to see the local
collector Ralph Newman Knight. He was not at home but his father
showed us his eggs & I bought several sets of him among others
two sets of 4 & 5 eggs each of Downy Birds taken with a Thrush

1896

July 1

1892/

set of 4 eggs on saddleback ledge, July 9th 1896. The knowledge of this "hoard" gave us all (but especially Henry, I imagine) for the ledge is in plain sight of our house & we passed near it on the 8th without thinking it worth while to look there. How these eggs could have escaped the numerous fishermen who visit & "haul" their lobster pots close about the ledge really is a mystery. I bought the eggs and later found that the lot of five were incubated for 4 days. The other four eggs were quite fresh.

Just as we had reached the shore on our way back to the boat we heard a shout & presently young Knight (he is only a month, appeared swimming & climbing this last. I had a short talk with him & learned that early last May he found a Raven's nest (on one of the islands "down the Bay" containing young nearly ready to fly. He thinks the eggs must have been laid late in March or early in April. He has also found this year somewhere among the northern Fox Islands a large colony of Hairy Terns - about two hundred nests, in all containing young.

Had had two fine sets of 4 eggs each of the Lesser Hawk. Both taken on Deer Island this year from the same pair of birds.

He had also two sets (which I bought) of 5 eggs each of the Great Blue Heron taken May 16th on Pickering's Island, one of the more northerly of the Fox Islands group.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 12

One of the most perfect of midsummer days, cloudless, warm but not in the least hot, a refreshing breeze, from early in the morning to late into the night, a strong but almost perfectly steady "whale-pail" breeze from the S.W.

Tempted by the beautiful weather & fine fishing season I suggested to Conway this morning that although it was Sunday I should like to go to Kump's Island to get the Redbreast's nest which we found & left with our first egg on June 10th. He objected with great shyness for he has been hunting me ever since my loss of the bird's nest taken by Knight on Salsdunk Bay on Thursday. We accordingly started at noon with only a pair of birds down to the island in the little rowing boat. As we approached it and while we were still about 100 yds away we saw a pair of Redbreasts fly out from the bottom and when we were well situated and accordingly a full hour of a good lot of eggs; but in this we were disappointed for the last bird had the one egg which we had left twelve days ago and was unmistakably deserted. It was at the end of a short tunnel which entered into or rather under a dense mass of prostrate beach grass of last season's growth. There was no down whatever in this nest.

The loss of this Redbreast's nest was not the only pain of the day for soon after sundown we discovered two men walking about on the hill top, one of them claimed to be the owner of the island & said that he & his friend had come out to see about cutting the grass but they both trampled it down ruthlessly as they questioned the surface all the time & we soon found that they were really looking for birds' nests which as fast as found they took of their eggs. They had come in a dory which was

1896

July 12

(Wed.)

drove up on the beach. While we were talking with them a French
 Huguenot walked over the sand and a boat came about 200
 yards up beach where a French party consisting of two men and
 of about thirty years of age, white fair children - four girls & two
 boys - ranging in age from four to ten or eight years. They were
 pretty children, neatly & attractively dressed and their fathers were
 rather fine looking men, with clean shaven and intelligent faces
 and in respect to both clothes and general appearance apparently
 much above the ordinary grade of fishermen or farmers. But
 a man with a ruthless set never before landed a colony of
 beautiful sea-birds and the lights & sounds which we were
 compelled to witness during the next ten or fifteen minutes were
 simply hellening. The children laughing & at times fairly screaming
 with excitement ran hither & thither over the island gathering eggs
 & young in their small hands & aprons, dropping & breaking many
 eggs and stepping the young into baskets to be taken to their home
 to one of regret & lamentation. I saw them take a little brown and
 spotted murrelet & throw it to back loudly exclaiming "Oh, for little
 darling!" But it soon went into one of the baskets & was carried
 off with the rest. Of course this cruelty on the part of the
 children was chiefly or wholly due to thoughtless egotism of
 the consequences of their acts but no such excuse can be
 found for their fathers who, despite their really pleasant &
 attractive faces, soon showed themselves to be humane brutes of
 the lowest & meanest kind. They both carried double barreled
 break down guns and it presently became evident that they had brought
 them for the purpose of killing as many of the breeding pairs
 as possible. But they first beat up and down back & forth through
 the long beach grass evidently knowing that the birds are in the
 habit of nesting there & hoping to surprise a duck on her
 eggs and shoot her as she ran. This quest fortunately proved

1896

July 14
(Sat)

birds. One lay on the top of a rock with four dead ones. I doubt if the man took the trouble to kill a single bird that fell wounded. Conway thinks that they must have shot at least forty in all judging from the rate at which they were bringing them down or he apprehended that they admitted to him & the night before, the owner of Pigeon Island also assured me, that they did not design making any collection of their down birds but that they were hunting them simply for "sport". I was also told that they are in the habit of spending whole days hunting down swallows with the same method. The whole party, or rather both parties, came, on Wednesday, from Rock Harbor.

After dinner away the Tern Rogers Conway & Watsons searched Ship Island carefully for *Skeletralis* nests. The former found a nest containing a beautiful set of seven nearly fresh eggs on the highest part of the island in a growing field among dense black grass & red-top but within six feet of the edge of a nearly vertical bluff at the foot of which the sea beats at high tide. This nest would have been destroyed within a week or less as they cut the grass in this field with a machine. After photographing the nest & eggs I took them.

Watsons found three *Skeletralis* nests in a belt of sand grass between the field & the shore, but one was old & another had apparently been robbed lately; the third contained a single fresh egg & was wholly without down. We did not take this egg nor did I photograph the nest.

After spending about an hour on Ship Island I returned to Pigeon Island where I exposed the remainder of my plates & saw nests of *Skeletralis* a few had interestingly mixed

1896

July 12

(1896)

the despoilers.

I should have mentioned that on Ship Island the Larks appeared to be all Wilson's and that they were nesting chiefly along the upper edge of a ~~low~~ gravelly bluff where in places the nests were only two or three feet apart. I found only one nest in the mowing field where the grass was, in usual places, much too long & dense to suit these birds.

I took four photographs of the flying birds using one of the dead terns to attract as large a number as possible one on spot. They would quickly collect to the number of a hundred or more and hover over the dead bird for two or three minutes, then separate & fly off.

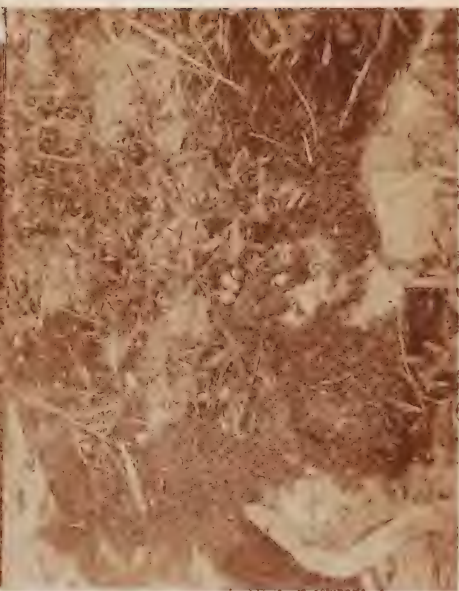
The owner of Jumpet Island told me that it contained only five acres of dry land & that Ship Island has eight acres. Ship Island has fully as many terns as Jumpet; in fact there were more than to-day. The two islands together have this season about 400 pairs of birds. The channel between them is about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile in width. Again outside of Ship Island on the lower ledge (one could reach Bear Island) I saw a Colony & Notrons visited to-day. They found a few pairs of terns nesting on each.

Bridles Terns & Sheldralls are found nesting on Ship Island. Sparrows & Song Sparrows & a few Spotted Sandpipers.

While I was on Jumpet Island this morning (a rather quiet before we landed there) the Sheldralls flying together passed around the S. end of the island & went off over the bay to the north west. I have no doubt that at least six or perhaps eight or ten pairs of birds have nested (or rather tried to nest) on these islands this season.

Pembroke Bay, Maine.





Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 13

Clear and dead calm most of the day, two thunder storms passing near us in the late afternoon.

As it was impossible to go anywhere with the ship on account of the absence of wind I spent the day about the house. In the early evening I walked to the School House & back. There were many very pretty & I killed the Black-bellied Cuckoo - the first one of the year. The Cuckoo was singing in a fresh green pasture near the School house. The Woodcock rose from the wet woods at the foot of the steep bank & descended in a spiral to a height of at least 100 ft. Above this bird & finally. Although I could not see him I could trace his flight easily enough by the whistling. I felt him to be now going to drop but the bend of his wings presently died away in the distance towards the shore.

1896

July 14

Peaseport Bay, Maine

Another day of nearly dead calm and very warm, too, for this coast where ordinarily I have some rather brisk north-west winds.

As we were unable to use the sail boat we spent the day walking about the beach. Hearing that a large tern-nestled ~~scholar~~ bird stood on a ledge at the entrance to Eggemoggin Beach I started immediately after supper for Sheep Point where I had a good view of him as he lay on the top of the ledge just out of water near the rock.

While passing through the dense spruce woods between the beach house and the point, a distance of nearly half a mile, I heard a great many common birds singing among the firs. Black & Yellow Warblers sang in a shrill song exactly alike and gave the witty-witty-witches form of song. The bird, however, occasionally put in a third "witty" and frequently substituted a different song altogether - a wittas-wittas (always two wittas & no more) which was remarkably like the song of Setophaga ruticilla. In these woods I also heard a Winter Wren, the first that I have found in this region & probably a rather new bird here. He was in a well-shaded wooded with young Spruces & Colmans & sang half an hour there & more with some vigor but yet not as our Chondestes birds sing in May & early June.

On the way back while passing through the hollow where I saw the Woodcock last spring I heard a Myadestes loquax several times & then soon. Although I was listening for it half an hour I saw no Myadestes. I recognized the magnificent quality of voice at the first cry.

1896

July 14
(No. 2.)

Not one of the species of land birds which I saw there for found on the Neck failed to trip at least once or twice within my morning ramble this week. Even the Yellow-rumped & Thrushes seemed to have started up again with some vigor and as for the Nashvilles, Black-throated Greens, Black & Yellows, Hermit & Cassin's Thrushes, Juncos, Parula Birds, Song Sparrows, Chippies etc. one would have thought that it was the very height of their love making season. I heard one Parula Warbler and the Black-billed Cuckoo in the pasture behind the school house.

It was a genuine surprise, however, to hear at least two Savanna Sparrows singing freely in the field by the roadside just above the school house for hitherto I have found but one bird on the Neck and that on the house opposite the house. How these birds on the hill-top could have escaped my notice is a mystery for my evening walks have been more frequent than the full moon - indeed up to I have almost twice spent an hour or more sitting on the stone by the roadside (near to where I found them to-night) - waiting for them.

There can be little doubt, however, that there was something about the weather conditions this evening which stimulated the vocal energy of the song birds to a degree very exceptional at this season. The air was very clear, absolutely calm and, after 10 warm days, comparatively cool. Evidently, too, the song season here lasts much later into the summer than with us. No doubt it begins later and perhaps the Crows & Red Squirrels have something to do with it for I believe they rob most of the corn's nests. At least we have seen very few song birds & have found many half-broken nests.

1896

July 15

Foggy, the afternoon cloudy with heavy showers.

We started for Esquimaux at 10 A.M. Having a fair idea where fresh water was located our destination before we were much cost involved in the busy little harbor. After disposing of a hurried dinner we got a double-hitched wagon and a driver and started for a salt marsh some five miles distant in the direction of Peter Head. This marsh had been described to me as very extensive in area, assuring me that it covered at least fifty acres. I was most anxious to visit it for I felt reasonably sure of finding Sharp-tailed Pinnacles there but on reaching the place the "marsh" in question proved to consist of a few belts of sedge scattered along the margin of a salt creek the most extensive belt being less than 100 yards in length and only 45 or 50 yards in width. As the ground was flooded the very tide of course there were no birds of any kind breeding in the pond. It is not improbable that migrating Sharp-tails may frequent it find a temporary shelter there.

At the point where the road crosses the creek, however, there is an old dam & pond well used when the fresh water reaches of about fifty acres - or thereabouts. Its center winds a sluggish creek, in places narrow & half covered by tall grasses, ~~and~~ in others expanding into shallow pond holes or bays covered with cordgrass leaves and bordered by thickets of sweet gale & other water loving shrubs. The meadow itself is rather dry & open with a growth of thin, short, wiry grass & low-growing vines among which in unusual profusion are the beautiful & frequent flowers of the Pignolia.

1875


This week (Sat., 1st Sept.), about on the same time when
Indigo-bird & Blue King, I found it to be a multitude
of Savannah Sparrows (most of them young in first plumage),
considerable numbers of Song and House Wrens, a
few Maryland Yellowthroats and one Red-eyed Vireo.
The sparrows were their loudest and most numerous and
were further distinguished by their young & broken found also hints
for the smaller birds & it was in evident that of
Passer canadensis & Passer virginicus do not breed there
in large numbers but I failed to obtain any evidence
of the presence of either species. Notwithstanding, I could hear
whistle the birds, with many fields where they gather
down to the marsh on the western side but in western
low we heard them & one down said that they were
only during migration & there is but small number.
The scarcity of Red-wings was sufficient to warrant for
them was more common along the bank for hours of
time. The high land around was a mass of nesting birds.
Hundreds of swallows were flying low over the
marsh, each swallow being the most conspicuous,
None were seen except in numbers, and their flight
separated by less than half a dozen birds. Scores
of young House Wrens, fresh from the nests, were
beetled all along the bank headed their numbers of
each bird together in flocks only a foot or two
above the water.

1896

July 15
(No 3)

We next drove to Frost's Pond or at least to within about a quarter of a mile of it walking the last part of the way through a wood road which descended a steep hillside. We had stopped at one of the last houses and secured as guide a native who was familiar with the pond and who knew where the only boat on it was hidden. He also assured us that he could take us to a place where there had been a Loon's nest every season for the past 15 or 20 years.

The Pond proved to be about a mile long by half a mile broad. It was surrounded by woods, chiefly second growth birches, poples etc with a good many spruces & balsams. A shallow creek which emptied into it wound back for half-a-mile or more through an extensive bog sprinkled with young larches.

We found the boat easily and ~~ambushingly~~ rowed directly to the Loon's nest which to our delight contained two eggs. It was on a floating island or "hassock" less than a yard square & formed (in the "hassock" was) of the interlaced roots of grasses and small bushes, chiefly sweet gale. On this vegetable raft the Loon had ^{if not quite} built a nearly circular structure composed ^{of} ~~of~~ twigs, like bunches of grass roots and measuring across from edge to edge just 2 ft. In the middle was a depression 12 inches across and about 2 inches deep in which lay the two eggs not side by side but arranged thus . They were a nearly of the general color of the mud-colored surface on which they rested that it would have been easy to overlook them. The mat of grass roots beneath them was damp but not really wet. The distance from the outer edge of the nest to the water was about a foot on any side.

1896

July 15
(no 4)

I should have mentioned that this nest was not at the shore of the pond itself but on the right-hand side of the creek about 50 yards from its mouth. The channel of open water was here about ten yards wide and two feet deep but a little further up it narrowed to but little more than the width of a large brook. As we were approaching the nest we saw nothing of the loon but the eggs were very warm and while we were looking at them the old bird showed her head some thirty yards up the creek. She thrust it up and drew it beneath the surface several times without moving her position but finally she started down the creek under water making a furrow on the surface precisely like that of a big fish. We sat still and let her pass. Her speed was greater than that of an ordinary boat but I think that two good paddlers in a light canoe might have kept up with her. It was interesting to see how accurately she followed the channel which was very crooked in places. She made in all a distance of nearly 200 yards before coming to the surface well out in the pond. When she at once spread her wings and flapped off to the further shore. She was an enormous loon - one of the very largest I have ever seen. We saw her water in the pond about half-a-inch from the nest where we first emerged from the woods. Neither bird made any vocal sound while we were within hearing of the pond. We took the eggs of course. This nest has been robbed twice within a few years, once by our guide, the other time by his brother. In both cases two eggs constituted the lot. I saw one pair of eggs (the mother's)

1896

July 15-
(Ms)

It may be as well to record in this connection what happened to my two Dove's eggs. On taking them I thought I could feel the young moving within. When we reached the boat & unpacked them both young birds were peeping busily. One died during the night but by the next morning the other had chipped a hole as big as a silver ten cent piece near the larger end of the egg. He made no further progress during the day but kept up an incessant cooing. On the second morning he was silent & at first I thought him dead but detecting a slight movement of his head I opened his bill & breathed into it a number of times. This revived him and after he had been put in a warm place behind the cooling stove at the Emersons for half an hour he was as lively as ever. I then drilled a row of holes around the egg and paying off the larger end pulled out the young bird and put him in a basket by the fire. His downy plumage soon dried and within an hour he would swallow with every appearance of satisfaction small fleeces of fresh fish macerated in water. I fed him at short intervals through that day & he seemed to gain strength & bulk rapidly. He also seemed to open his bill when food was offered him. On the third morning he was still bigger & stronger & his appetite was much improved. At 4 P.M. of that day I started from Green's Landing for Boston. As soon as I got my boat aboard the boat he began to languish and when we reached Rockland at 6 P.M. he was gasping for breath. He was just alive when I went to bed & died & stiff next morning. Whether the motion of the steamer distressed him or whether he got chilled by the cool sea breeze I was unable to make out. I was glad to add his beautiful skin to my collection but his death was nevertheless a

1896

July 15
(no 6)

source of real pain to me for a further and more
engaging little pet has now come under my care. When I
first took him from the egg his eyes were wide open but
I am bound to admit that they were, for a bird's, dull
and expressionless eyes. His usual call was a loud peep
not unlike a young chicken's but fuller & more "throaty".
He also gave a succession of whistling notes very like those
of our Osprey. On the day of his assisted birth I put
him in a tub of water where he swam about with
some ease but with his bill beneath the surface. I
think that there was something the matter with his
neck from the first for he could not hold up his head
without great effort.

In this connection, also, I will describe another Loon's
nest which we visited on the 16th. It was in the town
of Brooksville at the N. E. end of Walker's Pond (cf journal
of July 16 for description of pond). Like the first nest
it was composed wholly of bunches of grass roots and it
measured exactly the same in total width as well as in
the width of the egg cup but the sides were built up
higher and the rim more distinctly marked while the whole
structure was more symmetrical. In fact I have never
seen any loon nest so absolutely round. It looked as if
it had been formed on a potter's wheel. Like the other
nest, also, it was placed near (or rather on) the edge of a
shallow winding creek perhaps 30 yards from its mouth
but unlike the first nest it rested on a solid foundation
having been built up on a hard bottom of mixed sand &
mud in water about 2 inches deep. The surroundings were
also slightly different for a bed of cat tails formed a
back-ground to this nest & several of these tall stems

1896

July 15
(no 7)

Trinidad Bay, Maine

best gracefully over it although from the creek side it was wholly open to view and indeed a very conspicuous object.

This nest had also, we were told, been occupied for many years. Although it is within an eighth of a mile of a small village & known to everyone living in the country around ~~we~~ we were assured that it has never been molested. The young had hatched about a week before our visit and nothing but fragments of the egg shells & the tough skin that had enclosed the embryos remained in the nest. We saw one of the old birds in the pond but could not find the young although we followed the shore line closely in a boat & used our glasses freely.

I should have noted that this nest like the first was so situated that the fishing bird could slide directly from its edge into water two or three inches deep. This fact leads me to conclude that the reason why Barns were bred on salt water is probably that, being unable to either walk or to fly directly from dry land, they would be nearly if not quite helpless if hatched on the nest at low tide!

1896

July 16

Clear and cool with strong W.W. wind.

We passed the night on the boat and arose this morning just as the sun was rising. An hour later our driver appeared with the same excellent horse and wagon that we had yesterday and we were soon on our way to Walker's Pond. The road leads along near the shore for the first few miles and then, turning inland, climbs a long hill from the top of which one looks directly down on the pond on one side and ^{to} one Paroscut Bay on the other. Altogether the distance to Brooksville, a small village at the N.E. end of the pond, was perhaps seven miles.

On reaching this village we asked about Loon's nests and were told that there were only one on the pond although there used to be two each season years ago.

Every one seemed to know all about the nest of the present season and not unnaturally for it was scarce 300 yards from the middle of the little village & in plain sight of the little country store at which we stopped to make inquiries, while it was actually within 50 or 60 yards of a landing where there a few boats are kept. The young man, whom we hired one of these boats pointed out the position of the nest and rowing across the little cove we entered the mouth of a shallow muddy creek and were down at the nest. The young had left it, we were told, about a week before. As I was anxious to see them we rowed entirely around the pond entering all the coves and following the shore closely but we could find only one of the old birds which was quite

1896

July 16
(No 2.)

as shy as most of her wary species. Of the nest itself I have recorded a ^{general} description in connection with that of the nest found yesterday & under date of July 15. Here is a copy of the detailed notes that I took on the spot:

"Loon's nest at N.E. corner of Waller's Pond, examined July 16, 1896.

On edge of cat-tail bog bordering creek covered with Lily pads and about 15 or 20 yards from the point where the creek enters a corner of the pond. Nest built up on a firm (although soft) bottom of mixed sand & mud covered with water two or three inches deep, the water all around the nest two to four inches deep with a channel of open water about a foot deep leading in from the creek to the very edge of the nest & probably made, either designedly or ^{incidentally} through long use, by the birds. Tall cat-tail flags growing ^{close} behind & on two sides of the nest & branching over it, Sagittaria pushing up through it. Nest composed of mud-balled branches of grass roots and moss-like aquatic plants with a scanty lining of dry blades of the cat-tail flags. Total width across top exactly 2 ft. width of inner cup exactly 1 ft. Cup just 1 inch deep in the middle. Rim raised 4 inches above the water. Nest as regularly circular both without & within as if modeled on a father's wheel. Fragments of the egg shells and the lining of one of the eggs lay within it, the lining of the other egg in the shallow water outside. From the creek side the nest was a conspicuous object."

1896

July 16

(No 3)

Now a word as to Walker's Pond. It is a beautiful sheet of water three miles long by half a mile or more in width at the widest part with rocky shores rising abruptly in low cliffs at several points and with pretty sand beaches in some of the numerous shallow coves. The south western end is heavily & densely wooded with spruces & balsams chiefly and groves of trees or thickets of bushes are sprinkled thickly around the remaining shores but near the village much of the land is under cultivation & fields of English grass stretch to the water's edge.

The creek where the Loons nest is an ideal place for Red-winged Blackbirds but like the marsh visited yesterday it seemed to have attracted only a solitary bird of this species who sang a few times but did not show himself. Swamp Sparrows were numerous along this creek and here as well as nearly everywhere about the shores of the pond we heard a few Yellow Warblers one of which was also seen in an orchard in the village. On a rocky slope near the shore we heard a Mniotilta working the undergrowth long. Red-eyed Vireos were singing vigorously in all directions in the woods & thickets. Song & Savanna Sparrows were abundant in the fields.

We saw a fair old Herring Gull standing on an isolated rock but the village people told us that so far as they know this species does not nest here. They also said that no Ducks of any kind breed in or near this pond but on June 15 yesterday Thomas that an occasional brood of young Black Ducks may be found in Walker's Pond although he has seen none there lately of late years.

1896

July 16
(No 4)

During the drive to & from Waller's Pond we observed no birds of any especial interest. The Savanna Sparrow is evidently one of the most abundant species of the region & is found practically everywhere in the open country regardless of elevation or of the character of the fields, provided only they are covered with some kind of grass. The Song Sparrow is also very common. Barn Swallows are generally distributed throughout the entire region breeding in small colonies (from two or three to a dozen or fifteen pairs) on nearly every house & barn that we passed - at least where the construction of their buildings made it possible for them to attach their nests.

We reached the harbor about noon and spent the greater part of the afternoon getting back to Lushington Hoppy on the way to make a second call on Ralph A. Thirgill from whom I bought a few more eggs & who told me that Night Hawks are numerous in the woods & pastures near his father's farm. He showed me a nest & eggs of the Yellow Warbler taken on Deer Island.

1896

July 16
(No 5)

After taking tea at the Emersons we went aboard the boat again and started down the Bay. It was a beautiful evening, cloudless, the air very clear, a light breeze from the south west just ruffling the water. A few Gulls were flying about and we saw a magnificent Bald Eagle, a fully adult bird standing on a rock on a small ledge about 200 yards off with its broad wings half spread. This is the first Eagle I have seen in Penobscot Bay.

As the sun sank the breeze became lighter & lighter and we finally had to take to the sweeps but we reached our destination, Spoon Island, by 8 P.M. and anchoring at once round shore.

My sole object in making this trip was to see the Leach's Petrels leave their burrows and to hear the clamor which, according to some of the foremen, they make at night. We were in good season for twilight had barely begun to fall when we climbed the rocky hillside and posted ourselves on the crest of the ridge in the middle of the breeding ground. The slope of the land was such that in these directions either the sky or sea formed a light background against which so dark colored a bird as a Petrel must have been easily seen.

Nevertheless day passed slowly into night until the afterglow had quite faded in the west and only the light of a half moon & that of the stars remained without our seeing anything of the numerous birds which we began to be hearing literally beneath our feet. Several times we were momentarily deceived by a dim form darting close past us but in every instance this proved out to be a Bat. In short we did not see a single Petrel although we remained on the

1896.

July 16
(no 6)

island about two hours or until nearly 10 P. M.

Not were our ears more favored than our eyes for as night closed in we heard only the chirping and bickering calls of Savanna Sparrows, the musical peep-weep of Spotted Sandpipers, the various cries of the Sea Gulls, and the sudden boom of the surf on the outer ledges. Altogether it was a great disappointment and one that I am quite at a loss to explain. Unquestionably there were two or three hundred Petrels' nests scattered about under the turf within two hundred yards or less of where we sat. If any birds left or came to them while we were there it must have been after dark and they must have declined to close to the ground as to closely escape our observation. Even then it seems incredible that we should not have seen some of them as they came up from the sea on the crest of the ridge. The utter silence of so large a colony of breeding birds was also remarkable. Either the fishermen must have discovered us or the clamor of which they have told us is produced only at certain periods of the breeding season or during certain conditions of weather. It is idle, however, to speculate on these points or to do more than record as above the fact that during this visit we neither saw nor heard anything.

In a lobster pot on the beach we found a gannet, a young bird but fully fledged & able to fly well as he proved when we liberated him. Conway tells us that young Gulls often enter baited pots drawn up on the shore and, like the lobsters, are unable to get out again. We would & drifted homeward with the tide reaching the beach at about midnight.

1896.

July 17 Spent the day packing - no observations.

" 18 Clear with a cool S.W. breeze.

At 1 P.M. we put our things aboard the boat and started for Green's Landing. On the way across we saw another Bald Eagle, a brown bird this time. At Green's Landing I heard Alder Flycatchers and a Yellow Warbler (the latter in full song) in alder thickets on the hillside just above the wharf.

The Steamer Mt. Desert came at 4 P.M. and took us to Rockland where we transferred to the Steamer for Boston. When we left the Emerson's very young son was as bright and cheerful as ever but either the sea breeze chilled him or some water which I gave him on the Steamer disagreed with him for he began to feel soon after we started from Green's Landing and when I went to bed at 11 P.M. he was only just alive. Next morning I found him cold & stiff. I skinned him as soon as we reached Cambridge.

1896

Boston to Lake Umbagog.

August 8 Clear, fresh and very warm (ther. 90° at Poplar Swamp at 2 P.M.).

I left Boston yesterday at 9 A.M. and spent the night at Bethel where, at sunset, a Robin was singing rather freely near the hotel and a large number of hawks circling about over the clouds evidently assembling to roost but just when they spent the night I was unable to discern.

At daybreak this morning I heard Robins, Song Sparrows, Birds at a Wood Pewee, a Red-eyed Vireo and a Goldfinch singing, Bethel and later saw a brood of young Great Flycatchers.

Calling on Dr. Gearing I found that he was much interested in our native plants & herbs and had a large & very attractive wild garden. He had Clitorea in bloom but he tells me that it is not found wild near Bethel.

At noon I started for the Lake by Stage with Mr. Gill as driver. The heat was so intense that we traveled very slowly ~~at first~~ but after we had passed the notch the sun was so low behind the western mountains as to trouble us no longer and in the woods the air was positively cool as well as laden with delicious odors.

The roadsides all along the way were gay with all sorts of wild summer wild flowers - Eupatorium, Fire weed, Golden rod, Harebell & a few of the earlier Astors.

It seemed to me that these & other flowers are here finer than in Massachusetts. The Fire weed is certainly finer.

Birds were not numerous as to either species or individuals & I saw nothing of any peculiar interest. Blanchard who came out at Bethel to meet the stage tells me that a pair of "black" Eagles have nested this year at the old cabin on the lake just within of Bethel.

State of
Vegetation

Golden
Eagles
in nest

1896

Aug. 9

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge N. Massachusetts

A light shower in the morning & a very heavy one just after dinner; otherwise a clear and very hot day. The therm. rising 90°.

I spent the forenoon at Balls Bluffs writing & unpacking. After the second shower had passed I sailed over to Upton to be the new house boat which is approaching completion. On the way over I saw five Ducks all, I think, Whistlers. Two which were certainly of that species were diving for food in the river near Pease's bend. They were remarkably tame allowing me to sail the canoe to within less than 20 yards. One looked like an old bird but the other did not seem to be more than two-thirds grown although it could fly well.

I landed at Pease's Spring and had a refreshing drink of its ice-cold water. The woods seemed silent and deserted but a Song Sparrow was singing in the neighboring pasture.

It was nearly half-an-hour after sunset when I left the landing at Upton and quite dark when I reached Balls Bluffs. The wind had died away and I had to paddle the entire distance. I started two Great Blue Herons and saw others flapping lazily across the gloomy western sky but no Ducks seemed to be rising. A single Night hawk and a good many Bats were flying about over the lake near the mouth of the river.

HeronsNight hawk.Bats

Although I saw no Ducks in the air I surprised a brood of ten Wood Ducks feeding in shallow water near the eastern end of the larger pond. Not one of them could fly apparently but they scattered in every direction & using their wings & feet like young Goswimmers got into the grass very quickly. Such a squeaking & fluttering as they made on first being seen!

Brood
Wood Ducks

1896

Aug. 10

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge R. Meadows

Clear and hot, the forenoon calm, a light N. W. breeze in the late afternoon.

I spent the day at Upton superintending the work on the house boat, sailing slowly on before the lightest possible air in the morning, paddling out to the mouth of the river and beating against a head wind the remainder of the way, late in the afternoon.

The water is high for this time of year but the river banks are coming out and in places afford dry footing although nearly everywhere there is more or less water among the luxuriant growth of grass. Hence the conditions although unfavorable for the waders are exactly right for the Ducks and the latter appear to be unusually numerous for this particular locality & season. I saw to-day between the mouth of the Cambridge & the Mill, eight Black Ducks and as many more Whistlers. Seven of the Black Ducks were young birds about three fourths grown and unable to fly. They were evidently all of one brood but their parents did not seem to be with them. At least they all appeared to be of the same sex & when I passed them had they went ashore on the river bank & took to the grass, but instead of stopping & hiding there as I expected they crossed the land and when I showed myself above the bank began running & flapping off over the flooded meadows on the other side.

High waterBrood of youngBlack Ducks

The Whistlers were scattered about everywhere & were very tame. So far as I can learn none of the birds on the Cambridge River meadows have been as yet disturbed. It is delightful to see them

Whistlers

1896

Aug. 10
(Wed.)

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge, R. Marshes.

attractive water fowl back in such numbers in this old Water fowl
haunts. Would that they might be permitted to stay unmolested
unmolested through the autumn as well as the summer!
But alas! in a few short weeks the slaughter will
begin.

Apparently the patches of grass along the river banks
as yet shelter us small birds except where there are
bushes, also, and near the floating island where I heard
a Swamp Sparrow sing yesterday & others chirp to-day.
The Savanna Sparrows are still on their breeding grounds
in the upland fields & pastures. The meadow at Baldwins
is alive with them. No doubt they will take to the
river marshes as soon as the water falls sufficiently
to make these grounds attractive to them.

Swamp

Sparrow

Savanna

Sparrows.

The only birds singing with any regularity or frequency
are the Goldfinch, Song Sparrow and Red-eyed Vireo, but Birds still
several others such as the Wood Pewee and Olive-backed in song
Flycatcher are heard occasionally & this morning a Water
Thrush and a Yellow-rumped Warbler each sang over near
the Peace Spring; the Water Thrush's voice was as strong
& rich as in June but the Yellow-rumped was feebler &
hesitant. ~~Chimney~~ & White-throated Sparrows are absolutely dumb.

As I was walking past B. Point this afternoon I
heard the chink, chick of White-winged Crossbills & the
next moment a flock of seven of these birds started
from the top of a tall Spruce & flew off towards
the north.

Crossbill

Crossbills

1896

Aug. 11

Cambridge River Moccasins.

Clear and very hot. One thermometer (a poor one) stood at 90° for hours. At Bethel the temperature reached 102° in the shade before noon according to the stage driver.

As it was dead calm through the forenoon I did not leave Bethel until after dinner when a fresh S. W. breeze wafted us quickly across to Upton. In a little over half an hour we were just inside the rocky point at the mouth of the Cambridge and Great River. There were Eleven Great Blue Herons in flight at noon. There were four on the mud and two on low banks. Further along I could see far more so that in all I had done of this picture-book birds in flight at once. There were also two Eagles, a white headed and a brown one, and an Osprey sitting on dead trees not far from the Herons. Of Ducks I saw but one, a Whistler sailing about in a cove near Pease's town. The same bird was in the same place yesterday.

As I was sailing up the stretch just above Pease's bend I saw something down the high, grassy bank on the left and strike out across the river. At first I took it for a snake but as I got nearer I found it to be a large and very peculiar Mole. It was nearly as large as a Star-nosed Mole but its skin was of a light silvery gray, its nose tapered to a smooth and rather blunt point and its short tail was covered thickly with long hair & looked, as Will Barrett expressed it, "as bushy as a Woodchuck's". Its nose was perfectly bare for half an inch or more and of ^{light} blood red color looking exactly as if the skin had been just stripped off which, however, was not the case. This appendage was in reality a flexible proboscis which the creature reared up & down & to both sides with great frequency & facility. It

1896

Aug. 11
(No 2.)

eyes although minute did not lack expression but on the contrary twinkled and apparently moved, also, as I looked into them. [I afterwards identified the specimen as Brown's Mole]

A. C. C.MoleParaglyphisParaglyphis

I have rarely seen a more awkward swimmer than this curious Mole. It reminded me of a puppy thrown into a pool for the first time as it beat the water with its large outturned front feet sending jets of spray up into the air and walking but with progress. It seemed incapable of keeping a straight course but on the contrary moved in zig-zags and large, irregular circles. It floated too lightly, however, to be in any danger of drowning and after ten or twelve minutes of restless struggling it reached the belt of aquatic vegetation on the further shore and scrambled out on a water lily leaf to rest. I had followed it closely all the while and now stepping the blade of my paddle under it lifted it into the canoe. It found congenial shelter under a large sponge in the forenoon but I worried them quietly enough as long as day light lasted but in the evening as I was paddling home it began moving about making a good deal of noise. Next morning I found it under the sponge which, during the night, it had cut into four pieces. I tried to get it into a small bag but it dodged me and crawled far forward under the deck where I could not reach it & where it now remains.

(On the evening of the 12th I caught the Mole and put him into a large tin pail half full of fresh loam. It was a revelation to see him in his proper element. He later ally dove into & swam through it moving with as much ease & easily as rapidly as a Muskrat

would move through the water marking his course as he air did toward the pail by the slight heaving of the earth. Every now & then he would burst up through the earth and then across or around the pail before descending again which he did with unswerving gentleness & grace. First throwing his front paws into the earth & then with a single comb-like effort plunging one of his feet. After founding his feet found many times he began to climb up the sides of the hole & stay at it & push back until I went to bed. Next morning he was one the surface of the earth & I observed him.

1896
Aug. 11
(203)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marches

I passed a most uncomfortable afternoon at Upton for when the Owen failed, as it frequently did for half an hour at a time, the boat was simply suffocating. The men were quite unable to bear it at the boat and at times they had to wade ashore to the shore & work there.

A Goldfinch sang for hours in wild cherry near the landing but his was the only bird voice that broke the melting silence. In the thickets of raspberry bushes along the road I found a number of Song Sparrows. Great Blue Herons were flying to & fro between Cambridge River and the marshes along the lower shore. Six or eight of the big birds were often in sight at once.

A hot
afternoon

Goldfinch
singing.

Great Blue
Heron

At sunset I started back landing at Parker's Cove and taking my supper at the delicious cold spring. All about me grew ferns, violets & wild flowers - Fanny, Eupatorium, Fire Weed, and Jewel Weed (*Impatiens*). The air was cool and damp and only an occasional mosquito came to mar the perfect comfort of the place & hour. The silence of the surrounding woods & fields was a little oppressive, however. Actually, the twilight fell without a single bird song.

Parker's Spring

As I resumed my way, however, & paddled down the river path-way lighted by the strong after glow in the western sky I heard an Olive-backed Thrush calling ti-chur-r-r in the depths of the dark forest on my left. Two Swamp Sparrows sang a few times, also, & Great Blue Herons barked hoarsely as they sailed past in the gloom. Off the river's mouth I saw the water of the morning Ducks & through my glass made out three Whistlers paddling along in close company.

Swarms of
Thrush.

Great Blue
Heron.

Ducks

1896

Aug. 11

(No. 4)

For the past three days more than a thousand Swallows have frequented the Lohrman farm. About 80% are Barn Swallows ^{Great Swallows} and most of the remaining 20% are House Swallows although a few House Swallows & White-bellies are mixed with them. In the early morning (i.e. from 6.30 to 8 a.m.) they sit crowded close together in rows along the wires of the fences or in masses on the roof of the barn, apparently to preen their plumage & enjoy a sun bath. A portion of the flock, probably the younger & smaller birds, spend the greater part of the day on their perches but by far the larger number are on wing during the remainder of the forenoon and most of the afternoon, spreading themselves in insect-like swarms over the fields and the meadow in front of the house. At about 5 P.M. these wanderers begin coming in from every direction and alighting either on the barn or, as is oftenest the case at this house, among the foliage of a Bald or Great Poplar which stands at the corner of the house. They do not alight all together but singly and in groups of a dozen or more which come in quick succession. In the poplar they alight chiefly on the upper surfaces of the leaves choosing those at the upper or outer ends of the branches first. & after ~~that one better than next.~~ The frail character of these perches obliges the birds to use their wings more or less to maintain their positions and at times the whole outer surface of the foliage is a-flutter producing a sound like falling hail & giving the tree, when viewed from a little distance, a curious appearance.

When all - or practically all, for there are usually a few stragglers left flying about the fields - are perched they remain quite - down for the flitting, & more or less

1896

Aug. 11

(20-5)

Delco Umbagog.

Commence of
Swallows

chirping and twittering - for a few minutes then as if struck by a panic and with loud and startling cries a few of the old birds (easily recognized as such by their notes), take wing and are closely followed by the whole swarm so that the tree or roof is cleared practically in an instant and so completely that never a bird remains. Sometimes they drop down nearly to the ground at first, at others they go off on nearly a level plane but however ^{the plane is much each} ^{to fly at the speed} ~~the plane is much each~~ ^{for the best} ~~bird seems to exit itself to the unknown~~ ^{hundred yards or so,} then they all rise in a spiral column until they have attained an elevation varying from two or three hundred ~~feet~~ ^{to one thousand feet} when they circle a few times and then begin to scatter and return to the bare roof or poplar down going directly back, others flying about awhile over the field or lake before resighting. Late in the afternoon this exhibition is performed ~~and~~ the average over any fifteen or twenty minutes.

The start from the tree is so very like that common to most of the smaller gregarious birds when they are alarmed by some real or imaginary danger that at first I supposed it to be due to ~~some~~ sudden panic but after watching it closely a few times and considering it in connection with the subsequent ascent and circling high over the lake I came to the conclusion that it was really a false start on migration or in other words that the Old Swallows were preparing their young to begin the inevitable journey southward.

I watched them for nearly two hours last evening partly in the hope that I might see them actually depart & partly to ascertain, if possible, where they spent the night.

1896

Aug. 11
(Wed.)

but my pains were rewarded for they certainly did not migrate nor could I trace them to their roost. It was, however, interesting if provoking to see the great host gradually diminish and finally disappear without giving the least clue as to the general direction which they took. They briefly scattered in every direction and flying about aimlessly some high over the woods others skimming low over the fields were lost to sight. No doubt they reassembled somewhere but if so the rendezvous was beyond reach of my vision. A few of the Barn Swallows - scarce a dozen in all - entered our barn and passed the night in their nests or on the rafters near the eaves.

This morning at 6.30 the whole swarm were back again forming themselves on the fence. At once they completely filled twenty spaces between the posts crowding the wires so thickly that they almost or quite touched one another. I counted the birds in three of the spaces carefully and found that there were about twenty birds on each wire (i.e. between two posts) and fifty to each space. This gave twelve hundred as the total number on the fence and there were certainly over a thousand more skimming over the fields.

(It is a pity that I could not have watched them this evening for there can be little doubt that while I was eating my supper at Pease's Spring in Upton the Backside host took their departure. At least on the morning of the 12th less than fifty Swallows reappeared about the hotel and the number did not increase during the day. Of these fifty the greater part were Barn Swallows with a few (less than a dozen) Cowbirds & Tree Swallows. Did the great swarm start at evening or may they not have gone in mid-afternoon? I saw them last when

left the house at 2 P.M.

1896

Aug. 12

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

Another clear & unusually hot day but with a refreshing N.W. breeze in the afternoon.

I spent the forenoon in the barn writing and walked across to Upton in the afternoon. On the way one I saw nothing of any interest. Near the mill the Goldfinch was again hanging on the sum cherry and a dozen Purple Martins were flying about alighting on the tall dead pine by the landing.

I started back a little before sunset and after landing and filling a bottle at Pease's spring paddled out to the mouth of the river & ate my supper there sitting in the canoe while I moved on the edge of a bed of bullwinks. Despite the gradual accumulation of a swarm of mosquitoes it was a very pleasant & interesting half-hour while the twilight fell and gradually deepened into night. A Whistler was playing about on the calm water within 100 yards or less swimming very rapidly to & fro in zig-zag lines with outstretched head & neck apparently gathering food from the surface and acting very like a Phalarope. (He did not once dive.) A pair of Black Ducks came flying past quacking noisily & finally alighting with loud splashing within the grove of the Southern Shore. Great Blue Herons sailed across the afterglow in the west bellowing hoarsely & a Night Heron quawked repeatedly in the direction of B. Point. Hips in air & Night-hawks wandered aimlessly. The sweet mellow calls of Spotted Sandpipers stole over the water from distant shores. As it grew darker a Great Horned Owl began hooting on the point to the eastward of the Brown Cherry. Later still I heard a Warbler hissing in the Star-lit Sky. This is the first night migrant I have noted here this month.

Bird life
of theCambridge River
marshesPeculiar
behavior of
Whistler

1896

Aug. 13

Cambridge River Marsh

Forenoon cloudy & calm, Afternoon sunny with light N.W. to S.W. breeze. Evening cloudy threatening a storm. Much cooler (ther 64° at 9 P.M.)

According to the habit which I have established here I spent the forenoon writing and early in the afternoon sailed over to Upton to look after the work on the sloop. It is progressing slowly for Jim is not at all well and all the men have been more or less affected by the extreme heat of the past three days.

On my way across the lake I saw four Whistlers, two old birds, the other two young not more than half grown. Unlike the Black & Wood Ducks which keep together in flocks until they leave for the north the young Whistlers apparently separate long before they are large enough to fly and probably as soon as they are able to get their own living. They utter a low queer, queer almost exactly like that of the Black Duck (I have always supposed that this note is peculiar to the young drake of the latter species but I was it as late as October after the Black Ducks are fully grown) and having the same peculiar shrill yet ^{stall} husky tone. The little fellows which I saw to-day were expert divers and had already learned the art of doubling back when hard pressed but they were so tame that I could have shot them easily enough. They feed better by diving & by skimming the surface of the water with half opened bills. During the day they wade well in those parts the grassy cove and up the river but before sunset they paddled out into the lake a little way & spent the night 200 or 300 yards off the mouth of the river. I have seen no other birds in this neighborhood after sunset and suspect that, in accordance with their old-time custom, they pass the night at the head of the lake but if so I have not as yet seen them going or returning.

Habit & habits
of young
Golden-eye.

1896

Aug. 13
(No 2/)

Isle of Man.

Cambridge River, Mass.

About the Lake House this afternoon I saw the farm flock of Martins (seen in number) which I heard them yesterday. There was at least an old male among them.

I started back about an hour before sunset this evening & getting a bottle full of water at Pease's Spring paddled down to the river's mouth and ate my supper as the canoe under sail slowly wafted the remainder of the distance to the Locksides landing which I reached about dark. As I was thus drifting & eating the night closed in without offering much of interest in the way of either sights or sounds. It was a dull, lifeless evening with a curtain of lead-colored clouds hanging over the water sky & but little bird life moving. As I came down the river, however, I had a chance to watch and admire four Great Blue Herons which were ranged along the banks near the outlet of the upper pond standing leg deep in the water watching for fish. They reminded me forcibly of human anglers as with necks stretched out and bills pointing downward they waited patiently for their prey. No one of them got a chance to strike, however, during the fifteen minutes or more that I had them under my glass. I was struck by their superlatively graceful attitudes and by the sturdiness of their necks which looked scarce larger around them than those of Grebes. All four flew when I got within 100 yards. One was an old bird, the others three were young.

The marshes
at evening

G. B. Herons
fishing.

Kingfishers are deplorably scarce: I have yet to see my first but Jim saw one near the Mill on the 9th. Will Sargent says they were numerous there a week ago. He thinks the shallow water up the Cambridge has driven them away from the Lake.

Scarcity of
Kingfishers

1896

Aug. 14

Loakside

Early morning cloudy with a leak or two of rain. Remainder of day clear with light variable breezes and long intervals of dead calm. Much cooler at morning & evening but therm. at 85° at noon.

Immediately after breakfast I took a short walk along the road towards Mifflin seeing large numbers of Sparrows (chiefly Chipping, Song Sparrows, & Juncos, with one Junco) two or three Hummers, two Redstarts (one a fine old male), a Black & Yellow Warbler, and a Hermit Thrush.

Returning to the hotel I shot a Washington Vireo in the Robert O'Neil Vireo yellow Poplar at the N.W. corner of the prison firing from the windows of my at Loakside room. There were certainly ten or I think four of these vireos in the tree besides a number of Grackles & Thrashers. I ^{first} saw the Vireo when I was dressing & heard them call and one of the young warble in low tones. Although I felt sure of their identity I considered it imperative to kill one of them to authenticate the record of their occurrence for this is the first time that I have ever found V. gilvus in Chesapeake although it breeds regularly at Beltsville.

The Swallows about the house had increased again this morning. Swallows There were fully 300 but this time the Barn Swallows outnumbered the Barn Swallows which, however, had also increased in numbers. The flock spent most of the day in the Robert O'Neil wading fold streets every ten or fifteen minutes through the forenoon.

At 2 P.M. as I was on my way to the Post landing a young Cooper's Hawk came skimming across the lake from the direction of B. Point and alighted for a moment in a poplar by the shore. It then flew across the Loakside meadow pursued by a number of excited Barn Swallows who dove down on it from above pulling at its head & identifying

Cooper's Hawk
Chipping
Sparrow

1896

Aug. 14

(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Scarside

arranging it a good deal for it depicted a lodged improbably. Carpenter's Hawk
 On reaching the road nearly in front of the hotel it turned sharply across a
 to our side and plunged headlong into the top of an apple tree Song Sparrows
 driving out a large Sparrow (probably M. fasciata) which at first
 flew upward & out over the field escaping the talons of the Hawk
 half a dozen times by doubling at the last moment but which
 finally sought refuge in a dense growth of golden rod & Eupatorium
 by the roadside. The Hawk alighted on a stone wall within a
 yard of the spot where the Sparrows had disappeared and sat
 there motionless in a crouching position watching, its plumage
 ruffled, its breast bent low. The Sparrows nearly
 kept close hid and after about ten minutes the Hawk
 lost patience and flew down the road to a fence post where
 it perched in an absolutely erect position its feathers became
 in so tightly that it looked like a continuation of the post.
 Soon after this it plunged into another apple tree without
 moving any thing & then made for the woods. All the while
 several Barn Swallows & a pair of King Birds were hovering
 over and darting down as it uttering their shrill alarm
 cries incessantly. I could not understand why it did
 not try to catch one of the slow-moving clumsy King Birds
 which, truly, would have proved an easy prey.

The only birds singing to-day were Red-eyed Vireos
 and a Grass Finch which gave its song over in full
 loud tones near the house early in the forenoon.

The Song Sparrows were silent for the first time.

They are very numerous in the woods' thickets.

The Swamp Sparrows filled haunts one meadow in
 swarms & there are hordes of young Chipping Sparrows
 in the orchard.

Scarside Hill

in Aug.

1896
Aug. 14
(no 3)

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge River Marsh

Purple Martins

At 3 P.M. I started for Upton sailing across the lake and up river to the mill as usual. I found the flock of Purple Martins by the lake. Have today increased to fifteen birds above our third of whom are old males. They kept slightly on and flying from the tall dead pines by the shore eating very little. The Robins & Starlings with them over 20 Winter-bells & a few Doves, Dove & Bonaparte Woodpeckers. The Martins occasionally gave the spring warbling notes. Just before sunset the whole flock of Martins & Woodpeckers began whirling over the river flying down & fluttering the water in quick succession.

I started back a little earlier than usual and after getting a supply of water at the spring paddled to B. Point where I took my supper in a little room directly opposite the Lakeside landing. Soon after reaching this spot I heard & saw Crows flying from tree to tree just under the edge of the woods but I did not expect that there were more than three or four of them until suddenly with a deafening clamor upwards of a hundred were and circled over me. After beating me for awhile they brightened and became quiet again but a little later they all were together and crossed the lake to the opposite (western) shore where they returned that night. Evidently I had threatened on this point and excited their apprehensions to such a degree as to cause them to abandon it, at least temporarily.

Also heard

Two or three Great Blue Herons alighting along the shore, a Night hawk wandering high in air over the lake, a Black Duck quavering in the distance after dark.

Herons.
Night hawk

1896

Aug. 15

Clear, dead calm most of the morning; light S. to E. winds in P. M. Very warm through the middle of the day.

When I started for a walk along the road toward Upton at 7 A. M. the fog was only just beginning to rise and break and the sun was still veiled. The roadside thrushes were alive with Song Sparrows, mostly young birds some of which were warbling low, confused strains but none of the old Song Sparrows were singing to-day. In the woods just east of the hotel I heard a Redstart sing once but the only birds of any kind which sang really freely were Goldfinches and Red-eyed Vireos.

When the road passes through the woods just mentioned the roadmakers last May cut away the mountain maples, cornels and other shrubs and low trees that made such a beautiful border to the forest leaving in their place a broad belt of bare rocks half covered with the fallen brush wood. This deed of vandalism was performed while I was here and at the time I feared that years must elapse before Nature, with all her diligence, could repair the injury. I underrated her power for already this stretch of road is, if anything, more beautiful than ever. Fire weed, Eupatorium, Lupinus, Aster, Golden rod and several other tall & rank flowering plants have shot up through and almost perfectly covered the unsightly brush and stone heaps and I have rarely seen a more brilliant or attractive display of wild flowers. The fire weed is especially tall and fine and the pink weed grows in solid beds yards in extent. Of course the humming birds had not overlooked such a feeding ground. There were at least three of them there at once, wheeling an about under the blowing ruby throat at which I find an unaffected stare.

Lake Umbagog

Lakeside

Roadside

Roadside

Hummingbird

1896

August 15-
(W 2)

Cambridge River Marshes.

I went to Upton this afternoon at the usual time sailing across and paddling back in the early evening telling my supper in the canoe. Swamp birds were fewer than usual but I saw Whistlers, Herons etc.

A little after sunset I heard two Hairy Hawks purring rapidly as if they were rising to leave but I did not hear them leave nor did I see them & presently the purring sound ceased.

Hairy Hawks

At the back of a pond a pair of Solitary Sandpipers came circling high over the woods, later in the afternoon.

Solitary Sandpipers

Later evening - this I saw a flock of about 200 Swallows representing all four of the species found here flying low over the Cambridge River marshes towards the back of the pond.

Swallows

I think they were on their way to the west as they did not alight. Very probably they pass the night in the bushes on or near the flooding island. I must investigate this.

1896
Aug. 16

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Cloudy most of the day with a heavy storm in the afternoon and a still heavier thunder storm in the evening.

At 9 A. M. I sailed across to Upton: As I was in the stretch of river just above Pease's bend and within a few rods of the spot where I captured the curious Mole on the 11th I saw another precisely like it crossing the river towards the west bank. Unlike the first it swam in a straight line and with comparative ease although slowly. Keeping close to it I followed it to the shore on reaching which it rested itself for a moment and then literally dove into the soft, somewhat muddy ground the surface of which heaved & cracked as the creature forced its way rapidly beneath it. When I prodded the surface just above it with my paddle it at once emerged and ran up the bank into the grass moving rather fast and very smoothly & easily. Up to this time I do not think that it had been aware of my presence. This species of Mole, whatever it is, must be common along these banks. [It was a Brewer's Mole, as I learned afterwards]

Another Mole
like the one
captured on the
11th
Parascaphus
breweri)

As I was leaving the Upton Landing at 1 P. M. I saw a Hummingbird chasing a Kingbird over the open marshes 50 or 60 feet above the ground. Keeping close the big, clumsy fellow it gave him a good dose of the medicine which he is so fond of administering to, Hawks & Hawks darting down at & apparently striking his head & forcing him to dodge as well as to put forth his best speed. At length the Hummingbird ceased this evidently wanton persecution and, rising & falling in long, deep undulations, shot off for the nearest woods looking no bigger than a bubble the size of the whole thing.

Hummer
attacks a
Kingbird

1896

Aug. 16
(M2.)

Landing at Peash's Spring for my usual supply of water I had just returned to the canoe when it began to rain. I got out my rubber coverings, however, and kept on, paddling as far as the large water pond where I set the sail and drifted slowly downward in a perfect downpour. By the time I had reached the mouth of the river, however, the rain ceased and I had my first opportunity to get a bite of lunch. While thus engaged I noticed a dozen or more White-bellied Swallows circling close over the canoe. Presently one alighted on the end of the gaff, next another on one of the wooden rings that attach the sail to the gaff and finally two on the upper edge of the sail itself. A little later another Swallow joined them. As they sat scarce eight feet above me preening & drying their feathers after the rain and looking down at me now and then with an expression of mild curiosity I could see that they were all young birds. I canoed them along with me for about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. Of course the wind was very light & the motion of the canoe slow & steady, the while.

Young Swallows
perched on my
canoe sail.

1896.

Aug 17-23

During the past week I have been too busily engaged with work on the house boat to keep up my journal but I will now try to record the more interesting things that I have seen in the form of a resume.

I spent the 17th 18th 19th & 20th at Upton sailing across the Lake every morning and paddling back a little before sunset. On the 21st I went up the Lake with Capt. Conary & Will Sargent opening the camp at Pine Point & anchoring there, sailing across to Beaver's Pond in the early afternoon and rowing back to Lakeside at evening. On the 22nd I again went to Upton where I found the house boat at anchor in the Basin Jim having launched her successfully the day before. We took her down the river under sail in the afternoon & tried her on the Lake but found that she sailed sluggishly and would not come about. The steamer towed her back to the river that evening.

The 23rd was rainy & I spent the day at Lakeside.

On the evening of the 19th I heard two Wilson's Thrushes, one near the Lake House, the other at the Lakeside landing, and on the evening of the 22nd one at Lakeside. All gave the phoe note. Doubtless they were our local birds for they breed in both localities.

On the 22nd I saw an adult ♂ Wilson's Black cap in full autumnal plumage. It was in alders in company with another bright yellow bird, which I took to be a young of the same species, & an adult ♂ Redstart. The spot where I saw it was not over 40 yards from those places where I found a ♂ Black-cap in full song on the 12th of June!

Capt. Conary.
Pine Point.

House boat
Launched.

Indus
fuscescens

Sylvia
pudica

1896

Aug 17-23
(No 2.)Cambridge River Marsh

On the 18th and again on the 22nd I saw a flock of eight Wood Ducks in the meadow pond near the Lake House. They were all strong on the wing and all appeared to be young birds.

Young
Wood Ducks

Two or three young Whistlers still linger about the mouth of the Cambridge. They have been shot at repeatedly of late and have become very shy. I do not think that any of them can fly as yet but they chirp with great despatch.

Young
Whistlers

Two Yellow-legs, a Greater & a Lesser, spent the 17th on the muddy banks of the Cambridge just below the old dam at the Lake House Landing.

Yellow-legs &
Lesser Yellow-legs

On the 20th a pair of Duck Hawks appeared high in air over the Lake House Settlement. The ♀ visited the marshes and flew about over them at great speed evidently hunting. She stooped several times in quick succession but got nothing. Then she joined her mate and both birds began loosing, the ♀ screaming a few times. They finally drifted off in the direction of B. Meadow.

Falco
auratus

Next day I saw a ♀ beating the marshes on the Outlet. She hovered for a moment over the middle of the line of ponds between the Pond & then stooped with the speed of lightning striking the water with such force as to half bury herself & making as loud a splash as an Osprey. I could see nothing on the water & believe that she cannot have struck at a fish but whatever it was she raised her air & rising again flew off over the woods & out of sight.

1896

Aug. 17.23
(no 3)

~~1896~~
Cambridge River Marshes.

On the evening of the 18th about half an hour after sunset Night hawks suddenly appeared in every direction flying very high and moving towards the South west. I counted eight in sight at once & saw six or seven more. On the evening of the 22nd I observed four more.

Night hawks
Migrating.

Cedar Waxwings & King birds continue to haunt the tall shrubs on the Cambridge River marshes. They are less numerous than in former years.

Cedar birds
King

Crossbills of both species are about in considerable numbers and I see a brace them almost daily, the Winter-wings the greater of the two and in much the larger flocks. They haunt the Spruce grove patches chiefly.

Crossbills
of both
species
common

Hooded Mergansers are unaccountably scarce. I see only a few scattered birds or at most flocks of three or four together. Since my arrival on the 8th I have not met with a single flock of more than four or five birds. During the past week I have heard a very few migrating but there has been as yet no heavy flight if the testimony of one's ears is to be taken as good evidence on this point.

Scarcity of
Hooded

The lake is so very high that there are no feeding grounds for the smaller waters & they have been very scarce. Then Yellowlegs, the same number of Solitary Sandpipers & a few Spotted Sandpipers are literally all the birds of this class that I have thus far noticed.

Yellowlegs
Solitary Sand.
Spotted

1896

Aug. 17-23
(no 4)

By far the most interesting as well as puzzling experience of the present month has been that with the Swallows.

On the 11th I recorded at some length my observations up to that date and noted the apparent disappearance on the 12th (or rather on the evening of the 11th) of the great flock (1200 or more birds) that had been haunting the Rockside Cherry.

On the 12th & 13th the total number left remained at about 100. On the 14th it increased to about 200 birds of which the majority, for the first time, were Barn Swallows. On the 15th & 16th the Barn Swallows increased from about 50 to 100 to 150 birds the respective numbers of the other species remaining about the same. During the next four days the fluctuations in the total number of birds although appreciable were not considerable, but there seemed to be a falling off in the number of Barn & Barn Swallows and an increase of White-bellies.

On the evening of the 21st at a later hour than I have seen Swallows flying about before this month and in fact when it was beginning to be dark in the hollows I was walking up to the hotel from the Candling when a flock of about 200 birds passed over the field at a height of about 200 feet flying towards the south. They were "bunched" almost as closely as Blackbirds & in this order kept steadily ~~as~~ each bird flying ^{an} ~~in~~ ^{an} almost absolutely straight course. I watched them with my glass until they were nearly lost to sight against the wooded slopes of the mountains when at the very last moment they began to waver in their flight & as I thought, but could not see distinctly, to scatter & turn back. Had it not been for this final gyration I should have felt sure that at last I had seen a flock of Swallows really start on migration. As it was I hardly knew what to think.

1896

Aug 17-23
no 5)

Lake Superior

Bismuth

When I awoke on about Sunday morn'g (Aug. 22nd) there were fully 350 Swallows flying along ~~the~~ the sides of the fence in front of the hotel. This being a large number Swallows than we have had here at any time since the 11th.

I took a rather careful census of the flock which proved to comprise about 100 Barn Swallows, 50 Barn Swallows, 50 Bank Swallows, and fully 150 White-bellies. The last-named were more than twice as numerous as they have been on any previous occasion and the Bank Swallows had also increased very materially while the respective numbers of the Barn & Barn Swallows remained practically unchanged. These facts lead me to suspect that the flock of ~~the~~ birds seen last evening did not really depart but that either during the night or early this morning it was augmented by the arrival of about 150 White-bellies and Bank Swallows.

I watched this flock for more than an hour (7 to 8 a.m.) and was amply repaid for the trouble. There had been a heavy rain during the night & the road was very muddy. The birds alighted ~~about~~ the edges of one of the large puddles in great numbers and waddled slowly about fluttering or quivering their half-opened wings like so many big butter flies. At first I supposed that they were drinking or picking up insects but what was my astonishment to find that the Barn Swallows were filling their bills with mud and the White-bellies & Bank Swallows gathering pieces of hay or straw (the Barn Swallows did not visit the pool in any number & I did not happen to see them pick up any thing). Each bird on obtaining a satisfactory load of mud or grass flew with it to the fence and after shifting it about

1896

Aug 17-23
(1896)

in its bill for a few moments finally dropped it and at once returned to the road for a fresh supply. From 50 to 100 Swallows were thus constantly engaged for half-an-hour or more. Not one of them took its burden elsewhere from the wire fence or retained it for more than two or three minutes after reaching this perch. What did it all mean? Two ~~other~~ facts which remain to be recorded will, I think, explain.

The first is that while the birds were clustered about the mud puddle known a minute passed when one or more pairs were not engaged in copulation. Perhaps I should say in attempted, rather than actual, copulation for as nearly as I could see the sexual contact was in no instance fully and successfully carried out, ~~or consummated~~. The females (or at least the birds that acted that part) submitted willingly enough ^{to} and in some instances, as I thought, actually solicited, the ^{attentions of the} males, but the latter displayed but mild interest and were very clumsy in their ^{attempts to} ~~at~~ ^{White belly} ~~perfecting the union~~. Once I saw an Ear Swallow ^{mean} ~~mean~~ a. The second fact apparently supplies the key to the whole mystery: It is simply that every one of the Swallows which visited the mud puddle and engaged in collecting mud or flies or in attempted copulation, was a young bird! Of this I made sure by the most careful scrutiny with a glass at a distance of only 15 to 20 feet. There were a few old birds in the flock but they remained constantly on the fence.

It is evident therefore that the remarkable behavior of the birds which alighted in the road was simply

Reminiscent
behavior of
Swallows

1896

Aug 17-23 are expressions of ~~the~~ premature development, ~~as the case in~~
(no 7) of the young, of the instincts & passions of nest building &
procreation. It is, however, the only instance of the
kind that has ever come under my observation.

The Purple Martins do not associate with the other swallows Progne
here excepting incidentally when they are seeking food in subis
the same places as are the Barn or window. I have
not seen a single Martin near Lakeside this month
but at the Lake House, up to the 16th, there were always
from three or four to a dozen flying about & alighting on
the tops of some dead trees. A number of White-bellied
Swallows sometimes accompanied them but the Martins
evidently resented all their approaches & frequently assailed
& drove them away. Since the 16th I have seen but one
Martin (on the 20th) near the Lake House but at
Bernard's Pond on the 21st I observed three broods of young
apparently just from the nest perched on tall dead stumps
where their parents were feeding them at short intervals.

1896

Aug. 24

A beautiful day, clear, rather warm but with a fresh, dry north-west wind that died away at sunset.

I spent the morning in my room, writing, but in the afternoon sailed over to Upton - a glorious sail for the little canoe under the influence of the strong breeze skinned over the water almost as lightly & swiftly as a Swallow. After spending the afternoon repairing the work on the launch boat I had her back to Balconide at sunset.

Swallows were very scarce to-day. I doubt if I saw fifty in all and most of those were White-bellies. Still I am by no means sure that the great flock has really gone for it is by no means improbable that they change their feeding or even roosting grounds from day to day. On the other hand, however, it is high time for the Barn, Swan & Bank Swallows to depart. I saw only one Martin, a young bird at the Lake House. There were no young Barn Swallows in the nests on the barn at the Lake House.

Swallows

On my arrival at the Lake this summer and for a week or more afterwards Ducks, Herons, Eagles and Ospreys were very numerous about the Cambridge River marshes. During this period I did not hear the report of a single gun but about ten days ago sportsmen began to arrive and the hunters to carry their guns. Since then there has been a constant fusillade. Most of the shots have been fired from rifles and I doubt if a single Duck or Heron has been killed which I have heard of the death of only one Eagle. But the firing has driven practically all these large birds to more remote & quiet places. I saw only one Duck (a Whistler) & buty two or three Eagles, Herons & Ospreys to-day.

Large birds
driven off
by sportsmen

1896

August 25

Another and still sorer day, cloudless with practically no wind from morning to night. The thermometer rose to only 72° at noon but the sun was hot on the water.

My cook, Chesley Liddell, came from Bethel yesterday and we went up the lake on the steamer this morning taking a great load of supplies and utensils for the camp. Will Sargent has been at Pine Point since the 21st and we found every thing there in perfect order. The woods and shore were looked more beautiful than when we landed there at about nine o'clock. There were two things peculiar winding their rattles in the boat over but the woods were almost barren of bird life. During the day I saw in all scenes a dozen small birds including a Bay-breasted, Black-throated Blue, Yellow-rumped and Canadian Warbler, a Redstart (ad. ♂), a Red-eyed Vireo, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, several Chickadees and two Hudson Bay Titmice (heard).

Move to
Pine Point

Gulls have been unusually numerous about the lake this summer. Six of them were flying about off the point this afternoon making a great clamor. The sound of their wild, ringing voices carried me back to the experiences of last June & July in Pemberton Bay. I heard very few of their different calls this afternoon. Will Sargent says that they were still more numerous last evening and that he counted eleven in sight at one time. I also affirm that he has seen four occupied nests this season three on B. Pond and one on Rapid River just above the old pier. All were in trees ~~two~~ on the tops of dead stands, two on the branches of green pines.

Larus a.
smithsonianus

1896

Lake Umbagog.

August 26

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy with showers.

Dr. J. G. Gehring of Bethel with his step-son Geo. B. Farnsworth a lad of fifteen, arrived this morning to spend the remainder of the week with me. I first took them for a walk through some of the ponds on the point. After dinner they went off towards Rapid River with Wier Sergeant. At sundown we all crossed the lake to watch the evening flight of Ducks. I went in my sailing canoe taking the 20 g. gun. George Farnsworth was the only other member of the party who was armed & his weapon was a Winchester rifle which he fired several times at Ducks in the course of the evening, but without success.

Dr. Gehring
Geo. B. Farnsworth

There was a really heavy flight at least one hundred coming into or over the marshes, the majority going to the Moose Point marsh where the Archer party, four in number, gave them a warm reception. I had chosen as my station the flats opposite the outlet of Leonard's Pond. About thirty Mallard Ducks dropped into the grass within varying distances but not one came within range. Several Great Blue Herons came into the marsh & one passed directly over me. I heard one Wisconsin Scaup. The largest flock of Ducks which I saw comprised fully sixty birds which went down over Leonard's Pond in the direction of Moose Point. They looked like Wood Ducks but must have been something else as I have never seen so many Wood Ducks together.

Evening flight
of Ducks at
Moose Point

1896

August 27

Little Marishes

Most of the day cloudy with frequent showers but the
 later afternoon and evening clear with light north-west wind.

In the forenoon we crossed the Dork and went down
 river to a little below Bernard's Pond, Dr. Gehring fishing
 & collecting wood peckers, I cruising about in the fishing
 canoe in search of birds. They proved scarce enough for
 I saw nothing but a pair of Black Ducks, a few Great
 Horned Owls, an Eagle, a Duck Hawk, and three Ospreys,
 and a Greater Yellow-legs. I shot the last calling it
 from a distance of probably a mile for at first we
 could only just hear its whistle although the air was
 still & calm. It came on as three times descending
 each time it turned & I finally dropped it into the
 water between the boats.

There were a dozen or more Purple Martins on the
 tall dead pine near the entrance to Bernard's Pond
 and a few Dove, Barn & White-bellied Swallows were
 flying about over the marshes. I also saw a
 solitary King bird and a number of Yellow-rumps
 among the shrubs.

The Duck Hawk was a large ♀ probably the same bird
 seen on the 21st. She flew swiftly over the water & in
 over Mow's Point where two Great Horned Owls, evidently
 alarmed by her approach rose with a great outcry,
 & mounted upward in a spiral course. The falcon
 rose above them with a great bound and shot down
 close past them then or four times in quick succession
 evidently for the mere fun of frightening them.

Falco p.
 anatum

1896.

August 27
(No 2.)

We returned to camp for dinner and at 6 P.M. started again across the lake. As I was paddling out of our cave two Lustrons, the first I have seen here for very many years, *Arctonotus* came flying past me from behind & alighted near the end of Pine Point where they are about one the well on the water's edge. They started again just as I got within gun range. I fired on each successively but both kept on around the point. Following them I soon saw one of them feeding along the shore & killed it sitting. The other we found dead among the rocks it having been mortally wounded by the first discharge. Both proved to be young birds. They uttered a short, rattling, throaty whistle as they flew. Will Sargent said that they started from the shore at the extreme end of our cave just as we began rowing out from the wharf.

As I approached Moon Point the Auklet party comprising four young men landed and took station along the southern shore. As they covered practically the whole of this ground I kept on and entered the cove which leads to Leonard's Point going up it about 20 yards and then pushing the canoe into a bed of buckwheat which afforded sufficient concealment. As I took this station the sun had already set and the mountains to the westward were veiled in a rich plum-colored haze. A light breeze from the north-west cooled the reeds about me. The marsh was nearly dry was covered with sand but not very tall grass of a golden green color very bright in contrast with the dark background of woods & mountains. It looked as if the sun's rays were still shining against the mountains.

1896

August 27
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Moos Point

A Moose
enters the
marsh

Presently a pair of Black Ducks passed high overhead. I was watching intently for more when I heard a loud, regular plash, plash, plash in the direction of the dead Birch forest which borders the marsh on its western side. Looking towards the point from which this sound came I was surprised to see a large black object emerge from the bushes and move steadily on into the open marsh. When I fast put my glass on it I took it to be a Moose for it resembled that animal in its general form as well as in its manner of walking and I could see what looked like a long & flowing white tail. "Some beast that has strayed from the Megalloway settlement & become lost in the woods" I said to myself. Shoo, shoo, shoo as it plodded slowly and laboriously on through the deep, soft mud; then, as two loud reports from a gun fired by one of the Crocker parties rang over the marsh and two black cracking echoes from the background of dry sticks, the beast stopped, raised its head and erected a pair of huge ant-helmets. A succession of thrills ran through me, my hands shook until I could positively see nothing through the field glass for at that instant I realized for the first time that I was looking at a big Moose. Presently I got my nerves under control again and sitting perfectly still with the glass glued to my eyes watched the animal intently as it made its ~~slow~~ way slowly towards me stopping occasionally to feed on the young ~~spontaneous~~ grass which has ~~spontaneous~~ twin the water lily and always latching and raising its head and ears when, as happened very few minutes, the Crocker party fired at the incoming Ducks the whistling of whose wings scarcely attracted my hearing and wholly failed to attract my attention as ~~flashes~~ often

1896

August 27
(no 4)

flock passed over or near me. I ignored the Ducks - my gun - everything but the huge beast on which the glass was leveled, and which was now within less than 200 yards. As he turned his sides towards me they looked cool black and once or twice they seemed to glisten when the light from the west glowed on them. What I had taken for a long white tail proved to be the white lining on the inside of the bird's legs. The real short tail I was soon disappointed and the excessively long head and Roman-adopted nose looked exactly as they are represented by draughtsmen & taxidermists. But in certain other respects the animal did not fulfill my preconceived impressions of a moose. His withers in relation to his hips were scarcely higher than those of a well-built horse and his body when viewed from directly in front or behind looked broad and massive. He appeared to me to be as tall as, and somewhat larger than, a horse of twelve hundred pounds weight. I could see that his nose was reddish-brown or buff colored but the head behind the eyes looked nearly as black as the body.

Before leaving this part of the subject I must reiterate my impression of the striking resemblance which this creature bore to a horse for the longer I looked at him the stronger it became. It was partly due, no doubt, to the long, deep body, the high withers, the full broad chest, and the strong rounded hips & quarters, ~~but still~~ and the excessively long narrow head with its wrinkled Roman nose, ^{points} prominent, of course, only in certain breeds of horses, but the way in which the animal moved had also much to do with it. He advanced, as I have already said, very slowly rarely taking

1896

August 27
(No 5)

more than ten or a dozen steps without pausing to rest and to look about him and the machine in which he raised and put down his feet - stiffly, laboriously and with evident caution - suggested most vividly the heavy cart horse on treacherous ground. Nor would a cart horse - or an elephant for that matter - have ~~appeared~~ ^{to me} more out of keeping with the surroundings than did this Moon ~~and I watched him when out on the march~~ which bears his name. He seemed like some long-forgotten antediluvian creature which, arising from a sleep of thousands of years, was wandering aimlessly about in a land so changed that it no longer had any place for such strange monsters. When walking he carried his head & neck stretched out and a little below the line of the back with the nose directed forward and downward, the ears laid back on the sides of the neck so closely that they were inconspicuous.



But slow as were his steps they were positively scintillating compared to the movements of his head when he raised and turned it from side to side. Even the startling reports of the guns failed to arrest this motion. But they did arouse in the creature an expression very different from his habitual one of stolid almost weary indifference. Stretching himself to his full height with the head erect and the big ears raised and directed slightly forward he would gaze intently in the direction from which the sounds came with a look of sickly inquiry, almost of defiance at times. "What is all this racket about?"

What are these fellows doing here? I ~~have~~ ^{know} a Do they not know that I own this march? I have half a mind to cross it & teach them a lesson. But no! it is not worth the trouble," as the ears were again laid back and the expression of apathy returned.

1896

August 27
(No 6)Moose

After I had watched him for some twenty minutes the Moose turned off towards the westward and disappeared behind some bushes evidently making towards Brown's Pond. The creek had directly past these bushes and thence into the pond. Accordingly I proceeded on over that it offered a convenient and short path of approach. Paddling hard yet cautiously I soon reached the bushes and to my delight found that the Moose had ~~proceeded~~ ^{still} so slowly that he was some 50 to 60 yards beyond them ^{still} making his way across the open meadow.

But when he discovered me and turning advanced straight towards me I began to think that my success in approaching him was possibly not a matter for self congratulation. His impression appeared as, without any hesitating or hesitating, he came straight on. When he finally stopped I judged him to be within twenty yards but on viewing the situation more closely we found it to be just thirty-two yards. He stood on a little knoll facing me and looking down at me over the tops of the bushes which concealed his legs & most of the body as well. His eyes looked large and round and had a wild expression but his general bearing was completely imposing and defiant and when, finally, he started the long hair of his neck I thought it prudent to increase the distance between us. Failing in an attempt to turn the corner by reason of the narrowness of the creek & the character of the water I pushed out backwards a few rods. At the same moment the Moose bowed his head & disappeared. No doubt he was really quite as frightened as I for on found by examining his tracks next day that he made off as if he were some of his legs covering a distance measured in feet each. I heard him flounder through the mud and plunging into a small pond which he crossed by jumping. Then

1896

August 27

1897

he appeared again marching along the side of a slight ridge which terminates at the head of the creek and which extends at right angles with my position for a distance of forty yards or more. On this level open ground I saw him ^{to great advantage} under conditions very different from those of the boggy, grass-encumbered marsh, and in several respects he looked and acted like a different animal, showing such excessive length of legs that, by comparison, the body appeared to have been suddenly shortened and moving with a stride so easy and elastic yet without so long and quick that although it was evidently only his ordinary walking gait a man would probably have been forced to run to keep up with him.

On reaching the shore he paused a moment and lowering his head sniffed the water. As he stood facing the creek I expected to see him wade across it and as the water is scarce a foot deep I did not care to approach very near but when, after a moment of hesitation, he turned and entered Bernard's Pond I raised my paddle and at once started in pursuit. The expression of the wolf's face ~~was~~ ^{was} was exciting enough. For the first twenty yards the Moon had to wade through tussacs and gradually deepening water and being probably unaware of my pursuit he advanced rather slowly & I gained on him rapidly. But when he got beyond his depth he moved faster and fearing that he would escape me I strained every nerve & muscle to the utmost. At length to my intense joy I found that I was overtaking him but for a second time I found my

1896

August 27
(No 8)

success embarrassing for when I was within a few yards of the creature he struck bottom and whirling about faced me. The impetus of the course was so great that I had difficulty in stopping it before running into him. Out on the middle of the pond, ~~smooth and~~ shining with the light from the afterglow in the west, his head and ears had shown distinctly enough at the end of the furrow which he cut through the smooth water but here, against the background of dark, shore I could make out only a shapeless, dusky object that for a few moments stood quite motionless. I did not like to go near and I could not see much where I sat, although the canoe was all the while within at most fifteen or twenty feet. Finally I spoke to the man calling him by name and asking him whether he was going. This having no visible effect I next shouted at the top of my lungs. Instantly the boat turned and made for the shore at a surprising rate of speed never once jumping or floundering but running apparently at a fast smooth trot and reminding me of a snow plough as he drew a deep furrow through the water. This was the last I saw of him but I heard him stop after going a few rods back from the shore. He landed near the north-east end of the island. By following his track next day we found that he afterwards crossed to the south shore, across the south arm of the pond, followed the river bank to the south-western outlet of the pond and crossing this entered the straits where I found the Whistler last last May. He did not attempt to trace him further.

I must now explain that my repeated use of the masculine pronoun in the above account is not technically

1896

Aug. 27
(no 9)

Take the morning

from the point

Moose

justifiable for the animal had no horns and was evidently a female. I fell into the error not exactly in a disadvantage but rather quite natural for the imposing size and threatening aspect of the beast conveyed an impression of masculinity of which I find it difficult, even now, to be aware. My guide, Bill Sargent, pronounced the track to be that of a "rather large" cow moose. If she was not really a very large one I have no wish to be equally near to a big bull! The foot prints, when they were clearly defined in firm, sandy soil, measured exactly five inches in length by four and one quarter inches across at the heels.

I made odd that I twice saw or thought I saw what looked like a "bell" then a few inches in length depending from the neck just above the chest. I cannot remember if the cow moose has this curious appendage. If she never does have it I was I cover mistaken.

The above are my fresh impressions of how this moose looked and acted but it must be remembered that I ~~could~~ ^{as good} not see her to advantage as if it had been broad daylight. The light, however, was reasonably strong at first and ~~therefore~~ I had an excellent glass.

The absence of old tracks on Moose Point & about Leonard's Pond indicates clearly enough that this moose had come from a distance.

1896

August 28

A beautiful day, clear, cool! 48° at sunrise 70° at noon with a light west wind.

In the forenoon we went to Moon Point & Bernard's Pond to study & follow the tracks of the moose seen last night. Just after we had emerged from the pond and while looking up river towards the Carry a Whistler attempted to pass overhead when I brought her down within ten feet of me. This being the only shot that I fired.

In the afternoon Will Sargent and Dr. Gehring & his wife, he across the lake. On the middle banks of the river when I saw the moose they came upon a flock of ten Yellowlegs, two Greater & eight Lesser. Long Farmworth killed one of the latter with a rifle ball.

At evening I paddled across and met our party in Richardson's Carry where we remained until dark. The double juncos kept up a perfect fusillade on Moon Point but only two Doves came near us and at them I was unable to shoot as they passed behind me. We saw a number of Hens and heard two Great Horned Owls, an old one hooting near Muel's Rock and a young bird, uttering at short, regular intervals the peculiar husky scream, characteristic of the young of this species, among the sticks near Bernard's Pond. The only verbal rendering of this cry that suggested itself to me was ~~clear~~ clear but that is not, I fear, a happy rendering. The sound is loud and it carries well. It varies greatly in quality. At times the tone is husky almost gasping; at others clear & ringing - like a full, loud whistle & not unlike the high call of Piranga only much louder.

Bubo
virginianus

1896

August 29

Clear, cool and calm.

We all spent the evening at or near camp. In the afternoon Dr. Gehring & his step-son left me and went to Lakeside by Steamer. A little before sunset I paddled across the lake and through Fremont's Park where I saw nothing of interest save a flock of big Brownish Hawks, a Robin (see Leucisalus caninus) undoubtedly seen here this season, and a Great Blue Heron. The last described part on within thirty yards and alighted on a stick about a superlatively graceful picture of a creature is this fine bird whether it be perched or flying. I observe that when one intends flying only a hundred yards or less it carries the neck stretched out to its full length or nearly so and the legs hanging more or less down. But when it starts on a long flight the legs are stretched out behind like a spinnaker sail and the neck doubled in on the breast with the head resting between the shoulders.

I chose for my stand this evening the slough nearly opposite Fremont's Park. I was unlucky with the shooting as usual. A flock of a dozen Black Ducks came low over me but the gun missed fire & I found I had put in no shells! Afterwards three Black Ducks came swimming up behind me & stopped within 20 yds. I tried to turn in the canoe but they came instantly & I was so cramped that the two shots I fired after them were both clean misses.

I heard at least four or five Snipe this evening. They alighted all about me scuffling & making a sound of rustling wings. One drowned there. Two young Cat Birds were singing among the shrubs. Herons everywhere looking & cleaning.

SnipeBirds

1896

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marches.

August 30 Cloudless, the forenoon calm, a light S.W. wind in the afternoon.

Spent the forenoon in camp. In the afternoon Will Trif to rowed over to Lakeside. He saw nothing of much interest Lakeside on the way - an Eagle & an Osprey or two with them a few Kingfishers - no Ducks.

On reaching Lakeside I found a few Swallows among which I recognized Barn, Cow & White-bellied.

" 31 Cloudy with E. wind and frequent showers. A heavy thunder shower passed to the north at 4 P.M.

In the morning Will rowed over to Upton. He saw on the Cambridge River marches a Lesser Yellow-leg, three Spotted Sandpeppers, a Wilson's Snipe, seven Wood Ducks (evidently the same flock minus one bird that I saw on the 18th & 22nd) then Great Blue Herons, two Ospreys & an Eagle. There were also two Semipalmated Plover, feeding on the sand-dred floor just below the big dam at the Lake House.

At least 75 Swallows, chiefly Barn & White-bellied, flying over the water. Swallows

At 2 P.M. we started up the Lake reaching camp just before the edge of the big timber house came over us with heavy wind & a dash of rain. As we were about midway between B. Brook Point & Pine Point we saw a Phalaropus. fuscicollis I think but I could not identify it certainly although it came within my gunshot flying aimlessly about & frequently alighting on the water (dead calm at the time) but seems remaining there more than a few moments. It was interesting to see with what confidence & decision this bird alighted dropping down as a Sandpiper drops on a mud flat & clearing its wings very suddenly at the last.

Back on the
Upton side

Phalaropus

1896

September 1

A clearing day sunny for the most part but with a few short, brisk showers from the great masses of black clouds which the violent north-west wind drove rapidly across the sky. The thermometer fell to 45° at 10 P.M.

At about 8.30 A.M. Will Sargent and I started for Bush in the big boat. We saw a young Whistler off Moon Point and a Carolina Chick near the entrance to Richardson's Cove. Just as we got into the river the stormy weather was coming in from the North. Capt. Douglas hailed us to say that he had just seen a large flock of Yellow-legs on the flats at the Outlet. We accordingly turned about & round back. We found them on the South side of the river near the Outlet feeding on the muddy marsh. There were over thirty birds two or three of which were *J. flavipes* & all the rest *J. maculosa*. A more noisy & shy lot I have rarely seen. It was almost impossible to get near them at first and they would then come winging into their shield clover whenever we attempted to approach them. But after we had chased them about awhile we bore up the flock & I shot three large birds, two Greater & one Lesser.

A large
flock of
Yellow-legs.

As our train was somewhat hindered we spent less than an hour in pursuit of the Yellow-legs and then went to Bush. When we went C. & E. R. S. returning with them in the afternoon by steamer. As we came out into the harbor we saw three Yellow-legs & two Loons the latter sitting on an old log. At 4 P.M. Will again went on across to the Outlet. We found the Loons just where we left them & I shot one which proved to be an adult ♀ *Sterna fuscata*. The other was also an old bird & almost unquestionably of the same species. I was so keen of this that I could not shoot it.

C. & E. R. S.
back camp

Sterna
fuscata

1896

September 1
(No 2)

The Yellow-Cops were all back in the old place. He counted 29 of them to which add the three that I shot this morning and four which, as I afterwards learned, Crocker killed this forenoon making 36 as the number of birds in the original flock. They were no less shy than they had been in the morning but I managed to secure three more all Greater Yellow Cops & two shot flying over a long distance off.

He also found on the flats a flock of seven Green Herons of which I shot two and a flock of eight Semipalmated Sandpipers of which I also killed two.

Yellow Cops.

Terns.
Green Herons.

Great Horned Owls were unusually numerous on the marsh to day & I saw two much thicker, both Green Herons. Whenever they approached the Yellow Cops the latter would rise and fly off clanking loudly & showing incident alarm although the Hawks did not apparently molest them in any way nor indeed pay any attention to them.

Circus
hudsonius

Along the Androscoquin we saw two fair adult Eagles one a very handsome, the other an unusually big one. An Eagle when flying carries the fore part of the body round appreciably - i.e. the whole centered him a long axis of the body & neck is not horizontal - and the neck looks much longer than in any other of the Raptors. By these characteristics it was to me easily distinguished from an Osprey when flying at a distance. Sometimes even with slight examinations confounds the two - as happened yesterday.

Haliaeetus
leucorhynchus

1896

September 2

A calm day with gathering clouds & light east wind in the afternoon.

At 8.30 A. M. I paddled over to the Outlet and entered the river. I had gone but a little way when a Carolina Grebe *Podilymbus podiceps* started from under the left bank within four or five yards of me and flew past & behind me out into the lake. There was absolutely no wind at the time. This bird looked like an adult but another which I found among some lily pads further down the river was certainly young. I followed the latter for some distance & repeatedly saw it stake instead of diving drawing its head & neck down backwards. Sometimes it showed the wing - a perhaps the ends of the folded wings - as well as the head and neck with the back wholly submerged. I could trace its course beneath the water with perfect accuracy by the looping and "skittering" of the numerous small pickered which doubtless mistook it for a particularly large & voracious predatory fish.

There were five Greater Yellow-legs, a Ring-necked Plover and a flock of nine Semipalmated Sandpipers on the flats at the right of the Outlet. Four of the Yellow-legs & the Ring-neck were 200 yards or more away & flew out of sight in the direction of Glasgow Cove.

As I was working about on these flats I happened to catch sight of a Wilson's Snipe standing in a crouching attitude between two grass tussocks its profile sharply outlined against a space of water beyond. I started & shot it when two others were wild. One dropped not far off & I started & killed it, the other flew out of sight.

1896

September 2
(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog

Pine Point - ~~Swallow~~

Near where I shot the second Swift I started a Northern from the edge of a pool surrounded by tall grass. It went off over the lake in the direction of Moon Point.

About twenty Barn Swallows accompanied by two Swifts were flying about over the marshes for the first hour of my stay this morning but they all disappeared before I left. I saw a single House Swallow there yesterday but have not noticed either the Barn or White Bellied Swallows this morning.

Swallows &
Swifts.

A singular and very disappointing feature of this season is the remarkable scarcity of Warblers and indeed of all the smaller forest-loving birds. Thrushes, Titmice, Kinglets, Warblers, Vireos and even Woodpeckers are all represented by only a few scattered individuals. I have seen only one gathering that could be called a flock and that contained less than twenty birds. I miss sadly the chirping, twittering herds that for the past few years have adorned the woods on Pine Point. The few birds now inhabiting these woods still pay regular morning visits to the camp & flit and chirp among the branches but I rarely see more than a pair of Chickadees, a solitary Red-bellied Nuthatch or Creeper and then a few Robins in any one morning. Elsewhere about the lake shores the woods seem utterly lifeless. It is evident that the Nuthatches had left the country before my arrival & both species of Woodpeckers seem to have since followed their example but what has become of the Warblers? The flock of upwards of twenty visited Pine Point on the morning of the 27th August. The night before I heard migrating Warblers chirping about incessantly. Since then I have heard almost none.

Continued
scarcity of
Warblers

1896

September 3

Lake Umbagog

Outlet.

A dark rainy day, warm & sultry with almost no wind.

I am establishing a custom of going to the Outlet every morning to look after the waders for this is about the height of their migration here and the extensive mud flats, just laid bare by the rapidly falling water (they are draining it off on land to repair the dam there), are in the best possible condition for them birds.

The Lake was dead calm when I crossed it at about 8 a.m. this morning. As I approached the Outlet a loon was lunging down the lake and two Whistlers were diving for food near the grass but I neither saw nor heard anything of the waders until I landed on the right bank where a pair of small Sandpeps rose and flew across the river. Although they streaked freely for gold. I felt sure here that they were Baird's Sandpeps and when I followed & found them feeding on a mud flat near the end of the South marsh this conviction proved to be correct. I approached them within about thirty paces and watched them closely for at least fifteen minutes. As my observations have been written out at length in my systematic notes I will not repeat them here but will simply add that I finally got both birds in line and killed them with a charge of fine shot. I also shot a young Gull Swallow.

Tringa
bairdii

There were four Gull Swallows & a young Martin feeding on the marsh this morning. Swallows

Besides the Baird's Sandpeps I saw a solitary Green Bird, a Snipe, and two flocks of Curlews, one of nine, the other of seven or eight birds.

(I afterwards heard that the Auklets started 13 Snipe & killed 9 of them.) Snipe

1896

September 4

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes

A clearing day with driving clouds & high N.W. wind, becoming much cooler towards evening (ther. 45° at 9 P.M.)

The ducks were on the marsh by America this morning and we heard them for a dozen or more shots which we were dressing & eating breakfast. Then, finally, I crossed (under sail) the flats on the Outlet near basin of bird life. But from there opposite Richardson's Cove there were Peeps (Breasted) and a Ring-necked Plover as I approached. I landed twice & looked for Snipe but found nothing. A solitary Barn Swallow was the only representative of the Phaenocarpa flying over these marshes to-day.

WadersS. Swallows

Keeping on down river I entered Leonard's Pond where I found and shot the solitary Sandpipers all but one sitting. I killed the first two for specimens and finding them too fat to skin & in tampering condition for the latter kept one. It was three Plumbeous of immatures for the birds, as usual, were as tame as sparrows - a tower.

Solitary Sandpipers

I also shot at and wounded but lost a ♀ Sparrow Hawk which alighted on a stick at the head of the island. A Bittern flew across the river & alighted in the marsh as I was sailing back to camp.

Sparrow HawkBittern

At noon a Ring-necked Plover with pale reddish flanks & a Chestnut-sided Warbler in the green & white autumn plumage came about the camp.

Bay Breasted W.
Chestnut-sided

Just as it was getting dark this evening the same mysterious Owl that we heard on Pine Point in 1895 started a succession at the head of our boat cove. First he hopped from trees, next hopped from a rocky ledge, then from a tree. After this he

MysticOwl

1896

September 5

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet.

Clear, the forenoon calm, the afternoon with strong S. E. wind and gathering clouds presaging the approach of another storm.

I was at day break this morning and after a hurried breakfast started in the hunting canoe for the Outlet. There was a dense fog but as a cotton fish boat came from the north as I left the point I felt confident of striking somewhere near Richardson's Cove. By simply standing across, close hauled, under ~~beated~~ sail. I sailed and sailed and sailed, however, over what seemed an endless expanse of gray water threaded in gloomy fog. At length I heard a Kingfisher rattle & saw a Osprey whistle and presently a line of forest clad shore became dimly visible straight ahead. Running close in I made my old camping ground south of Mallet's Rock! The boat had hauled into the west and I had missed even the outlying point of woods at the mouth of the river. Standing back I made it safely next time. Just as I entered the river a canoe with two young men appeared coming out into the lake. They had one Greater & two Lesser Yellow-bps which they had just shot. As I was talking with them two Greater Yellow-bps came flying past & I shot one of them. The other alighted on the float. When I landed & approached the float I found the birds feeding together. They acted as if they were so I took a long shot at them killing one & wounding the other which flew off to a little distance & was soon afterwards killed by my young friends in the canoe. I, meanwhile, was engaged with a number of small waters which I found on the float. There were two Kinglets, four Solitary Sandpeeps, a Redstart, a Bonaparte's Sandpiper.

Kept in
the fog

Yellow-bps
Greater
Lesser

Waders
Kinglets
Sandpiper

1896.

September 5
(No 2.)

and eight Semipalmated Sandpipers. The Baird's Sandpiper
chased me but I shot them of the Solitaires and getting
the Greenlets well "bunched" killed all but one by a
high discharge from the 20 gauge. I committed this
act of slaughter chiefly in the hope that I might
find one or more E. occidentalis among the flock but
all proved to be typical E. pusillus. It is curious
that I have never been able to add occidentalis to
the Umbagog list for surely it must occur here.

Baird's S.
Solitary "

Greenlets

Keeping on down river I found on the flats opposite
Beauregard Pond two more Ring-necked geese feeding with them
Greenlets and not far off a flock composed wholly of
the latter species & containing fully twenty-five birds.
Again visions of possible Western Sandpipers entered my
mind but I had no heart to destroy more of the pretty
little creatures on the chances even although those that
I might kill could be used on our camp table.

I had just packed them when I heard on passing
shrieking and turning saw a single bird coming directly
towards me with a Pigeon Hawk in close pursuit.
The Sandpiper was evidently doing his best but the Hawk
overtaken him with the utmost ease just as the two
were within about 50 yds. of me. The Sandpiper doubled
backwards, however, at the last moment & the Hawk
overshotting his mark by some ten yards ~~but~~ turned back
quickly closed again. Again the geese doubled & then
him the Hawk abandoned the chase in evident
disgust & flew straight away over Beauregard Pond
while the Sandpiper delighted with his companions
who had not seen at all during the episode.

Pigeon Hawk
chases a
Sandpiper

1896.

September 5
(no 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes.

Soon after this a flock of 22 Rusty Black birds appeared on the marsh flitting from place to place alighting on the mud.

Rusty Black
birds.

There were also big swallows, two Barn and four Barn, flying about.

Swallows

I beat the surface grounds carefully but saw only one bird which rose very wild & flew out of sight.

Snipe
sear

After entering Leonard's Pond, where I found only one Osprey and a Kingfisher, I returned to the Outlet. The two Ring-necked & the Larising Greenlets were still on the flats but the Baird's Sandpiper had disappeared. Presently

I discovered a solitary Blue-winged Teal swimming near a grassy island just outside the river's mouth.

Blue-winged
Teal.

Following a wide circuit I had dead up behind the island but the bird was almost out of range. It raised its head & stretched up its neck when it saw me & fearing it was about to start I fired. It flew off very badly wounded & dropped in the marsh where I searched for it in vain, starting a Bittern which then engaged.

Bittern

As I was re-passing the Outlet on my way to camp the Baird's Sandpiper appeared flying high & calling creep, creep in shrill rather fast & terse. I called it within my range & fired at but missed it.

Orange
breasted

A little after this I shot a young Whistler that was swimming out in the lake. It dove as I approached but I threw its canvas under water by the dragging of the young picked and killed it when it came to the surface. It was fairly grown but the wing quills were not of full length.

Young
Whistler

1896.

September 6

Heavy rain storm all day with strong S. E. wind

Point Point - Point Mendenhall

I spent the day about camp watching etc. There was a rather large mixed flock of Warblers etc. drifting back & forth through the birch grove and at noon, coming them on the end of the Point I made a very accurate & complete census of the species and the number of individuals of each. The list is as follows:

Parus atricapillus, 1; Troglodytes hyemalis, 1; Catherpes fuscescens, 1; Sitta canadensis, 1; Merula migratoria, 1; Helminthophila ruficapilla, 3 juv; Empidonax hammondi, 2 juv; Dendroica coronata, 1 juv; D. caerulescens, 1; D. striata, 1; D. blackburniana, 8 juv; D. maculosa, 1; Vireo olivaceus, 1; V. solitarius, 3; V. philadelphicus 1 (a little beauty, very yellow throat, in full autumn plumage, very tame); Turdus, 3; Catherpes mexicanus (a young ♂ singing both ways); Reisuthus, 1. There was also a solitary Swift darting about over the trees. Altogether I have not seen so many birds on the Point at one time before this season.

In the afternoon Bill Sargent went across the lake & fished down the river for a mile or more. He saw an enormous flock of Lesser Yellow-bills more than 100 birds, he says, and his statements & impressions as to such matters are to be taken into entire confidence. They were feeding on the flats opposite Beaver's Pond and were very tame. He also saw three flocks of Wilson's Snipe, with 7, 5, & 3 birds respectively, flying about in the rain.

Census of
mixed flock
of Warblers
at Point

Wilson's
Snipe

Big flock of
Lesser
Yellow-bills

Wilson's
Snipe in
flocks

1896

September 7

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes.

Clear with fresh N. W. to W. wind, warmer, clear, rising to 60°.

Starting at 5.30 A. M. I paddled across the Lake through a dense fog carrying my canoe by compass for Richardson's Cove and striking about 100 yards south of it. As soon as I recognized the shore and within fully forty yards from it I began turning the canoe. The sound of the paddle startled a flock of a dozen or more Black Ducks from a shallow pool in the marsh. They must have been at least eighty yards from me when they were hit by a sudden impulse I fired and one of them fell, evidently with a broken wing. I got ashore as quickly as possible but of course my bird had disappeared. I cut about through the grass for some time & was on the point of giving up the hunt when the foolish Duck started nearly a gun shot off and quacking loudly began running & flapping one the wind when I finished it with another cheap.

A morning's
shooting on
the Outlet
marshes.
Long shot
at a Black
Duck

Passing through the Cove and crossing the river I found the extensive mud flats on the left shore highly alive with small waders. There were fully thirty Breasted, several Semipalmated Plover, two Bonaparte's Sandpipers, a Pintail, a Solitary and about a dozen Gulls. The last were behaving in a most interesting manner running about on the level and perfectly bare mud a hundred yards or more from any cover. Every now and then they would draw together in a close bunch like Puffs. I had several opportunities to kill at least five or six at a shot had I wished. They proved a little too dumb to be chiefly engaged in feeding up food. All the while the fog hung low & dense over the flats.

Waders

Singular
behavior of
Wilson's Gulls

1896

September 7
(No 2)

it cleared and the sun came out a little later the
Swamp rose, on after another, and flew to ~~the~~ the grass
into which they dropped. I followed them but they were
very wild and I got only four shots bagging three birds.

Before the fog dispersed the small Plover & Sandpiper were
scattered about over the whole of the flats feeding busily
and silently & rarely taking flight but after the sun
appeared they became restless and noisy and congregated about
over the marshes in compact flocks. I shot only one of
them, the Pectoral.

I next paddled to the Outlet where I found a few more
small waders and a flock of about twenty Lesser Yellow-legs.
The latter were very tame but were scattered about over
so wide a space that I could get only two together
in my first shot. The main bunch went off at the
upbeat but several stayphes remained & I quickly killed
four more.

Soon after this a Golden Plover came flying about.
I called him up, under missing him the first time
at less than twenty yards & killing him the second with
a charge of No 4 shot as he was passing very high overhead.
He was an adult in autumn plumage - a handsome bird.
His flight was exceedingly swift. In fact I doubt if
any bird except a Falcon could outtake a Golden Plover.

Returning I entered Leonard's Pond where I shot
a young Pigeon Hawk that was sitting on a stub
pulling his feathers and an adult ♀ Orchard Rail
which I started in a little cedar swamp flooded
by yesterday's rain. There were also four larger birds.

Little Marsh

Outlet Marsh

Willow

Swamp

Small Plover

Sandpiper

Yellow legs

Golden Plover

Pigeon Hawk

Orchard Rail

1896

September 7
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Marsh

they were so very wild that I could not get near them. Wilson's
Although the day was now clear and warm they avoided Snipe
the grass and kept obliging on the open mud when
they would run a few yards & then crouch behind some
irregularity in the flat surface.

Four Wood Ducks, the first I have seen for a while now, Wood
were from the marsh behind the island where I lost Ducks.
of my boat to start for camp.

In most places where the water is less than two feet Tracks of
deep and the bottom sandy or muddy I see the tracks Ardea herodias
of the Great Blue Herons. The huge foot prints, widely
spaced, suggest the presence of some big, butomarine
bird. They are often found one hundred feet or more
out from the shore.

While sailing on the lake off Pin Point in the
early afternoon I saw a Night-hawk flying south.
Soon after it had passed a Golden Plover appeared
high in air uttering its shrill, screaming whistle. On
coming over the Night-hawk it hovered down at the
latter brushing close past & evidently frightening it badly.

Night-hawk
& Golden
Plover

Just before sunset I sailed over to the Outlet & visited
them until it was nearly dark, two Ring-necked & three
Green-winged Teal were on a lump of mud. On looking
at them with the glass I saw that one of the Green-winged
had a comparatively long bill. I accordingly shot it &
found it to be apparently an E. occidentalis. I very regret
the change ^{also} which the two Ring-necked & one E. pusillus.
Snipe & Herons flying about at dusk but no Ducks there.

On comparison with
my birds at home I
then decided that this
Green-winged Teal was
very different from the
one I had at home.

1896.

September 8

Cloudless, calm and very warm with the air almost wholly free from haze.

There was a heavy flight of Warblers last night. I heard them chirping almost incessantly from soon after dark to the time I went to sleep - about 11 P.M. The war must have started to the northward of Kentucky & passed beyond it before morning for there were only a very few birds in our woods within yesterday or to-day.

Heavy flight
of Warblers

Sometime during the night (last night) three of our party who were sleeping in tents were suddenly and very effectively awakened by an outrageous squealing & growling exactly like that of two cats fighting but at its termination the outcry ran, without the slightest separating form, into the ordinary hooot of a Barred Owl. It was wholly unlike the longling, conversational performance of this species in the nesting season but, minus the terminal hoooting, was identical with the caterwauling which Mr. Skidmore & I heard at Muri's Rock a number of years ago & which I now believe to have been made, as Sumner Sergeant asserted at the time, by one of these Owls.

Supercilium
subulatum
squealing
like a
tom-cat.

At 8.30 A.M. I sailed across the lake & visited the flats at the Outlet & near Leonard's Pond. Two Ring necks, a Great Sandpiper and five Grebes were all the waders that I could find. I shot an Grebe which has a bill almost long enough for S. occidentalis & mixed another with a Black-bay Bird which I am confident belonged Pigeon Hawk to some species. A Pigeon Hawk passed over within 4 yds. passed flock & the little flock of waders within 20 yds. skimming low & over the marsh. The waders were standing motionless without doing at this time & their feathers coloring probably heard them there.

Waders

Grebes

of waders

1896.

September 9 Clear, the forenoon calm, a light S. E. breeze with gathering clouds in the afternoon.

Spent the day on B. Brook Point with C. & E. R. S.
On a sandy part of the shore near the spring we found numerous fresh deer tracks made, as well as several asserted positively, by a very large buck, a large doe & two fawns of this season. The track of a buck is much thicker at the toes than that of a doe, this pointed out to us.

A day at
B. Brook

An Eagle, an Osprey, a Broad-winged Hawk and a Kingfisher were seen along this shore & a Blue Jay, a few Warblers and a band of eleven Chickadees were hovering about in the woods. The Chickadees evidently wanted to cross the Cove - about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile wide - but were half afraid to venture on even so short an aerial journey. They made several false starts, rising 50 feet or more above the tree tops, starting out over the lake with chirping inconspicuous to our ears & turning back after going 100 yards or less! Finally they divided into two parties & went across. We found a Chickadee floating dead in mid-lake yesterday morning just after the fog cleared & it seems that they sometimes perish by drowning as the Warblers, Sparrows & other small birds so often do. The Chickadees are evidently increasing rapidly in number about the lake shore. Up to within three days we have had only a single bird at Pine Point & I have seen but four elsewhere. On the 7th three appeared about our camp and yesterday there were five or six.

Chickadees
hesitate to
cross an arm
of the lake

Chickadee
drowned in
the lake

Warblers appeared to be scarce everywhere today as yesterday but there were a large number of them yesterday.

1896.

September 10

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

Cloudy with east wind and fine, mistlike rain at intervals

Spent the day about camp. Two Canada Thrushes, three or four Chickadees, two Winter Wrens, a Yellow Warbler, a Magnolia and an House Wren, a Chipping Sparrow (young in streaked plumage hopping about in our camp yard) a pair of Downy Woodpeckers and a Robin were the only small birds that I noticed on our point.

Spent about

Camp

Chipping Sp.

in the forest

The Red Squirrels are scarce one-tenth as numerous on Pine Point as they were in 1894 & 1895 and the few that are here evidently have much difficulty in getting a living for them on our point, hence no balsam cones this year, nor any maple buds.

Red Squirrels

The Squirrels near camp get more or less of their daily food from our waste but ^{back} in the woods are eating mushrooms and the buds of the paper birches. They take the mushrooms up into the trees & store them on the horizontal branches but within a day or two they either eat or remove them.

Two Chipmunks visit Camp daily & one comes every few minutes & has become very tame talking into & come from our hands, eating all the camp food & rambling about on the floors under our feet. He rarely eats anything that we give him but usually carries it off to add to his winter hoard. His hole is only a few paces from the camp and in the middle of the path that leads to the landing.

Chipmunks

1896

September 10
(no 2.)

Falcon Marshes

Outlet Marshes

Late in the afternoon I paddled across to the Outlet, down river to Richardson's Carry and thence across to the outer end of Moose Point where I waited until it was nearly dark. Only three Drakes came over the point and they left on towards the Outlet. I heard a Snipe and some small water, probably on Bremerton. The heavy rain of the 6th has raised the water a foot or more and the mud flats, as well as much of the grass-covered marshes, near the Outlet are under water. Hence it is not surprising that about all the small waders have disappeared. Besides the Bremerton just mentioned I heard (and also saw) only a solitary Golden Plover.

Snipe,
Bremerton!Golden Plover

Last night a Great Horned Owl hooted for an hour or more in the hemlocks near the head of the boat cove on Pine Point. This evening he began his screams before sunset and was presently answered by another bird in the same woods, the two hooting responses to each other for nearly half an hour. One bird regularly said hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo; the other hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo. These are the first Great Horned Owls that I have heard on Pine Point this season but Will Sargent heard one in Glespy Cove on the evening of the 8th.

Bubo

but gone now.

On the western side of the lake I have once heard an old bird near Grass Rock and reportedly young birds in the flats near Diamond Pond.

1896

September 11

Lake Umbagog

Pine Point

Clear and warm with south wind. Ther. 80° at noon.

The morning was unusually beautiful for there was no fog (the night had been too warm for it to form) and the air was peculiarly soft and sweet with the breath of the south wind. There were few small birds on the Point - only two or three Warblers, a Chickadee or two and a pair of Canada Nuthatches - but we had two unusual visitors, viz. a Canada Jay and a Pileated Woodpecker said the first of its kind that I have noted here this year. The Jay kept high in the trees and avoided both the shore and our camp ground. It was very noisy whistling and screaming almost incessantly. It went off in the direction of Sleepy Cove.

Birds about

camp

Canada Jay

Pileated W.

Two years ago this month Miss Sargent and I heard, one morning, a call new to us both and paddling out into the dense fog came upon two loons playing together near the Outlet and making the sound in question. I have not heard it since until this morning when for nearly half an hour before the wind rose it came at short intervals from the direction of the Outlet where, with the aid of a glass, I could see two loons swimming about on the calm water. I do not remember just how I rendered it in 1894 but to-day I set it down as originating from a rather deep & hollow hoo to an abrupt oh. It is very human in tone and might be easily mistaken for the call or ejaculation of a man. It was repeated twice or thrice in quick succession as a rule but sometimes we gave only one.

A singular

loon call

1896.

September 11
(No 2.)

Pine Point.

At 10 a.m. a Solitary Vireo began singing on the Point keeping it up for ten minutes or more. It was an old bird, the first I have heard this autumn. How its wild, clear notes rang through the silent woods!

Solitary Vireo
sings

A little before sunset a flock of mountain Gossander went down the River and turned into Gloospy Cove and half-an-hour later a bunch of four followed them but kept on into B. Hook Cove. No doubt they spent the night along this rocky shore. The water has fallen so low that many isolated boulders & several ledges are exposed and perhaps they roost on some of these.

Gossander

As we were eating supper in the Open camp I heard a long, piercingly shrill whistle back in the woods in the direction of the big headlocks. A minute or two later a huge Owl came flying from this direction and alighted on a branch of the tall pine in front of the camp but, startled, no doubt, by an exclamation from one of our men, it almost immediately took flight again and disappeared towards the lake. It looked as large as the biggest Hawk. Its wings made a loud rushing sound like the wind blowing through pines.

A strange
Owl visits
camp.

The warm weather of the past three days has brought out the Hylas (H. siskimungii) and I hear their dry, cracked voices everywhere in the woods, especially in the late afternoons. I have also heard one or two Wood Frogs.

Hylas singing

1896.

September 12

Another cloudless, calm and very warm day.

There was a dense fog in the early morning but it cleared at about eight o'clock and at once the woods were flooded with sunlight and enlivened by the calls of numerous small birds. I heard only one Warbler but Titmice, Nuthatches and Woodpeckers were all present in large numbers. Then on any previous morning this season and the Pine Siskin and White-winged Crossbill got on my list again for the first time in two or three weeks.

Small birds
about camp.

A small flock of Hudson Bay Chickadees were among the other visitors to the camp. I was unable to count them but judging by their calls there were at least three or four and probably more.

Parus
hudsonicus.

On my arrival at Pine Point, August 25th, I found many of the Sassafras plants already showing gold and crimson. Leaves and a few days later I began to see here and there along the lake shore solitary small maples that showed more or less brilliant coloring. But with these exceptions the woods generally up to September 7th were as uniformly green as in midsummer. On the morning of the 8th I was surprised to find that a large proportion of the foliage of the paper birches on the Point had ~~changed~~ become more or less conspicuously yellow. The change must have taken place during the night. It has since advanced steadily although rather slowly.

First signs
of autumn
coloring

1896

September 12.

(Wed.)

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marsh

Just before sunset I paddled across the lake and after visiting the flats at the Outlet and finding nothing there I landed at the little pond hole near Rich Island. Early when I met the Duke on the 7th. As I approached the place I saw seven Black Ducks playing about in the lake close to the beach, and I felt nearly sure that they would return before dark. Soon after closing my stand in some tall grass I heard a Hutton Yellow leg whistling in the distance. I called him but although he answered regularly he did not change his position for ten minutes or more. He was evidently somewhere on the Moon Point beach. At length he started & coming directly towards me alighted in the pond when I shot him falling.

Soon after this I heard the ducks alight on the bank several hundred yards away. They quacked & splashed for a long time but finally began in earnest to swim about & then rising & circling came over the pond directly past me within twenty yards. Just as I rose to fire four of them hove together & I felt sure of getting at least three with my first barrel but to my infinite disgust none fell at the report & my heart that was equally unexpected. I think that on changing my shells for the Hutton leg—or rather when I changed them a second time after shooting him I got in two lost shot cartridges by mistake.

I heard two snipe & saw several Herons.

Mosquitoes were nearly as numerous on the marsh this evening as they were last June. They attacked me so largely that I could hardly endure it. The evening was very warm & calm.

Coming in
the Outlet
Marsh.

Black Ducks

En. Yellow legs
shot.

Black Ducks

A good shot
missed.

MosquitoesTrout

1896

September 13

Cloudy & cooler with fresh S. to S.E. wind.

I spent this day about camp sailing across to the Outlet tower. Made no observations worth recording. Will Sargent, who went down the river with me fishing, reports seeing a flock of four large *Plover* and several smaller waders.

Waders

September 14

Cloudy with S.E. breeze.

After breakfast I sailed across the lake & made the rounds of the meadows & flats. ~~Although~~ The water has fallen to just the point most favorable for the waders I saw but two of them birds, a *Black-bellied Plover* and a *Thompson's Sandpiper*. The *Plover*, although a young bird, was exceedingly wild and restless, covering the whole marsh region, frequently alighting but never remaining on the flats for more than a minute or two at a time. Sometimes he would go off high in air towards the South until lost to sight & bearing but in a few minutes he would return & again pitch down to the flats. Noticing that he paid frequent visits to the extreme point of land at the Outlet I ran the canoe into a creek there & waited. Presently he came over in very high & flying very swiftly but a charge of 2 1/4 shot brought him down.

*Chlorodreus
helveticus.*

1896.

September 15

A fine day, cooler, sunny for the most part but with masses of dark clouds driving rapidly overhead before the violent north-west wind.

Lake Umbagog

Megalloway River

I have been waiting for just this kind of day for a trip up the Megalloway so immediately after breakfast I started with Will in the large boat. The whole Axelson family were shooting snipe on the Baxter meadows and Harry Axelson, who hailed us as we were passing through Richardson's Cove, told us that they had started about 15 ^{hills} and killed 2 up to that time. He also said that his father had shot a Black-bellied Plover.

Trip up the Megalloway

Snipe shooting

Battle-head

The shooting continued as long as we were within hailing and just before we reached the mouth of the Megalloway a large canoe from the direction of the big marsh and alighted near us on the river bank. I wondered but she had been very wild & I missed it.

Landing right at the first pond hole on the left bank of the Megalloway we found perfectly fresh tracks of a cow moose, apparently the same animal that I saw August 27th. For the next two miles above this place, as well as around the shores of Pine Hill Pond, moose tracks were to be seen every where near the water, some of them those of the cow, others of a large bull, some fresh, others made at different times during the last two or three weeks. Will's guide eye detected a number of long hairs clinging to a stump where one of the big beasts had rubbed himself. At several places we saw where the animal had climbed on

Moose tracks

the steep banks of the river its hoofs flying and making long grooved marks in the clayey mud.

1896.

September 15
(No 2)

Lab. 100-1000

Megalloway River

There were no Ducks in Pine Hill Pond but in one of the
small ponds just above on the left I got a long throat
at a Whistler but missed it.

We next landed at Pulpit Rock where Will took
me back into the woods on the South side of Pine Hill
and showed me some very large & interesting boulders
covered with the finest growth of rock ferns that I
have ever seen. Under one of them was a porcupine's
den with a well-broken path leading from it. I
spent the remainder of the forenoon photographing these
boulders and on landed by the side of the cold spring
just below the camping ground where two young
men had put up their tent. They told us that Ducks
were numerous in the ponds along the river above
and that they saw Deer almost daily but neither
they nor we laid any thing about the woods.
I heard a Red Crossbill in these woods.

Pulpit Rock
woods
Rock Ferns on
Big boulders
Porcupine's
den.
Photography

Starting on again after lunch we stopped first
at the long, narrow meadow just above Pulpit Rock.
At this upper end I found a flock of 11 Black Ducks
in a small pond hole and, near, but not actually
associated with, them, a solitary young drake Mallard Duck.
I spent some time on horseback attempting to stalk these
birds but whenever I got them in good place & crawled
towards them through the grass it happened that before
I could reach them they drove off to some other part
of the pond. Finally I lost patience and directed Will
to make a circuit & try to drive them to me. When
he showed himself they all started in my direction but
only three came within range. I brought down two.

Stalling
Black Ducks
in Pulpit Rock
Meadow.

1896.

September 15
(no. 3)

Little Thompson

Mequah Valley River

them with my first barrel and hit the third bird head
with the barrel but he flew out of sight.

At Horn-Blow Bend I was surprised to see a large
band Tortoise scuttle down the steep bank and plunge
into the river. This is the first Tortoise of any kind that
I have ever seen in this region and I have always
understood that none were to be found but this Sargent
now tells me that "a small blackish Turtle" is abundant
in Cambridge River above Ten Flocks. He could not remember
that it had either yellow spots or red markings & I
failed to recognize it by his rather vague description.
He has never seen this or any other species in Montagy.

Land Tortoise

We had confidently expected to find Bottle Brook Pond
abundant with Ducks but there were only eight, all Black
Ducks and all huddled together on a small grassy
island off the point between the right & middle arms
of the pond but quite out of range from the shore.
In the left arm (or 'leg' as it is usually called) I
noticed two Herons and a fine old Bald Eagle. There
was a Carolina Grackle in the middle arm. Deer tracks
were scarce about this pond & none of them were
seen fresh.

Bottle Brook
Pond.

Black Duck

Herons.

Bald Eagle

Carolina Grackle

I took several photographs down - on, that turned
out to be very disappointing, of the pond when I
lost the wounded Wood Duck several years ago.

Photography

A good many of the Herons have been cut about
the shores of Bottle Brook Pond since last autumn
but still the place remains mostly if not quite all
its former attractiveness & beauty.

1896

September 15
(no 4)

On our way back down river I landed at the rather large pond opposite the mouth of Bear Brook. I do not remember to have seen any Ducks in this pond for a number of years - perhaps not since I shot the pair of Mallards there in 1888 - but this afternoon I found a flock of five Wood Ducks and three birds which I think were Hooded Mergansers but which were and were not without giving me an opportunity to identify them. The Wood Ducks proved ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~accommodating~~ although at first they were unaccountably shy and ~~and~~ ^{or} restless, rising and flying several times but always alighting in the pond. After a good deal of thought and several fruitless attempts I finally got within thirty yards of them and killed four with the first barrel wounding the fifth bird badly as it was. Of the four secured there were young drakes changing to full plumage, the fourth a young female.

I did not get another shot until we reached Richardson's Cove and stopped for a few minutes to watch for Ducks. The twilight was fast deepening into night and the hoarse cries of Snipe came from every direction while we occasionally heard the swelling wings as one of the birds alighted. One of them also descended thrice in quick succession. Just as we were about to start on a bird, which both Will & I took for a Hooded Merganser, came flying past us at a wonderful rate of speed, so fast, indeed, that, as Will after words said, he did not believe that shot could catch it" and to add to

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway

River

Wood Ducks
in Horse-shoe
Back Pond.
I ~~had~~
found of them

Evening on
Orchard marshes

Snipe
Hammock.

Pied-billed
Grebe (also
one more)

1896

September 15
(No 5)

I had the same feeling as I raised the gun to my shoulder but at the report the bird started down a long, slight decline finally striking in the middle of the covey near the collar and sending the white spray high into the air. It was perfectly dead when we reached it and great was my surprise to find that it was a Carolina Chick doubtless the same that I have seen almost daily near the outlet for the past two weeks. Poor bird! I would not have shot at it had I suspected what it was.

Solitary Sandpipers were unusually numerous to-day along the Myalloway. I must have seen more than twenty in all, most of them on the muddy shores of the river itself but one or two about each of the small ponds that I visited in search of Ducks. They are by no means invariably "solitary" for one often finds two and occasionally three or four feeding or flying in company. They do not, however, appear to associate, unless by mere chance, with any of the other species of waders. American Wood Sandpipers they should have been called for they live near forest pools & rivers and, when flushed, frequently fly directly back into the densest woods making their way through the branches with quite as much ease as does the Woodcock.

Notaricus

Solitary

1896.

September 16

One of the most perfect of September days, nearly calm, the air exceptionally clear & sparkling, the sky filled with great cloud masses drifting lazily & casting thin shadows on the slopes of the mountains.

Spent the day at Seward's Cove with C. & E. R. S. rowing across the Western Bay in the morning and landing here in the late afternoon. We landed first at the high ledge but finding the place very sunny & otherwise ill-adapted to our purpose kept on and entering the cove found just inside the point on the right of the entrance the prettiest little cove imaginable, sheltered abain from sun and wind, with beautiful woods of young growth covering the slope behind and a shore filled with blocks and boulders of every conceivable size and shape. Just above the place where we drew out our boat a ledge rose nearly vertically from the water to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. The view distant over up the cove was very fine and rendered doubly attractive by the clear air and constantly changing cloud effects.

Two Mackerels inhabited the ledge just mentioned and, to my surprise, they spent the entire middle part of the day ^{which was cloudless & calm} fishing for mussels, swimming out several rods from shore, diving in water eight or ten feet deep & taking their mussels in under a shelving rock where the bottom was thickly strewn with the discarded shells.

A mink, also, entertained us for nearly half an hour by appearing among the loose boulders on the other side of our position and gradually working towards us until he came within a few yards of where we were sitting.

A day in Seward's Cove

Mackerels fishing for mussels at mid day

1896.

September 16

(No 2.)

He explored all the nooks and crannies among these boulders with great thoroughness keeping most of the time in the water between or beneath them watching, swimming a diving and often when we could not see him moulted his position by the loud "Hushing" noise which he made. Every now and then he would stretch up his long slender neck between two stones or rising to the top of one would shake his dripping body violently and look keenly around before resuming his search for food. All his movements were characterized by the fierce, intensely nervous energy peculiar to the Weasel family. The expression of his face combined stupidity, cunning and devilish cruelty in its equal degree but his pretty, dark, glossy fur, long, lithe body, and graceful, sinuous movements made him on the whole a singularly attractive & interesting creature. His sight seemed to be none of the best but when, at length, he discovered us he showed much alarm and having the stone boulders up the steep slope behind us and disappeared in the woods.

Habits of the

Weasel

Besides these mammals I found a rotten log and interesting mixed flock of birds on this point. There were Chickadees, Hudson Bay Tit, Kinglets, Crows, a Winter Wren, two or three Nuthatch Woodpeckers, a Ministretta, a Parula, a Black Poll, a Black-throated Green, a Red-eyed Vireo, a Sapsucker etc. etc.

Mixed flock

of small birds.

Along the shore Kingfishers were sailing & chasing one another. Two Loons also appeared at the mouth of the cove for a few minutes.

1896.

September 17

A dull rainy day with S. E. wind.

Large Mallards

Pine Point

Spent the day about camp. In the afternoon Will heard Outlets. Yellow legs whistling and I paddled across the lake in search of them but although I visited the Outlet, the flats opposite Kennedy's Point, and Moon Point, I saw nothing but a solitary Sandpiper & a couple of Kingfishers. Just as I reached Pine Point on my return, however, I distinctly heard a winter Yellow-legs whistle coming from the direction of Richardson's Cove.

" 18

A clearing day with strong N. W. wind.

Woke on the house boat confined me to the neighborhood of our camp during the forenoon. In the afternoon we took the big boat out and sailed over to the Outlet. Saw many windward and came about midway over but when we tried to return we could not get on before the wind caught us and the waves did.

While off the mouth of the river we heard Yellow legs whistling and saw many flying together. Dayless stopped his skimmer & landing fired several shots at them. He afterwards told me that there were fifteen birds in the flock.

Yellow legs

" 19

A very heavy rain storm all day with S. E. wind.

Pine Point

Spent the whole day about camp & on the house boat. Our woods seemed to be almost wholly barren of birds. Indeed I have seen very few there, less than days & have heard none singing at night.

1896

September 20

Pine Point.

Cloudless with clear, bracing air, the wind north-west and blowing very heavily through the forenoon but moderating in the afternoon & falling calm at sunset. Ther. 40° at 8 A.M. & 50° at 8 P.M.

Spent the day about camp taking a short sail on the boat in the afternoon. No small birds on the Point excepting a Nuthatch, a few Chickadees, two Golden-crested Kinglets and two young Magnolia Warblers.

Small birds
about camp

Jim who rowed up from Lakeside later in the day reports seeing a flock of fully fifty White-bellied Gulls just below Great Island. They were very restless flying up & down the stretch of water continuously, once coming within gun shot.

At about 8 P.M. just as the moon was rising above the trees one mysterious Owl paid the Point a second visit howling and hooting for nearly ten minutes. He appeared to be on the bamboo knoll but when I attempted to stand thither along one path he became silent & presently began again away out of hearing towards the east. He did not utter the hau cry to-night. I believe his hau is almost as loud as the took of the Trinidad Bull Bird.

The mysterious
Owl again
visits camp

Soon after the Owl departed the men called me out again to hear a Fox who was barking in our cove. I stole to the edge of the knoll and heard him to great advantage. His bark was much like that of a dog but more husky or "ragged" as they expressed it. It was very loud for the noise of so small an animal.

Fox barking

1896

September 21

Pine Point

Clear and warm with light, variable winds.

Spent the day at our camp, most of it on the house boat improving the work of fitting up the cabin etc.

Four Chickadees, ^{a White-bellied Nuthatch,} two Golden-cats, a ♀ Black-throated Green, a House-Wren, ^{a House-Wren-like Blue,} and another Warbler which looked like a Tennessee Warbler I failed to identify came about the camp some after breakfast. Evidently most of the Warblers have already departed. Could find Pine Point at about 5 P.M. and landing on the big marsh spent the forenoon then looking for birds as I could see by the aid of my glass. The first fifteen shots which indicated a fair number of birds flushed.

Small birds
about camp

Cloudy with two or three King Herons, the forenoon ended the afternoon with violent north winds.

I was again confined to the Point by the uncertainty of looking after the work on the house-boat which drops deplorably. Four Chickadees, several Juncos, a Canada Nuthatch, ^{Small birds} and a Hairy Woodpecker were the only birds I saw near ^{about camp.} camp but I heard Pine Siskins several times and saw the chirp of a Warbler which I think was D. virens. Out on the banks I saw four Goldcrests, a House Wren, a Robin, a Hairy Gull, and a Marsh Hawk, and a Great Blue Heron. Last evening a Hairy Gull was flying about making its shrill alarm incessantly. This was the first instance of the appearance of the species this month. Up to the very end of August I saw or heard several during.

1896

September 23

Clear and cold (34° at sunrise) with violent north to north-west wind.

The necessity of looking after the work on the big boat kept us near camp all day. There was a good deal of shore-bird shooting on the marshes and Miss Casper who went down the lake in the forenoon reported seeing a flock of about thirty Scoters which he thinks were Bottlen-bills off B. Brook Cove.

Flock of
Scoters

A flock of eleven Pine Grinnets alighted in an open place in our boat cove this morning.

Pine Grinnets

" 24

Cloudy with S. W. wind and occasional light showers.

There was again a good deal of shooting on the Outer marshes but I had us time to go there on a reconnaissance to-day. I saw a flock of six Ducks which looked unfamiliar crossing the lake high in air this morning. They were about the size of Widgeon & seemed to have very white bellies. I think that species.

Stranger -
looking Ducks

Just after breakfast I found two very tame Bewick's Swallows in the woods near the shore in front of the camp. They kept close together running along on the ground and calling softly to each other using the night call exclusively.

Night Call of
Swallows

A Colaptes & a little flock of Chickadees were the only other small birds seen.

Last night a Fox actually kept us awake for nearly half an hour by his persistent barking near the camp.

Fox barking

The sound is very loud & penetrating. It resembles the cry of an owl but is much more shrill & is not at all

1896

September 26

Clear and warm with light, variable winds alternating with periods of calm.

Yesterday and this forenoon were spent in "breaking camp" and putting the things aboard the house boat. Immediately after dinner we hoisted sail and tried to beat down the Lake but the wind bit the wind, light at best, forced us utterly before we got to B. Booke Point so we were glad to get a tow from the steamer the remainder of the distance anchoring our boat off Lakeside shortly after dark.

We break camp.

A small mixed flock consisting of four Chickadees, a juncy *Small birds*
 5 *minuscule varia*, a Parula, a *Black Throated Green Warbler*, on *Tree*
 Chestnut-sided Warbler and a solitary Vireo visited
 Point early this morning. As we were weighing anchor
 I heard a *Picoides arcticus* and presently saw the bird
 on one of the tall pines on the point. It is certainly
 the first that I have noted this autumn.

Yesterday I visited the Moon Point woods to take some
 photographs and found there three *Greenlets* at which I
 exposed several plates and an *Oborogus alpestris* which I
 shot. The hawk was running about as the shore very near
 the Sandpipers. I also saw a large flock of Grassbirds.
 Two juncos whom I met said that they had killed
 two Blue-winged Teal from a flock of about fifty
 on the 20th in one of the ponds on the Neelyway.

Oborogus alpestris

Petronia

Blue winged Teal

27

Clear with light S. W. wind.

In the forenoon took some photographs on or near B. Point.
 In the afternoon sailed & reached the house boat in afternoon.

1896

September 28

Large numbers

Cambridge River Marshes

Heavy rain during the night clearing off cold and windy early this morning.

At 7 a. m. started for Upton in the big boat, closely followed Hadron on
rowing. Just as we entered the mouth of the Cambridge a the Cambridge
heavy squall accompanied by a shower of rain swept over the River marshes
marshes. Immediately afterwards we heard Yellow-bags whistling
and saw a flock of a dozen or more whirling high in air. Big flock of
They went off towards the south but returned presently and G. Yellow-bags
alighted with some others which were feeding on a mud bar. I killed four
The combined flock contained just twenty-seven, all at one shot.
Greater Yellow-bags. There were also two Dunlins and a few
Peeps (Grenuts). Closely paddled on up to the birds &
I killed five Yellow-bags and a Dunlin at one shot.
afterwards bringing down another Yellow-bag that came
flying past. The remainder of the flock rose high in air
and disappeared.

As I was paddling back to Lakeville at evening I found Dunlins
the other Dunlin feeding in company with three Grenuts
and killed all four birds—reluctantly enough but the
Grenuts seemed to me to have very long bills & I suspected
that they were G. occidentalis but after drawing them
I decided that they were all G. fuscescens.

The Cambridge River marshes are too dry for Snipe
but the flats at the mouth of the river are in
excellent condition for Yellow-bags & Sandpeeps.

I am a little surprised to find one or two Eagles &
Ospreys still lingering about this end of the lake for
I have not observed either species near the outlet
for a week or more.

Eagles
Ospreys

1896

September 29

Clear and warm with light variable winds.

Daily Notes

Cambridge River Marshes

Spent the day at Upton attending to the unpacking and stowing away of our effects. Saw very few birds, the most interesting being a little flock of five Greenlets and three Ring-necks on one of the bars near the mouth of the Cambridge, and a flock of 26 Tit Cuckles flying about over the marshes. There was also a flock of eleven Goldfinches in the pond just below the back house. They were having a fine time playing about and ~~thrusting~~ the water with their wings after their usual custom.

Early this morning I heard a White-crowned Sparrow chirping loudly & incessantly outside my window, probably in the thicket near the stable.

WarblersGreenletsTit CucklesWarblersSparrows

" 30

Heavy rain during the night & early this morning followed by a clear, warm day with strong S. E. wind.

Went to Upton for the day as usual, had dinner over in the early morning and sailing back at night.

There were five Greenlets and four Ring-necks on the flats to-day, doubtless the same birds left there last evening with the addition of another Ring-neck. Near Peck's bend I saw three Solitary Sandpipers and a Sparrow Hawk.

Warblers

The autumn coloring reached its fullest perfection here on the 28th and has since been on the wane although it is still brilliant enough. It came on very suddenly with the warm weather which began on the 25th. Before that date there had been but a trifling change from the midsummer coloring.

Autumn coloring

1896.

AugustSeptember

27 28 1 2 4 5 7 8 12 14 15 28

Wilson's Snipe

2

3

White Ge. Loz. 1

5

2

1

6

Sumner " "

1

2

6

Grass Bird

2

1

Turnstone 2

"Peep"

2

7

2

1

3

Black Duck

1

Wood "

Whistler "

1

1

Solitary Sandpiper

10

3

Ring neck.

2

Golden Plover

1

Can. Rail

1

Black-bellied Plover

1

Dunlin

2

1896

July 1896

Home Head for water Pumping 4' x 14' 0"

Feet 4' x 6' 1' 0"



Longer than 12 ft. 6 in. 10 ft. 6 in.

1896.

October 1

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge River Marshes

Cloudy with N.W. wind and occasional light showers.

I sailed over to Upton at the usual time this morning seeing nothing worth noting on the way. The flats were utterly deserted and the small vessels which have spent the past two days there must have left during the night. They were there last evening when I found the flats a little after sunset.

I had a very busy day at Upton and my start back was deferred until long after sunset. It was a gloomy evening with black, threatening sky but only a little wind. Nothing of interest occurred until I had reached the outlet of the upper marsh pond when two Great Horned Owls began calling among the shrubs along shore both uttering the husky scream which I have described in this journal under date of August 28th.

Presently I saw one of them perched on a shrub on the end of the rocky island (the Ospreys frequently sit on this shrub by day). I changed my shells & was starting to paddle towards the bird when a whuff-whuff-whuff & beating wings was heard behind me and the closing screen sounded in my very ears. The next instant a huge bird sailed directly over me on its wings passing laterally within six feet of my head. Just as it reached the river bank on the marshy (south) side & dropped its legs, evidently with the intention of alighting, I fired bringing it down with a broken wing & firing another shot to finish it. It was in full plumage but the bill had some patches of light color indicating immaturity. This experience definitely settles the authorship of this night cry but is it made only by the young birds? It was very wild & piercing in the still air, to-night & reminded me of the call of Pernis ptilorhynchus which I have heard in the hills.

1260

virginianus

1896.

October 2.

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Mass.

A dark, gloomy day with light east wind and steady rain from morning to night.

At day break I was awakened by several shots fired in quick succession near the house. It turned out that one of the Wornell party had been out with his gun and had fired at five birds which he found in Sargent's Cove and which from his description I think must have been Night Herons. (This was afterwards confirmed by the fact that early next morning I heard a Night Heron growling in the direction of this Cove).

Night
Herons in
Sargent's
Cove.

At 7.30 a. m. I started for Upton. Just inside the mouth of the river I saw three small waders flying about high in air. They uttered a whit - whit somewhat like the call of T. fasciatus but louder & mellower and also a curious purring sound. Shortly afterwards while I was trying to pickle up to a Whistler in the large lagoon a pond near the back house three three birds came overhead & alighted in a cluster of alder beds near the middle of the pond where I saw that they were Red Phalaropes. They were again in a minute or less & having just given me a good shot but my shell missed fire.

Red Phalaropes

There were two Ring-necked ducks on the shore of this pond & I heard the call of a Mallard & a Winter Wren. In the distance while I was there I afterwards learned that Crocker killed three "Winters" on the marsh in the afternoon.

Ring-necked
Pintail
3. Yellow-billed

Charlie Douglas came over to Upton with the Axis crows at noon & started back at about 4 P. M.

1896.

October 2.
(No 2.)

DATE UNKNOWN

Cambridge River, New Brunswick

I came very near going with him for it was raining hard at the time and there was little incentive for a solitary fowling but I was detained by the necessity of deciding about some work on the home boat.

I missed a rare opportunity by this chance happening for Douglass killed a Blue Goose with one barrel and a Lesser Snow Goose with the other both birds which I have never seen living and both, I come, were to my knowledge lost. They were on the outer most grassy island at the mouth of the Cambridge River. When first seen the "blue" bird was lying down, the other standing erect.

When the steamer was within about 30 yds. Frank Douglass, the engineer, fired at them but missed. They rose, flew about 40 yds. & alighted in the river. Charles Douglass then ran the boat to within about 40 yds. of them & killed them both. I learned of all this on my return & at once went to Douglass's house in the pouring rain and bought the birds of him.

My fowling bell from Apton was without incident of any kind save that I heard a number of birds scarping heavily as they rose and flew about over the marshes. It was impossible to count them but there must have been half a dozen or more. I caught a glimpse of two flying together.

Some young men who came down the banks in a canoe report seeing two large flocks of Scoters

A Blue & a
Lesser Snow
Goose shot
by Douglass.

W. H. H. H.
S. H. H.

W. H. H. H.

1896

October 3

Ball'side & Cambridge River Marshes

Cloudy with N. E. wind and fine rain in the afternoon.

A flock of Scaup was seen from the house this morning & immediately after breakfast I went in pursuit of them & found them just beyond N. Point. There were thirteen birds in the flock, the majority old male Surf Scoters. They were at fully 100 yards & malighted was Great Island but I did not follow them.

Surf Scoters
in the lake.

As I entered the river a flock of 12 Mergansers were feeding on the further side of a marshy island but they saw me & flew. A little further on I came upon three Pintails. Yellow legs but they proved to be very shy & I got only a long & fruitless shot at them. There was a single Grass-bird with them. Some of the woods a mixed flock of Grass-birds & Bonaparte's Songspins flew one about a dozen birds in all but just how many of each kind I could not tell.

Songspins

Gr. Yellow legs

Pied-bill E.

Bonaparte E.

A number of Herring Gulls were flying about and soon after I reached Lipton a Carolina Chick appeared in the pool just below the Lake House. I was watching it with my glass and admiring its graceful movements & pretty wags as it played about close in those when suddenly the report of a gun rang out, a charge of shot tore up the water, & my poor little Chick turned belly up and floated dead. Baker, who is staying at the Lake House, had crept up behind a cluster of bushes & fired the fatal shot. I fear he will never see more of the bird.

Herring Gulls

Carolina Chick

1896

October 3
(no d/)

Cambridge River Marshes.

The light was fading and a fine, mist-like rain
falling when I started to pack the boat to be ready.
I saw nothing but three or four Wreck Reds & a Heron
on trees but just as I reached the mouth of the river
Sparrows began scolding & flying about in every direction.
The swallows hummed freely about with them. There
were also a number of other voices calling - two Kinglets,
several Grass Birds & what I took to be some Deciduous.

Wilson's Snipe

Swamp

King lets K

Pine tree

Swamp 10

1896

October 4

Lake Umbagog

Scotland

A superb day, calm, cool, with high-draughty clouds alternately opening & shutting in. There was a rare light on the gorgeously tinted autumn woods & hills. The foliage is now much more brilliant than it has been hitherto & probably at its highest perfection. I have never seen the coloring so perfect, even here.

A large flock of Scaup appeared over the lake just after breakfast and entertained every one about the hotel for an hour or more with their extraordinary aerial evolutions. They alighted several times & Caroline paddled out to them & shot one bird. Mr. reports that they were mixed with the Hills & Reef Scaup.

Scaup in the lake.

A superb Golden Eagle also passed over the house & circled around Joseph's Cor. Though the glass I could distinctly see that the bird was fully adult with a bright golden brown head and no white in the tail. His flight was finer & more graceful than that of a Bald Eagle - more like a Red-tailed Hawk's. His wings were held perfectly level but the tips were upturned a little. I have never actually seen one of these Eagles at Umbagog before.

Golden Eagle

I spent the day paddling for my stock homestead to - across.

1896.

October 5

Lake Umbagog to Boston.

Cloudy but with a clear, strong light and occasional brief intervals of sunshine.

I left the Lake at 7.30 a.m. on Mr. Gil's Stage. Mr. Mc.Glidden, the Bethel Photographer, was with us and we both took a number of pictures along the road (most of my negatives turning out very well when I developed them a day later).

Small birds were scarce and I saw nothing of much interest until reaching Appleton. We stopped here for dinner and Mr. Glidden and I crossed the river to look at the trout pond. On our way back and just as we were at about the middle of the suspension foot bridge a light-colored bird started directly beneath us and skimming close over the water flew down stream for a few rods uttering a sharp whit, whit very like the call of a Spotted Sandpiper anxious about its young. Almost at the first glance I recognized this bird as a Red Phalarope which, of course, I was greatly surprised to meet in such a place. It alighted again in the middle of the river where it floated lightly and hummed the swift current with apparent ease but it took advantage of the eddies as much as possible and presently began working about the lower beds of some large boulders where it seemed to find food in abundance for it pecked rapidly & incessantly at their rough surfaces wet with the lapping of the waves. It also fed on the surface of the swirling eddies, moving about very rapidly and in diverse courses. It was very tame but whenever I got within about 20 ft. it would rise & fly a few yards uttering its sharp whit. Finally I went to the house, got my 32 cal. collecting pistol & returning shot the bird.

Red Phalarope
in Bear River

It drifted down stream on eighth of a mile or more before I found a chance to reach & draw it in with a long pole. Reached Bethel at 2 P.M. & took the 3.30 P.M. train for Boston.

1896

October 11

Cloudy with strong N. E. wind.

Concord, Massachusetts

I came to Concord late yesterday afternoon and am staying at the Hayes' as usual.

After walking for several hours on the campus this morning I canoed one of them and paddled down to Ball's Hill where I spent about an hour and then returned boating all the way back.

The river is at about its average October level. The meadows are very green & attractive but the pinkish weed and other semi-aquatic plants have been killed by the frost. The autumn coloring is comparatively dull and most of the maples have already shed the greater part of their foliage. The oaks are still green but the chestnut trees are turning. The crop of chestnuts is said to be heavy this year and blue jays are numerous.

Pot tells me that about twenty-five ducks have been killed by Gallant between Clark's Bridge & Ball's Hill and George Hayes says that Jones saw one fifty this afternoon while going in a blind on the edge of the meadow pond opposite Davis's Hill. I saw no water fowl to-day except a Grebe (*P. valisineria*) which was swimming about in front of the cabin.

Of the smaller birds I saw or heard Chickadees, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Kinglet (*Regulus*), two Creepers, Robins, Yellow-rumps, Song Sparrows, Chipping, four Starlings, 8 or 10 Jays, 12 or 15 Crows

THOREAU AND THE WALDEN WOODS.

The Damage by the Recent Fire Not as Great as Was Reported.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The notice in your widely-circulated journal concerning the recent fire in the Walden woods will convey a wrong impression to many readers, the facts about that fire having naturally been exaggerated while it was going on, and before any one could say where it would stop. I examined the localities yesterday, and can qualify to some extent your remarks.

The term "Walden woods" covers a great tract, on both sides of the Pittsburgh railroad, and on all sides of the pond, which it is now the fashion to call a "lake." This tract might be so measured as to be two miles long by half a mile, or even a mile in width, and of this area, probably less than half a square mile was burnt over in the last fire, which did not reach the fine large pines around Thoreau's cove and cairn, nor, indeed, any of the woods immediately encircling the water. It did run through a large plantation of white pines, made by Thoreau some 20 rods from his hut, eastward, on land belonging to his friend, Emerson; and it burned through a large tract on the east side of the Lincoln road, between the shallow lake called Goose pond, and the hillside covered with great oaks, chestnuts and pines, once called "Hubbard's wood," and named by Emerson, "The Park." Fortunately, this park, now the property of Emerson's daughter, Mrs. W. H. Forbes, was hardly touched at all, so that the regions more especially associated with the two friends, Emerson and Thoreau, were not greatly injured by the fire.

Through this park ran the path by which Alcott, while Thoreau was living by Walden (1843-47), used to visit his young friend—walking across from the Edmund Gosse farm, or from what soon became Hawthorne's "Wayside," then owned and occupied by the Alcotts. Emerson's own way to Walden was only for a few rods through the fields; he then followed the wide Lincoln road, over "Fletcher's hill," or diverged to the right, at the hill's foot, into a woodpath. Both sides of this woodpath have been devastated, either by the axe or by fire; but nature is quick to repair such ravages in our woods, and before 10 years, if the railroad catches on no more fires, nobody could see where the late fire has run in this part of the tract. Probably the pines planted by Thoreau's hand are mostly killed, and this is a serious loss. But the woodland associations of Thoreau and Walden are only slightly injured, otherwise, by what seemed so disastrous a combustion.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, May 25, 1896

See account May 5

1896.

October 12.

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the burned woods near Goose Pond. The fire, which occurred about the middle of last May, ^[May 5] when I was at Umbagog, was the most destruction ever known in Concord not only in respect to the area (said to be 1000 acres) burned over but also in the thoroughness with which it did its work. The woods were as dry as tinder and the wind was blowing a gale from the north-west. These conditions so favored the flames that they not only destroyed the undergrowth but in most places the trunks of the trees were burned to their very tops. A forest of charred stumps remains. As far as the eye can reach to the west and north of Goose Pond the blackened stems, grim and forbidding, cover the hills and hollows. Many of the trees have not sent up any sprouts and but few of them put out any leaves during the summer. They are so completely charred that the farmers say there will be practically no saloop & in many places the land itself has been ruined. The only successful effort which nature seems to have made to repair the general ruin is in the growth of aspen ~~poor~~ and *Picea canadensis* which are springing up ^{in January, 1897} very generally throughout the woods. I sold the whole of my land at Goose Pond. In the burned tract I saw Chickadees, Robins & a large flock of juncos.

In the afternoon I went to Nails' Hill by river. There was much firing on the meadows & I learned afterwards that over thirty Swifts were killed there to-day, twenty one by one man.

1896

October 20

Fairly clear, afternoon cloudy; a strong, warm S. W. wind.

On the 13th I went to Cambridge and on the 16th up the Hudson spending the 17th with John Burroughs at Esopus and the 18th with Chapman at Englewood, returning to Cambridge on the afternoon of the 19th and to Concord this morning.

In the afternoon I sailed down to Ball's Hill. The woods were gloomy and wind-tossed and I saw but few birds there. Two were beating the meadows into deep furrows or tracks, presumably at snipe. Pat tells me that he has seen a number of Ducks in the river during my absence last week. I saw a fine Northern Oriole on Mill Brook meadow, a remarkably white ^{bird}.
" 21 Cloudy and warm with strong S. W. wind and heavy showers in the late afternoon and early evening.

To Ball's Hill at 8 A. M. Sailing down. Saw a Marsh Hawk, a flock of about forty Crows and a number of Song Sparrows. Yesterday I saw three Fox Sparrows.

Spent the day near the cabin clearing out potatoes etc. Saw two Hermits & numerous Jays. During a walk to Davis Hill & beyond saw several Crows and at least four Red-bellied Nuthatches.

As I was paddling up river at evening an immense flock of Tit Cocks came from the meadows & circled over me. A sportsman whom I met told me that he had shot a Snipe & that his was killed by another man in the evening.

1896.

October 22

A fine day with clear, sparkling air and a fresh N. wind. Much cooler (My hair was frozen stiff this morning).

At 8 A. M. I started for Ball's Hill and tramped most of the way down. Meadows Larks were calling in the Milk Brook meadow. Near the Manor I heard Blue birds, Yellow-rumps & a White Bellied Nuthatch. Then 7 larks were playing together among some bare poles on the Buttricks' hill.

A flock of fully 100 Crows were feeding on the Great Meadows being when disturbed by a gunner who with his red setter was beating the high grounds and who fired two shots then. Near Holden's Hill a Red-shouldered Hawk was soaring about. I was rarely out of hearing of the thrush of Jays and twice I heard Robins. There were a good many Song Sparrows in the bushes along the river where, also, I saw a small flock of Goldfinches.

Last autumn the Muskrats built literally no houses along this river. Everyone marvelled at it until in the winter, an exceptionally heavy rain raised the water to above its usual spring pitch & flooded the meadows to a depth of five or six feet. The Muskrats were then credited with a fore knowledge of this flood. They have built freely this autumn & some of the houses are very large & conspicuous.

While walking in the Ball's Hill woods this afternoon I saw a good many small birds, among them three

1896

October 22

(No 2.)

Three Hermit Thrushes, several Canada Warblers, two Fox Sparrows (the first), Junco, White-throats etc.

Partridges appear to be very numerous. I shot them whenever I got. Pat & Benson both say that at least three broods were reared on my land this year.

Will Baillie came down to the river late in the afternoon and on paddled home in company starting just as the sun was setting. Nothing of interest occurred until on Macdonald Hunt's Pond when we saw a snipe fly swiftly across the river and a moment later heard a Carolina Rail calling kef in the reeds.

A little above Hunt's Pond or, to be more exact, about opposite "the tent", I saw a bird which looked like a Screech Owl fly up into a maple on the river bank. It proved to be a Myiagros, a pretty, plump little fellow who sat for several minutes on a leafless branch silhouetted against the sky & showing us far off as although we stopped the canoe nearly under him and commented freely on his attractive appearance. After awhile he flew off across the open fields showing great breadth of wing & a ridiculously short tail.

1896

October 23

Early morning clear and cold but the temperature rose and the sky clouded over very quickly and by 10 a.m. it began raining. There was only a big shower but the remainder of the day was gloomy & threatening.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, working with Pat on the Blakemore ridge where we cut down a great number of oaks, beeches etc. that were chocking some promising young pines. Despite the gloomy weather & high north wind I saw a good many small birds in the woods, among them several Hermits. In the early morning as I was paddling down river the still air was full of bird voices. Bluebirds, Rusty Black birds, Crows, Jays, etc. At "the bend" I found about thirty small birds, mostly Sparrows, feeding about in a thicket of Black alders. There was a Hermit Thrush with them. The Sparrows were Song, Fox (only one), Chipping, Tree, Saw-whet (one), and White throats. One of the Tree Sparrows sang at short, regular intervals for ten or fifteen minutes. He was evidently an old bird and I have never heard one sing louder, fuller or longer in March or April. The Fox Sparrow also sang a little but ~~alto~~ alto alto and several of the Song Sparrows were chattering in low, broken tones.

It was getting dark when I started for home this evening. A duck which I took to be a drake Wood Duck passed me just above the Holt flying up river. The Scum Duck was working near the time but I did not see him. At a distance he sounded like a horse whinnying.

1896.

October 24

It rained heavily all last night and when I started down river this morning the wind was east and the sky lowering & threatening but before I reached Ball's Hill the clouds broke and the sun came out and the remainder of the day was clear and warm with a light west wind.

When near "the bend" I was surprised to hear the call of a Hairy-bellied Plover repeated a dozen times or more. As nearly as I could judge the bird was flying about over the Great Meadows and within some distance off or at a considerable height. I have never heard this Plover near Concord before. On entering the long straight reach just below Hunt's Pond I discovered a dead Wood Duck (doubtless the same seen last night) swimming near the middle of the river. He saw me and acted as if half disposed to rise but I walked the canoe back behind some bushes without actually starting him. It was then an easy matter to land and approach him under cover of the dense thickets which line the banks at this point but just as I was nearly within range he swam across the river and lay on finding along the opposite marshy shore. I lay watching him for some minutes until at length the canoe gunner, Haggerty, who was beating the meadows behind me fired both barrels at a snipe. The reports started my wood duck but instead of making off, as I expected, he came directly towards me and after a short flight alighted

1896.

October 24

(No 2)

on the calm river within less than twenty yards of where I lay concealed. I watched him for several minutes more as he swung slowly around preening his beautiful plumage and drifting slowly down stream with the sluggish current. Then I fired, killing him instantly with a charge of #8. When I reached him by means of the canoe a few minutes later I looked at him a long time before touching him, admiring his rich, varied coloring, half enjoying half regretting my success, wondering where he had come and speculating as to what his chances of living to another summer would have been had I spared his life. Then taking him by the bill I drew him over the water. The result surprised me. There was almost no perceptible resistance. A fluff of throats down could have been moved more easily. Then, evidently, was a feather model. I could not help wondering why Ducks do not swim faster.

Passing Ball's Hill I landed at Brick Island and walked to the Mason field. While standing in the middle of the dense oak woods between this field & the river I saw a large bird which I took at first for a jay clearing a Warbler through the tree tops. Back & forth they went passing directly over me several times. The Warbler seemed to be annoyed rather than frightened & his presence did not appear to excite himself. Indeed during much of the time he seemed to be loosing rather than gaining ground but he kept steadily after the Warbler following

1896

Concord, Mass.

October 24
(no 3)

all its twists & turns closely. I was beginning to wonder what it all meant when the two plunged into some dense foliage and the next instant came to the ground together the Warbler chirping in sharp, agonized tones. I hurried to the spot and found that my supposed Jay was a Northern Shrike, a brown young bird. He was standing on the ground under the trees shaking the poor, fluttering Warbler as a terror shakes a rat. I had a loaded gun in my hands and was sorely tempted to use it but refrained. The next instant the Shrike flew off over the meadow carrying his prey in his bill. I think the Warbler was a Black-poll. At least its chirp sounded like that of that species.

Two fair Red-tailed Hawks were sitting in the tops of some maples on the meadow opposite Davis's Hill. As I approached one of them flew & alighted in the same tree with the other & within a yard of him. One was adult, the other had a brown tail.

I saw a Phoebe on the river banks near Ball's Hill this morning and two Carolina Grackles swimming together in the broad reach opposite Birch Island.

Nothing of interest seen on the way up river this evening.

1896.

Concord, Mass.

October 25 A glorious autumn day "as clear as a bell" with dry, bracing north-west winds.

I gave a dinner party at the cabin and went down early to prepare for my guests, sailing the whole distance. During the forenoon I found time to walk to Birch Island by the river paths and back over the inland bridges. Chickadees, Canada Nuthatches, Creepers (three), ^{Robins (6)} Jays, Crows, White-throats, Tree Sparrows, Yellow-rumps, a Yellow Robin Warbler, a pair almost of Marsh Hawks, & a Partridge were seen during this walk. On the way down river I saw six Goldfinches and a number of Song & Tree Sparrows but no Ducks. Late in the afternoon a flock of fully 150 Crows appeared over the Great Meadows circling and cawing vociferously and finally alighting in the woods on the Bedford shore. At sunset a Carolina Grebe paddled past the cabin making his way up stream against the strong wind.

Chipmunks are fairly numerous here this autumn but I see few Red or Gray Squirrels although Pat reports the last as abundant especially on Davis's Hill where he claims to have seen four in one tree a few days ago.

1896.

Concord, Mass.

October 26 Clear and warmer with strong W. wind.

Spent last night alone at the cabin - a quiet night with no sound of birds or animals save one peculiar low call which seemed to come from the river and which I thought might be the voice of a Goshawk although it was unlike any Goshawk note known to me.

I rose early this morning and climbed Ball's Hill for the sunrise. Crows, Jays, Pine Squirrels & the Sparrows were heard.

Spent the day working in the woods with Pop. Saw but few birds at evening while on the way up river. Fox and was strong against me & I had a hard but exhilarating paddling.

1896.

October 27 Clear and very warm with almost no wind, the
river dead calm for hours at a time.

On the way down river this morning I saw with a flock of
of various birds a large flock of singularly tame tame Crows
Crows. There were upwards of a hundred of them
packed in the trees on both banks between Barrett's
Bar and Harris' Pond. They scarcely seemed to
notice me and I paddled past a number none
of them within thirty feet or less. Others flying
across the river passed directly over me within
a few yards. Not one, so far as I could make out,
either left its perch or changed its course because
of my presence but several birds came as in
divisively. Some of them cackled and once I
heard the "gobble". Evidently there were no other
birds fresh from some region where crows are
not much molested by men.

At about 3 P.M. I was returning from Davis's Hill
when I heard a number of small birds chirping &
chattering loudly and continuously in a cluster of young
pines near the bottom of the Glacial Hollow. Suspecting
that they were watching an Owl I went at once to
the spot and found ~~a~~ for a big Chickadee, a
two Canada Nuthatches, several Junco's & 7 or 8 Sparrows
hopping excitedly from twig to twig in the upper
branches of a pine. As usual in such cases they
were moving in a circle and I had only to
scan the central space closely to discover the
Owl, a pretty little Acadian sitting on a stout

1896

October 27

(no 2.)

horizontal branch about eight feet from the main stem and some eight feet above the ground. He appeared quite indifferent to the movements & clamors of his presenters but he kept his eyes fixed on us with some show of interest but without drawing in his feathers or displaying any other signs of surprise or alarm. The Chickadees were the most noisy and aggressive of the little birds about him but none of them ventured to approach him nearer than to within six or eight feet. They called de-de-de-de incessantly. The Fox Sparrows chattered loudly. Two Red Squirrels on the opposite side of the hollow added materially to the racket by a continuous loud chattering but I doubt if either of them really saw the Owl or knew what the excitement was all about.

I left the place without disturbing any of these birds and went to the cabin for my camera. When I returned some fifteen minutes later the Squirrels were still chattering but all the little birds had departed. The Owl, however, was still perched on the fifth pine branch exactly as I left him. After exposing at him the only two plates I had I threw some pairs of branches at him. Whenever one of them hit very near him he would bend forward and examine the spot with close attention then resume his former attitude. ~~At length~~ I shook the tree forcibly where the Owl at once left his perch and darted off first creeping down nearly to the ground then rising and following a foot path, finally alighting in a young white pine on a short, dead, lateral branch.

1896.

October 27
(no 3)

scared by feet above the earth. I walked up to within a few feet of him when he straightened himself up and down in his feathers so that his body looked no thicker than his head (while in the pile which he had offered very plump and fluffy). It was proving enough that I had used up all my plates for I could have put the camera within four or five feet of him and could have taken a fine picture of the bird in his alarmed attitude.

1896

October 28 Clear and warm with light S.W. wind.

Spent most of the forenoon in the Stateville woods with Miss Hayes getting a quantity of ferns and various wood plants of various kinds. Staked them Partridges and saw a number of Jays and a few Sparrows, chiefly the Sparrows & White-throats.

29 Cloudy and warm with light rain during most of the forenoon the sky clearing & the sun coming out at about 3 P.M.

I had appointed to spend the day shooting with Melvin who called for me at 9 A.M. but it began raining steadily just as we reached our first woodsland camp at Graybrook's in action and after looking through a small part of the alders we decided to give it up and to drive down to the cabin at Ball's Hall where we dined. After dinner we walked through the woods to Birch Island. His dog, a handsome young pointer, found about eight or nine Partridges pointing several of them very handsomely. He saw no small birds of any particular interest. M. crossed the river and beat the Great Meadows but without finding any signs although he saw their fresh signs in many places.

1896.

October 30 Clear and warm with little or no wind. Late in the day clouds gathered to a little fine rain fell.

To Ball's Hill by canoe as usual spending most of the day cutting down trees at the southern end of Davis's Hill on the crest of which I saw four Gray Squirrels at one time. Late in the afternoon I saw at least three more on Holden's Hill. Along the river the Sparrows have been very numerous these last few days but the Song and Swamp Sparrows disappeared very suddenly & completely about five or six days ago. There are still a few Titmice & I heard Horned Larks piping this morning over Bonchlon's field. The Lark gunner was on the meadows as usual both yesterday and to-day, but he found only a few shots. On the 27th I saw him kill three Snipe, two by a handsome double shot. He also got a Hooded Merganser on the 27th or 28th. I saw it at Davis's meadows on the 29th - a young bird badly wounded by the shot & the dogs teeth.

I have heard no Bluebirds since the 25th and Miss Bartlett reports observing the last on their death.

1896.

October 31

A beautiful day but unseasonably warm, with light S.W. wind.

I had expected to spend the day bird hunting with Will Bartlett and at 8 A.M. we started down river together but each in his own course. Just below Flint's bridge we found a lot of small birds. There were Ten Sparrows in great numbers in the bushes along the banks and several of them sang many times in fact, singing songs. Over the fields near the J. Lee Horned Larks were flying, about piping. We were attempting to land to look for them when two Blackbirds rose from the reeds and flew across the river into some bottom bushes. I followed them an over and finding that they were Red-wings that one of them the other flew up into an oak where it was presently joined by four more. All six of the birds in this flock were females but later in the afternoon I saw another flock of about 25 nearly one half of which were males. This second flock flew over Ball's Hill coming from the direction of Corbitt's bridge. They were so low down in the good a light that I distinctly made out the red shoulders of the males and their rusty & black mottled plumage. Still another flock of Blackbirds which were probably of this species passed over Red bridge this morning just as I was starting. There were eight of them. I supposed at the time that they were Cowbirds. They certainly were not Rusties.

Soon after starting the Red-wing we saw two Hawks, one a brown, the other a very white bird.

There were many Crows and about the usual amount of Blue jays scattered along the river banks all the way to Hollins Hill.

Concord, Mass.

1896.

October 31

(no. 2)

We landed at Rock Hill and spent the remainder of the forenoon sitting on a grassy meadow. The pines on the hill just west of the Glacial Hotel. There are some very interesting different species of birds; Pine Siskins, Goldfinches, & House Wrens, overhills, Chickadees (six or eight), Brown Chaps (two) Canada Thrushes (two females & one male), a Golden Crested Kinglet, a Red-bellied Woodpecker, a Blue Jay, and a pair of Starlings. There are also several other birds.

After lunch I walked to the woods
lying on the edge was over the historic site of David's school,
the first being the house built in 1800, which was
now a ruin. The second floor was David's school - a room
a light building, a brown roof, two red doors and a
white - behind Methodist and six or seven more. All the
excepting the school was built in the ground
hobby-fallen bones. The third floor was in the ground
the present house and contained five children. more
by a wall of bricks.

We had walked out on the old coast path to Bush Is. and were standing by the boat looking thru looking glass. Hubbs when suddenly the composite chaf, chee-dee, dee! Hudson's Bay Titmouse sang out on the hill in front of us. I was immediately repeated. Turning & looking upward I saw a bird flying on the highest twig of a birch within twenty yards or less. It was quite alone and, indeed, there were no other birds of any kind at the time on this remote and sparsely wooded meadow island. Probably it had only just come across the meadow & had alighted momentarily to rest.

1896.

October 31

(No 3)

October 31, 1896

We went to the school and, just before the morning
when it was raining, I started out and made off on
the river heading up to the Bedford House and finally
turning to the right and disappearing among the trees on
Davis's Hill. Feeling sure that I would find the
little winged black vehicle on board left the car on a bench
before on board back. One bird was still easily at work
among the fallen leaves but although we followed them for
for a long time and repeatedly passed them in view and
our glasses we failed to discern the hummingbird
themselves. I fancy that he kept thought on the edge of
them as, indeed, he did not be seen though a very close
a little. He was seen carrying his home in the trees.
His course during the short time we had him in sight was
down south and he was probably actually unmistakable
as the bird.

We started up river a little after noon. The wind had
entirely died away and the calm water was like a
oil. By the silvery rollers of the waterfalls which were
and in great force. The piping of Chimney flying over the
meadows and the whistled calls or notes were heard of the
the Sparrows in the thickets also. The edge of the river was
the only bird voices. As we were heading slowly up the road
past Barnett's Bar looking through in the bushes there for a
possible Screech Owl I discovered a small, black bird, through
looking ~~at~~ bird sitting crouched on the branch of a grassy
over the wall when I shot the Redstart. Landing I walked
nearly beneath it when to my great surprise I found that it was
a hawk the next moment it and another which I had seen
started from the tree & skimmed off over the open fields it was easily
down on the tree & both birds must have gone to roost in
the night in the wooded place.

1896.

November 1

Cloudy, calm and warm - a soft gray day, very restful to the eyes and senses.

I spent the forenoon in the burnt woods near Goose Pond having gone there with a wood chopper who wishes to cut off the trees this winter. Ever since the fire I have thought, at odd times, of the stories that I have heard of woodpeckers congregating in large numbers in similar extensive tracts of charred forest. Evidently these woods will be a waiting place for some of the same species such as the Boreal & Arctic ones for I saw them to-day there. Having and the same number of Downy Woodpeckers, certainly an unusually large representation especially for the first-wintered species. There were also many Chickadees, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Brown Creeper, and I think a Yellow. In some bushes near the roadside I heard Fox Sparrows chirping and one of them sang gloriously a dozen times or more in quick succession. Altogether for the time & place there were very many birds.

2

Calm and warm with strong N. W. wind. For ever there as well we have had no frost and many of the days have been uncomfortably warm in the sun.

I spent the forenoon at Ball's Hill sailing down and paddling back. Saw no birds of any especial interest.

On the way up river I saw the canoe on a milldam snag where it hung poised and in imminent danger & apparently for more than half-an-hour before I finally pushed it off.

Later in the afternoon I went to Cambridge

1896.

Nov. 19

QUINCY, MASS.

Clear and warm, cooler at evening when the wind changed to north.

The A. B. H. meeting and some other matters have kept me at Cambridge the past two weeks. I returned to Concord on the evening of the 17th and paddled down to Balls Hill yesterday morning but was obliged to return at noon to go to Boston in the afternoon.

To-day was subject to no such vexatious interruption and the weather was so mild that it was delightful to be on the river and in the woods. I sailed down to Balls Hill in the morning, tramped over pretty much all of my land during the day, and paddled back to the 'Keyes' at evening. I saw an unusual number of birds - at the North Bridge a mixed flock consisting of seven Chickadees, two Brown Creepers, a pair of White-bellies and a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches, and a Downy Woodpecker; at the Glacial Hollow eight Chickadees, two & Red-bellied Nuthatches; on Davis's Hill four Chickadees, ~~two~~ a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches & a Creeper; in the swamp just behind Balls Hill five Chickadees, some Ten Sparrows and a flock of Goldfinches; in Prescott's woods then 7 or 8 Sparrows; over the river meadows a flock of eighty or more Crows; at Holden's Hill two Phoebe's on a very small but richly-colored alder to be sure; the others not fully identified, but apparently of the same species; in the river opposite Davis's Hill a Carolina Gnatcatcher; in the woods large & a

1896
Nov. 19
(No 2)

Postridge or two.

While on my way down river in the morning I also saw two Shrikes, both old & rather colorful birds. One was flitting from tree to tree along the banks near the I. dam then (a favorite place for Shrikes on other seasons when they are with us); the other appeared suddenly at the North Bridge just as I was leaving the mixed flock above mentioned. When I first saw him he was in hot pursuit of one of the Brown Creepers and both birds were about one hundred yards of the river and scarce a yard apart.

The Creeper made straight for the big elm which stands at the eastern end of the bridge. When he reached it the Shrike's bill was within six inches of his tail but he nevertheless escaped for an instant after the two birds doubled around behind the trunk the Shrike rose to the topmost spray of the elm where he sat for a minute or more gazing intently downwards evidently watching for the Creeper. The latter, no doubt, had flattened himself against the bark after the usual fashion of his kind when badly frightened and he had the vision and good sense to remain perfectly still for at least ten minutes. My eyes were as better than the Shrike's for it was in vain that I scanned the trunk over & over with the greatest care. Faking here, however, that the Creeper was really there I waited patiently until at the end of the period just named he ~~started~~ began ascending up the trunk slowly at the very point where I had seen him disappear. He

1896.

Nov. 19

(No 3)

was one of the further demonstrations of the effectiveness of protective coloration that I have ever witnessed. Of course it is possible that the Creeper found refuge in some narrow crevice which the Shrike could not enter & which could not be seen from the ground but I do not believe that this was really the case.

During the chase the Creeper flew in the usual jerky vacillating manner. The Shrike, like the bird which I saw catch a Warbler last month, kept his tail wide-spread and did not appear to be exerting himself. He did not move in undulations as is the habit of Shrikes ~~showing~~ ordinary flight but flapped steadily and kept on a perfectly level plane looking very like a Palm Jay. It is singular how often Shrikes as well as Hawks fail to catch their prey and how quickly and completely they seem to become discouraged if the first attempt is unsuccessful.

The pair of White-bellied Nuthatches seen at the bridge this morning were at the Kings' where I started and I traced their flight across the meadows as they kept a little in advance of me alighting & rest a moment on the first trees that intervened. They are unmistakably the same birds which nested in the big elm at the North Bridge last spring. At least I am sure that the female is the same for she is an exceptionally high-plumaged bird with the crown nearly as black as that of her mate. Both birds moreover come every morning to the Kings' to inspect the branch where a large piece of meat

1896
Nov. 19
(No. 4)

was hung last winter. (A piece of beef fat was placed thru this afternoon and on the morning of the 20th the male Nuthatch was the first bird that visited it).

Thickets are staying here late this autumn. I saw two at North Bridge yesterday. The Canada Nuthatches appear to be quite as common as they were a month ago. In fact I find the same birds in the same places well after week. There are at least five or six in my woods near Ball's Hill.

A Deer appeared in the town of Concord on Nov. 13th last. It swam the river just above Northbrook in Concord Bridge coming from the South bank although I cannot learn that it was seen before it entered the water. Many people saw it as it ran up over the top of Ball's Hill where Mrs. M. Wheeler had a good view of it from her parlor windows. She tells me that it seemed to have about fifteen horns but a man who was at work near her house & who is familiar with Deer skulls positively that it was a doe. It appeared to be badly frightened and ran at full speed but there is a general impression in the town that it was a tame Deer that had escaped from someone in Weston who is said to have lately brought several of these animals from Vermont. There is also a report that on this same day (Nov. 13) a Deer was killed by Sam Hartman in Belmont, Mass.

1896.

Nov. 20

Clear and cold with high north wind.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, parking down in the morning and paddling home at evening.

The violent and pinching wind drove the birds to cover and I saw nothing of much interest save a fine pair of Red-tailed Hawks at Holden's Hill perched on trees on the edge of the meadow about 100 yards apart. Both were adults in high plumage with deep red tails. They were doubtless the same birds which I saw on this meadow on the 18th. Only the male was there yesterday. They were not the same as the pair seen near Davis's Hill October 24th for the ♀ of the latter was immature and the ♂ larger & brighter colored.

A flock of over eighty Crows spent the day on the Belford shore winging & then rising from a corn field where they were foraging and circling with loud clatters.

1896.

Nov. 21

Cloudy with light snow fall beginning at 10 a.m., and changing to rain in the afternoon; - a gloomy, chilly day, relieved only by the almost total absence of wind.

Despite the depressing and very disagreeable weather I saw some interesting birds and one that was actually new to me. I took it to be a Gray Gyrfalcon (*Falco gyrfalco*). It was of about the size and general coloring of an immature female Gos. hawk but it had the long, sharp-pointed Falcon wings and it flapped them as a Duck Hawk does with a continuous, rapid, vibrating movement. My experience with this bird was as follows: I was paddling past the Buttricks' on my way down river at about 8:30 a.m. when I noticed three town Pigeons flying high in air towards Mr. Doby's barn coming from the direction of the town. Just as they were passing over the Buttricks' house the Falcon appeared about 100 yards off and coming directly towards them. They turned back at once ~~and~~ ^{then} the barn trim appearing. The Falcon chose a white bird (the other two were blue) and pursued it hotly. The Pigeon made scarce 100 yards before it was overtaken but it had been riding the whole and ⁱⁿ its pursuer came up ^{within} a yard or more under it. ~~With~~ ^{then} a Whirring with easy grace and bounding upward twenty feet or more with a single effort of his powerful wings he got well above his prey and shot towards it down a steep incline. "Poor bird, your fate is sealed"! I said to myself as, with the field glass pressed to my eyes, I gazed breathlessly watching the Falcon's belly, with the full expectation

1896.

Nov. 21
(No. 2)

of seeing him extend his legs to seize his victim.
~~But~~ the very surprise he did not show so much
as the life of his talons but, on overlooking the
Pigeon he seemed to strike it with his breast, half
upsetting it and sending it a yard or more downward
before it could resume its equilibrium. Then setting
his wings he soared off swiftly towards the Oakbrook
woods - the direction whence he had first come -
leaving the Pigeon to pursue its way unimpeded,
at a loose end, to its home in the Deep Den.
What did it all mean? Was the Falcon merely
amusing himself or was he too slow or clumsy to
strike the Pigeon when apparently he had only to use
his talons to make it his prey? I have repeatedly
seen the Duck Hawk and the Pigeon Hawk, as
well as other Hawks, fail in a similar way.
On some occasions I have thought that, like this
Gyrfalcon, they were not really in command; on
others they appeared to lack the skill and quickness
necessary to secure their victims when the latter
were brought fairly within reach. Of one thing I
am convinced, viz. that nearly if not all our
birds of prey, including the Shoulder Loak passive
in the chase. If they fail in the first swoop they
frequently will not attempt a second & I have very
rarely seen one of them try upon them three times
in succession. I am satisfied, also, that few of them
get on the average more than one bird in four
a fine that they pursue. Cooper's Hawk is probably
an exception to this rule. He is certainly the
deadliest ~~fel~~ of them all.

1896.

Nov. 21
(no 3)

As I was walking my way through some dense young pines on the Prescott lot this forenoon Benson's dog who was a little in advance started an enormous Owl which I took to be Bubo virginianus. It rose either from the ground or from a very low branch and flapped heavily and wisely up into a pine. The dog pursued it at once and it flew again as soon as he got beneath it, and before I could get a fair view of it, showing a great spread of wing as it glided off through the tree tops.

Pat reports seeing three dead this afternoon swimming over the snow along the wood path near Benson's landing. They are the first that I have heard of hereabouts since the general and almost total annihilation of them over there a few winters ago. But in other parts of Concord as well as in Dunster, Chelsea and Acton the sportsmen have been finding a good many this autumn.

At about 9.30 this morning I counted 38 Cross passing high over Ball's Hill towards the south and evidently migrating.

Musk rats' houses are multiplied thickly along the river between here and town. I have never seen them so numerous before and they are much larger than usual. I should judge some of them to be nearly six feet in length.

1896

Nov. 22 (Sunday)

Clear with strong cold north-west wind.

Spent the forenoon in the Goose Pond woods with a wood-chopper (Wilson). Saw literally no birds save those juncos. What has become of the Woodpeckers which were congregated here two weeks ago?

" 23

Cloudy most of the day but mostly calm and warm, the surface of the ground thawing freely.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 8 a.m. The night had been cold and most of the coes and indentations of the river there (including the whole of Hunt's Pond) were covered with thin ice. At Ball's Hill the river was skinned almost across and I had to leave the canoe at Pearson's landing.

I spent the day (very late this season) hunting down young prairie and inspecting the men who were building a causeway across the swamp behind the mill.

Saw but few birds the only ones of any interest being a Golden-crowned Kinglet in front of the cabin & a Robin (heard only) behind the mill.

" 24

Cloudy & mild

Spent the day on the Hughes' property among the canoes etc. A flock of ten Red Crossbills flew past the house and started to alight in the big spruces but kept on.

" 25

Clear & warm. Spent the forenoon at Goose Pond. Not a bird of any kind observed there. Left at 4 p.m. train for Cambridge.

1896.

OctoberNovemberSialia 20^{ad} 21^③ 22^{ad} 23^{ad} 24^{ad} 25^{ad}Murela 20^{ad} 21³ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25^⑥ 26¹
27^③ 28² 29² 30⁴ 31²(Bald's Hill)
23^{1 hour}T. pallasi 21^② 22³ 23³ 24¹R. calendula 20¹S. anthopa 20^{ad} 21^{ad} 22^{ad} 23^{ad} 24² 25² 31^{ad}Bald's Hill
23^{1 hour}
2. 3. 4.P. tinnuncius 20^④ 21⁸ 22⁵ 23⁵ 24² 25² 26²
27¹⁰ 28¹⁵ 29¹² 30² 31^{③⑥}18^{⑤⑥} 19^{⑦⑧}S. carolinensis 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 28¹ 29¹1² from P.
2. Myiophaga 18¹ 19^{②④} 20¹ 21¹ 22¹30¹ 31^① Davis's Hill - 5C. canadensis 20¹ 21⁴ 22⁴ 23² 24⁴ 25²
26² 27² 29² 30² 31⁴18^{②③} 19^{②④⑤⑥} 20¹ 21¹ 22¹C. cerulea 21² 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25² 28¹
30¹ 31^{②③}1¹ 19^② 20¹ 21¹ 23¹Anthus 20^{ad} 21^{①②③} 23^{ad} 24^{ad} 26^{ad}
27^{ad} 29^{①②} 30^{ad} 31^①D. coronata 20¹⁵ 21^{②③} 22^{ad} 23² 24² 25²striata 20¹S. carolinensis 20^{1 ad. the whitest} 24^{1 brown bird} 18¹ 19² 22¹
31^{1 brown bird} 1^{1 white}D. hypochrysa 25¹

1896.

October.November.S. tristis 22⁽⁶⁾ 23⁽⁶⁾ 24⁽⁶⁾ 25⁽⁶⁾ 26.31⁽⁴⁾18⁽¹⁰⁾ 19⁽¹⁰⁾" pinus 18⁽⁵⁰⁾ (N. Bartlett) 22⁽²⁾ 23⁽¹⁶⁾ 24^{hd.}
26^{hd.} 27^{hd.} 28^{hd.} 29^{hd.} 30^{hd.} 31^{hd.}21^{hd. with}
Norton's exception)Carpodacus 22^{hd.} 23^{hd.}A. racemosa 23⁻Pica. nuda &18^{head over}
next m.P. gramineam. fasciata 20[±] 21[±] 22¹⁰ 23¹² 24¹⁰ 25⁶" palustris 20[±] 21[±] 22[±] 23[±] 24[±] 25[±]Junco 21⁽⁶⁾ 22[±] 23[±] 24⁽⁶⁾ 25[±] 27⁽³⁾
28¹⁵ 29[±] 30[±] 31[±]22⁽³⁾S. montana 20⁽³⁾ 23[±] ^{in field song} 24¹² 25[±]
26[±] 27[±] 28¹⁵ 29[±] 30[±] 31⁴⁰18⁽¹²⁾ 19⁽⁴⁾ 21^{hd.}" socialis 22⁽³⁾ 23⁽¹²⁾ 24[±]Passerella 22⁽²⁾ 23⁽²⁾ 25[±] 27[±] 31[±]17[±] 19⁽²⁾ 21⁽²⁾Zenaidura 24¹⁰ (near maple)Steloxphaps 22^{hd.} 24⁽²⁾Strisores 22^{hd.} 24⁶⁺
*Corvus 20[±] 21⁽⁴⁰⁾ 22⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ 23[±] 24[±] 25⁽¹⁵⁾
26⁽¹⁵⁾ 27⁽¹⁵⁾ 28[±] 29[±] 30⁽¹⁵⁾ 31⁽¹⁵⁾18[±] 19⁽⁷⁵⁾ 20⁽⁸²⁾ 21⁽³⁸⁾ 22¹⁰23⁽⁵⁾Cyanitta 20[±] 21[±] 22[±] 23¹⁰ 24[±] 25[±]
26[±] 27[±] 28[±] 29[±] 30[±] 31[±]18⁽⁵⁾ 19⁽²⁾ 20^{hd.} 31⁽⁸⁾ 23[±]

Concord, Mass.

1896.

October.

November.

D. villosus 30^{1 (white bridge)}1^{3 (from pond)}" pubescens 21¹ 23² 24¹ 27¹ 28² 29³ 31³ 1³ 19¹ 21² 22² 23² 24²Colaptes 20⁴ 21⁴ 22³ 23² 24³ 27² 28¹ 30² 18² 25¹Megascops 22¹ ^{seen at eve.} off "tree". 23¹ ^{at evening} off "tree".H. acedon 27¹ ^{Glacial Hollow near} Balls Hill.Circus 21¹ ^{seen} 23¹ ^{seen} 24¹ ^{seen} 25¹ ^{seen}.B. borealis 24² ^{at} ^{seen} ^{Davis} ^{Hill.}18² ^{Hedge Hill} 19² ^{seen} 20² ^{seen}" limatus 22¹Bonasa 20³ 21³ 22³ 23³ 24² 25¹ 26² 19¹ 20² 21³
27³ 28³ 29² 30³ 31⁴Columba 31³ ^{in cage at eve.} on wire barrel.PhilobelaGallinago 21⁷ ^{seen} 22² ^{seen at} ^{evening} 23² ^{seen on} ¹⁰ ^{thicket} ^{near} ^{marsh} 24⁶ ^{seen} ^{field}.
26¹ ^{seen} ^{thicket} 27¹ ^{seen} ^{thicket} 28¹ ^{seen} ^{thicket} 30¹ ^{seen} ^{thicket}.Syrnistris hal. 24¹ ^{seen} ^{Great Meadows} ^{near} ^{flaring}.

Copied

Concord, Mass.

1896.

October

November.

Aug 23 ^{Good} ~~thin~~ 24 ^{Good} ~~max~~ ^{Photo} ~~Hect.~~

A. obscura 12⁽¹⁴⁾ Ball's Hill.

Peromyscus car 22, ¹ found in ¹ traps at Harts Pond.

Sayornis 24'-Rice banks.

Zon. albicollis 20⁴ 21⁶ 22⁶ 23⁸ 24² 25²

Oboris 30th 3/2

Carnes hnd. 31 inch Ld.

Agelaius phoeniceus 31 (6 ♀♀) (25 ♂♂) 1 ♀
4 ♀♀ Adult

Fides gustulana

21' clearing Region
21' over the hills

Buba virgin

21 ¹ started in
Pascetti woods.

Loxia lunata

2/ chirp & chatter heard
with call of S. fuscus near
Halls Hill.

Loxia minor

24 ⁽¹⁰⁾_{C.} flying over Hayes place.

Glaucconetta albicola

27 One shot in river by Jones.

Podilymbus 24^② 25 = 26 23/4

19¹



